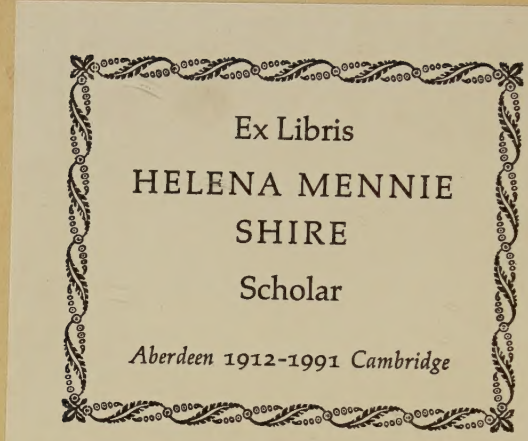
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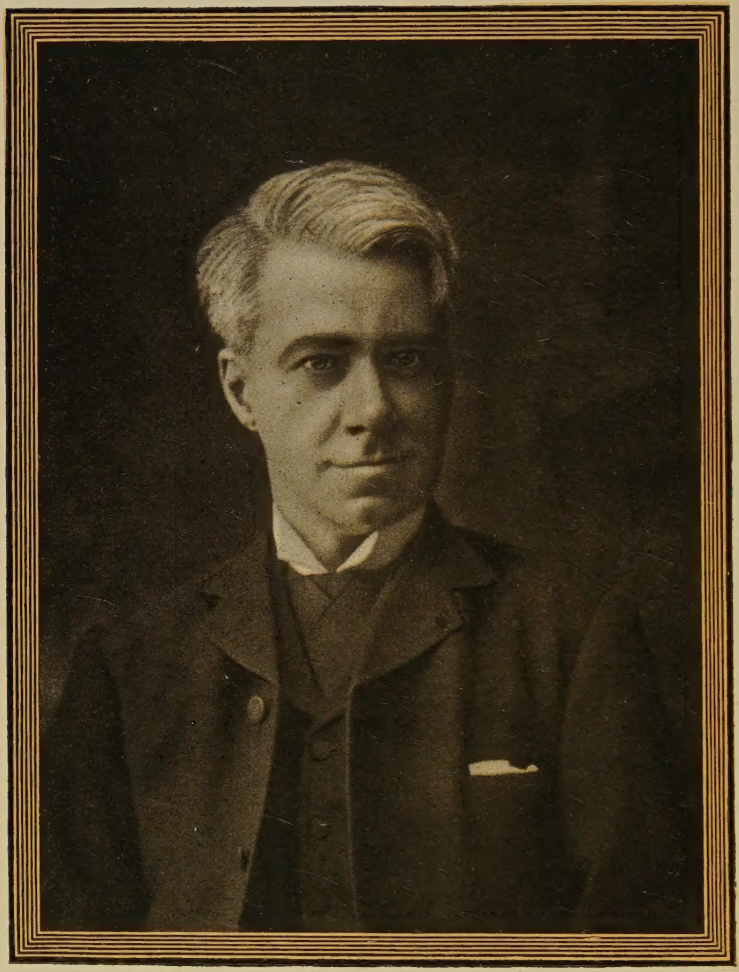
# INTERAMNA BOREALIS



Wm. K. G. M. Leask J.

# Interamna Borealis

## being Memories and Portraits from an old University Town between the Don and the Dee

BY

W. KEITH LEASK, M.A.

ABERDEEN

The Rosemount Press

MCMXVII

"When I remember them, those friends of mine,
Who are no longer here, the noble three . . .
They have forgotten the pathway to my door!
Something is gone from nature since they died,
And summer is not summer, nor can be."

LONGFELLOW.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

WILLIAM CHRISTIE M'DONALD,

ADAM MACKAY, ALLAN JOHNSON,

EDITORS OF "ALMA MATER."

# PREFACE

WHEN our late Moralist, Professor Fyfe, began his first Session with the Magistrand Class of 1876–77, he said that to him it was a matter of infinite satisfaction to reflect that he was standing within a few feet of the spot where a century before Thomas Reid had propounded the Scottish Philosophy of Dugald Stewart, Sir William Hamilton, Cousin, Jouffroy and Royer Collard. That was the sole remark made by any one during our four years to shew that the University of Aberdeen had a history dating from 1494. There had grown up the crude and materialistic conception that a university was a place where you entered as a bursar or not, paid fees, passed or failed in examinations, and left wearily with no farther interest or connexion. This Gospel of Nihilism is sometimes paraded and disguised under the form that Aberdeen is pre-eminently the Teachers' University.

That belief I have never held, but have been in life-long revolt against it. "Flatly incredible," as Carlyle would say, "as it ever was to us, it has become with the years increasingly dim." I remember hearing from the University pulpit in Oxford the preacher for the day recite the Bidding Prayer and the long roll of benefactors :—

> "Particularly am I bound to pray that here and in all places specially set apart for God's honour and service, true religion and sound learning may for ever flourish. To these your prayers ye shall add unfeigned praise for mercies already received; for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; particularly for the advantages afforded in this place by the munificence of benefactors such as were, etc., etc. . . . But above all, ye are bound to bless Almighty God for his inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace and for the hope of glory. Finally," etc., etc.

I was so much impressed by this new and true conception of a university that I ventured one day into the University pulpit and copied out from the Bible the whole of the

printed formula and committed it to memory. From that hour to this I have sold out all stock in the idea of the Teachers' University, and have never since held any shares therein. I saw men combining a great and European reputation with the simplicity and the humility of children, living in the broad sunshine of that conception of the functions of a university. "I remember," said one to me, "that when I was at Rugby every one of us from the Head Master to the youngest boy in his knickers lived daily in a great presence and conviction, that Arnold had never died and never could."

In America universities have been founded to promote the ideas of millionaires. In Germany they have been confiscated by the capitalist and the drill-sergeant in order to propagate the abstract idea of force. I hope that in Scotland they may never humbly register the decrees of the Education Department. I believe this European War has restored a deeper and truer conception of the University and its functions, and that our living and our dead have not made their great and their final sacrifices merely to prop the Examination Theory and the Carnegie Trust. The idea must spread that universities historically were and are founded on and rooted in Religion and the Moral Law, and that the Teacher Theory, so far from being their Proprium, is not even an Accident of their Being. In the penny press sensationalist divines have been busy during the War in proclaiming their cry that Religion has broken down, the Church failed, and we have all gone astray. Let such panic-mongers speak for themselves. After the War it will be the peculiar function and privilege of the universities to combat this delusion, born of a perverted idea of their place. Were the Examination Theory to prevail, I should advocate as the cheapest and directest form that they be suppressed, their property and buildings sold, and degrees conferred through correspondence classes alone.

But that Theory will not prevail. The War has killed it and replaced it by the belief that the true university is a corporation that can never die, rooted in the Past and fronting confidently the Future. In the Past the true idea has in Aberdeen fallen on evil days and evil tongues. But a brighter day is to dawn. We of that older time may not live to see it, but some of us would at least fain hope that we did what lay in us to promote that dawn. Three of the former editors of *Alma Mater* were deeply inspired by this idea, and to their memory this reprint of papers in the Magazine founded and fostered by them is dedicated.

This reprint, much more the frontispiece, was no idea of mine. Others desired them both. I can only add with Shewan in his admirable *Meminisse Juvat*, the Record of the 1866–70 Arts Class: "I shall never do it again, and only you could have persuaded me to do it. But I trust that all will prove indulgent critics for Auld Lang Syne."

My thanks are due to Mr. Theodore Watt, M.A., of The Rosemount Press, for the infinite pains he has taken in the production of the book; to Mr. P. J. Anderson, LL.B., University Librarian, for the revision of the proofs, many hints, some Notes, and the Index; and in especial degree to Mr. W. F. Webster and Mr. Alexander Murray for their photographs, so necessary to produce and increase the effect of local colour.

W. KEITH LEASK.

ABERDEEN, *September* 20, 1917.

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# INTERAMNA BOREALIS

## THE CITY OF DREAMS.

"Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
Angulus ridet."

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that Vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet!
. . . . .
Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best"—

But no tongue has told and no eye has had gleams
Of that Vale where unsung lies the City of Dreams.

It has never been charted; no plummet takes sound
Of its shores, reefs, and keys; and no pilot has found
His channel or anchor, unless he may steer
By the lodestar of Youth on the Bajan lost year.

There it lies: like Avilion, where wind never blows,
Never comes rain or hail, never fall any snows;
But bower'd in deep meadows, in woodland and lea,
And set like a gem in an emerald sea.

In that Vale of Lost Youth, in that Land of the Heart,
Unknown to Keith Johnston, laid down in no chart,
With but one star above of the Past and its beams,
Let me wander once more in the City of Dreams.

## THE ACADEMIC REVIVAL, 1864–1914.

"Linked to the story and aim of the Crown,
Bound by unbreakable tie."
J. M. BULLOCH, *College Carols.*

THE vein of antiquarian and historical research is not equally developed in all. Some will never care to go beyond the Class, and after ten years will be found to be little better than heathen in feeling. Others keep by their side in a handy position the volumes of the *Fasti*, so that they may enter any name or reference that comes up in their reading. When they make their biennial tour in the Highlands and Hebrides in the company of Johnson and Boswell, they are able to feel the most perfect intimacy with nearly every character in that freshest of books by referring him to his particular Arts Class. Macaulay knew the Cambridge *Calendar* by heart, and cherished a feeling of reverence for the junior members of Trinity College who brought about a reform in the Fellowship Examinations. In his copy of the Cambridge *Calendar* for the year 1859, the last of his life, says his biographer, "throughout the list of the old Mathematical Triposes the words 'one of the eight' appear in his handwriting opposite the name of each of these gentlemen." Some may exclaim: "What's in a name?" Others will find the profoundest delight in a list of names where every one wakes a chord or echo, full of meaning and historical or local associations. When that worthy son of Alma Mater, the Rev. Dr. James Gammack, whose knowledge of Aberdeen graduates in American life and colleges is unrivalled, received a copy of the 1900 issue *Roll of Alumni of King's College*,

his cry of delight was: "This to me reads like a perfect novel." And to some of us its interest is endless and indefinable. Age has not withered nor custom staled its infinite variety of associated memories.

Yet in Aberdeen that purely Academic Revival has been long in coming to its own. Be the reasons as they may, and to those best acquainted with the field they are tolerably clear, it was only in the February issue of *Macmillan's Magazine* for 1864 that the editor, David Masson, the year before his election to the Edinburgh Chair of English Literature, in dealing with his reminiscences of Marischal College wrote the familiar words:—

"Why have we not a history of Marischal College and University, or at least an *Athenæ et Fasti* of that venerable institution? Though the Ritt-master Dalgetty may be her most celebrated alumnus, yet, even before Sir Dugald sat at her bursar's table and there learned that art of rapid mastication which he found so useful to him in after life, she had sent forth one or two sons of some note; and, if to these were added the much longer list of her eminent alumni from Sir Dugald's days down to the present time—ending, let us say, with that of Sir James Outram, the Bayard of India[1]—then the roll of the notabilities of Marischal College might seem not an insignificant one. At all events, it is the bounden duty of any Anthony Wood that may be living now in Aberdeen to do his best to draw up such a roll, imbedding it in such a text of the general history of the College as he can prepare. Or, if there is no one Anthony Wood to do the work, then let some local antiquarian society put their heads together, and at least give us a volume of Marischal College dates, documents, and lists of names, such as the King's College people have already executed for their institution. For alas! the history may now be rounded off and complete. Marischal College or University exists no longer in its separate identity. It and King's College were fused together, in 1860, into the present single University of Aberdeen. There is still a fine granite building called Marischal College, in which a portion of the work of the united University is carried on; but the real antique establishment—Dugald Dalgetty's Marischal College, and mine—is no longer *in rerum natura*. All is apt, therefore, for the writing of its history."

Masson lived to see his wish fulfilled beyond his expectations, and a much more complete history taken in hand than the King's College people in 1854 had seen

[1] See Note 1, p. 335. Throughout this volume successive Notes are indicated by similar reference numbers.

in Cosmo Innes's *Fasti Aberdonenses: Selections from the Records of the University and King's College of Aberdeen, 1494–1854*, printed for the Spalding Club and presented to the members by the then President, Lord Aberdeen. It was by the reading of Masson's words in *Macmillan's Magazine* that the present Secretary of the Club and University Librarian was led to register a vow as a Tertian that, if he ever had the chance, he would do something in the direction indicated. How fully and finally this has been done may be seen in the *Fasti Academiae Mariscallanae: Selections from the Records of Marischal College and University, 1593–1860*, in three volumes, completed in 1898. When Masson revised in 1906 his Macmillan papers, he found the work he wanted done :—

"The wish expressed in this paragraph (written in 1864) for an adequate history, or collection of materials for the history, of Marischal College and University, has been nobly fulfilled by the publication, since then, under the auspices of the New Spalding Club, of three massive volumes, *Records of Marischal College and University*, edited by P. J. Anderson, Librarian of the University of Aberdeen. Mr. Anderson has achieved a work comparable to that of Anthony Wood for Oxford."

Masson had spoken in a happy hour, and his words had fallen on fruitful soil. The collections towards the preparation of the *Fasti* were begun in 1886, prompted by the words, which in a real sense may be said also to have led to the resuscitation of the Spalding Club.

One year after Masson's words came George MacDonald's *Alec Forbes*, followed in 1868 by *Robert Falconer*. These may be said to have awakened the long dormant sense in Aberdeen for the continuity of things and the creation of the belief that the University has a long history. The next step was curious. "In 1868," Shewan writes in his admirable work, *Meminisse Juvat*, the Class Record of 1866–70,

"Grant Duff, as Rector, at a meeting of the University Court, launched a thunderbolt by declaring roundly, that, whatever the

aptitudes of the University might be, they certainly were *not* classical. Here was heresy, black, audacious and undiluted. You have not forgotten the storm it raised. No one was more completely identified with the system assailed than Geddes, and Geddes, nothing loth, took up the challenge with all the spirit of one of his Homeric heroes, and, on the opening day of the Session 1869–70, strode down to College, *σθένεϊ βλεμεαίνων*, and delivered to his Senior Class what I may call his first Duffic. I have the speech in a newspaper cutting. It is a stout vindication of the position of Aberdeen in the classical world, and of the good work done by the Scotch Universities in the face of disadvantages not felt in England. Especially neat was the thrust, *ad hominem*, I suppose, about 'scions of the nobility, who seem to shrink from rubbing shoulders with the sons of the people in the people's schools, proceed to England without taking Scotland in their way, and return to tell us we have no scholarship.'"

This was heard by the compiler of the *Fasti*, then a Semi, and it also produced its influence. The question was wantonly raised, and it shook the pagoda-tree of somnolent use and wont, forcing attention to what we had as a University been out for since 1494. Shewan adds that he never heard that the controversy gave Maclure an uneasy moment. But Maclure was an unfortunate importation into Aberdeen, and to him we owe precisely nothing.

The *Calendar* dates from 1864. In 1900, however, the late Colonel Johnston issued a hundred copies for private circulation, "with the view of rendering the series of Calendars complete," of a *Calendar for the Sessions 1860–61 to 1863–64*, and this excellent work is known to a few experts. But a glance at the bulky *Calendar* of to-day will shew how we have moved since then. Shewan again, in a beautiful passage, has expressed the feelings that will occur to many all over the world, and I am sure they will be delighted to revive the memory of a day that is dead and yet can never die. He is describing the last days of the Bajan Session:—

"The interval between the close of our work and the day of final dismissal is a time that I have never recalled without special pleasure, a pleasure much like that which attaches to the recollection of the annual burst of the rains in India, after one had been desiccated for six long

months and roasted for the last three of them. The cold and the wet and the darkness of winter were gone, *grata vice veris et Favoni*, and the pleasant springtime was ours once more. The strain of the session's labour was over, for weal or for woe. The new College Calendar—a slender compilation it was, for my half-dozen copies hardly equal in bulk one issue of the present volume—was out, and we were peeping at the work for the coming year, and tasting the new pastures in which we were to browse. The recent examinations and our anticipations of the results gave plentiful material for conversation in our walks in the days that we spent before we scattered to our homes. I enjoyed many a delightful hour with Andrew Craik on these occasions. He was the best and cheeriest of companions. We wandered along the sands, and watched the moods of the everlasting sea, which set Craik off on the Infinite and the puzzles of the Universe; or over the Links, listening to the song of the lark—

> Better than all treasures
> That in books are found;

or we 'stretched our listless lengths' below the trees on the lovely banks of the Don below the Chanonry. They were happy days, crowded days of joyous living. Does the Spring bring us such joys now?"

Records of the Arts Classes may be said to have commenced in 1869, at least on a scale of any pretensions beyond a mere list of names, with the *Records of the Bajeant Class of 1854–55*, edited by P. H. Chalmers. One in that Class at the Cape has this year written to ask me, before he passes away, to indulge him with an account of anything or everything I might be able to learn of "our Class," and with this I have complied as well as I am able. Mr. Chalmers became Treasurer of the New Spalding Club, and was succeeded as editor and as treasurer by his classfellow, Mr. F. T. Garden.

In 1873 Sir Walter Besant dealt with King's College in a work that to most will be absolutely new. The character of Alexander Macintyre in *My Little Girl* has been the subject of some controversy, an account of which will be found in this volume. The following year saw the publication of Neil Maclean's *Life at a Northern University* and of Dr. Walter C. Smith's *Borland Hall*. In the Quatercentenary year, under the auspices of the Students' Representative Council, a new edition of Maclean's

story, with Introduction and Notes, was edited by the present writer, and another edition of this has been since called for. The book on its first appearance had escaped notice, and Professor Thomas Barker, who is in it, told me that he had never seen it or even heard from anyone of its existence. The copy that served as the basis of the 1906 reprint had formed part of the débris of an old circulating library in Aberdeen, and had curiously enough drifted to Peterhead, in such a state of dirt and decay that care had to be taken in preventing eczema or some contagious complaint. When issued in 1874 at Glasgow, by Marr & Son, the book had been left unrevised by the author, who died before the proof sheets were ready. It was accordingly disfigured by many grave errors in spelling, so that its humble appearance was the cause of its long remaining unknown and its real merits being overlooked. It is the plain and unvarnished tale—photography, not invention—of King's College before the Fusion, and contains much excellent material.

*Borland Hall* has given the quotation about the Crown and the sand dunes that is almost too hackneyed by repetition. "I have observed," said the late Principal, Sir W. D. Geddes, to me, "that you have never once alluded to the Crown. It will be in my heart as Calais was in Mary's, and I remember like yesterday the feeling of reverence with which I first beheld it, as a boy." Silence on my part, however, did not argue insensibility, as perhaps the present volume will shew. For I was born with it. Of the five thousand names on the roll of the General Council, I believe I am the only one so born, and born also on these same "grey sand dunes." Born in what is now 684 King Street, the oldest recollection I have is the sight of the Links, from the Preventive Station to the Broad Hill, white with blind drift, and the "cold North Sea" in storm, while with "the silent river" and "the graves" I have had a long acquaintance.

The Academic Hervey[2] meditating among the tombstones in the Dunbar and Lichton aisles, and long trained and fortified by a firm hold on the *Fasti*, has a subject to his hand of the very finest nature. The great want of lodgings at the Fusion, creating practically a demand for a double supply, that could not be met till many years after with the expansion of the city in King Street and elsewhere, has been the cause of much trouble and friction. It has led to very diluted Academic feeling and interest in many who have but little knowledge of the history and surroundings of King's College. Some of us will feel we have not altogether lived or written in vain, if we have succeeded in restoring a truer feeling for our historical continuity. With Edinburgh and Glasgow alumni the historical interest in their universities is of the very feeblest nature. St. Andrews, as was to be expected, comes nearest to ourselves.

Some link of communication between the Classes, present and past, is necessary, and at various times efforts have been made to establish a University Magazine. The story of past efforts will be found in *The Aberdeen University Review*, No. 4, and the foundation of *Alma Mater* in 1883 was the result of a speech to the Debating Society by Dr. Beveridge. It was taken up by the Classes, and the name proposed for it by W. C. M'Donald was adopted. Under the articles on him and Adam Mackay some account will be found of its early fortunes, lights and shadows. The first volume is now one of the very rarest bibliographical treasures. Of the editorial staff trained under the eye and supervision of Adam Mackay, one particularly deserves notice, Mr. J. D. Symon. His contributions both to *Alma Mater* and to *The Aberdeen University Review* have always been marked by literary style and form, while his academic tone and touch have been no less refined. Indeed it is to his suggestion that the preparation of this volume is due.

*Photo. by Mr. W. F. Webster.*

ST. MACHAR'S CATHEDRAL: "AMONG THE TOMBSTONES."

From an archæological point of view nothing more final and perfect can be imagined than the *Notes on the Chapel, Crown, and other Ancient Buildings of King's College*, issued in 1889 by the late Professor Norman Macpherson. The long and hereditary connexion of the writer with the College, from which his father graduated in 1788, enabled him to preserve many invaluable particulars and traditions.

In 1890 Mr. J. M. Bulloch started on the path of academic research with his excellent little work on the *Lord Rectors*, which he followed up by his *Carols* (1894) and his *History* (1895). He has enriched the various issues of his own 1884–88 Arts Class *Record* with prefaces, and has contributed to the 1902 edition verses that shew how the Hundred Carols have not exhausted his own or his classfellows' interest in the theme of the Crown. Marischal College is strangely uninfluential. Mr. (now Professor) R. S. Rait's *History* appeared in the same year as Mr. Bulloch's.

The *Officers and Graduates of King's College, 1495–1860*, in 1893, by the University Librarian, performs for the elder foundation what he had accomplished for Marischal College. To these indispensable volumes the future historian or researcher—if such should ever be needed—may be confidently referred. To the materials accumulated and luminously arranged he will find nothing to add, and nothing to subtract; and when the *Roll of Alumni (1596–1860) of King's College* (1900) has also been digested, it will be felt that here is a bit of work that will stand. Masson's wish has been fulfilled for both Colleges, and none of the other three Scottish Universities has anything to shew in any way comparable to these volumes. Mr. Anderson's *Bibliography of the Universities of Aberdeen, 1522–1906*, was a happy idea admirably carried out in the "Quatercentenary Studies," and when the *magnum opus* of Mr. Kellas Johnstone is issued by

the New Spalding Club on the Bibliography of Town and County, embodying the latest research about Scots abroad, the early French printing presses, and on Raban in the City, we shall find the subject to which he has devoted a lifelong enthusiasm and laborious investigation completely exhausted. He will leave not a wrack behind for any subsequent investigation, as we can see from the taste he has already given us of his quality in *The Aberdeen Educator* (1906), and the *Concise Bibliography of the History, Topography, and Institutions of the Shires of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine* (1914).

Mr. W. A. Mackenzie's *Rosemary* (1894) contains his *Shon Campbell*, of which it may be simply stated it will not die. I have personally known some Shons, and have heard in confidence about others. These confidences should not be betrayed, even reference to them should be brief, but in this year of war one prophecy is safe. For years to come little hope need be based on Government Grants, and new endowments will be few and far between. But one idea should never be allowed to fade, and that is the erection and endowment of a Residential Hall for King's College. For Marischal facilities exist, but for the Arts Faculty no more beneficent act can be performed by any future benefactor than this. Why not Elphinstone Hall, in tardy recognition of the Founder who, *modestiæ causa*, declined to have his name associated with the College itself? Endowment is absolutely essential to the full success of the scheme, the home from home. "God only knows," as one of the pioneers of *Alma Mater*, Adam Mackay, said to me in confidence about the experience of some of his friends, "what the flinty streets of Aberdeen have been to some of us from the Highlands. You hard Aberdonians are not like us. I myself felt on landing in Aberdeen something like what Jugurtha felt when he landed in the Tullianum: 'What a bath of ice!'" I

dwell on this point, dangerous and painful to all with a memory and with open eyes. *Opus aggredior opimum casibus.* Yet if this bare statement of the facts can meet the eye of some friend of the Arts Faculty with the means, and no great sum would be needed, let me assure him that this and this alone is the great desideratum of the future. The Hall should be built along the north side of Regent Walk, with a southward outlook over the Recreation Ground. I believe the "rigg" of land on which it could there be erected is University property, so that no difficulty as to the true site need exist.

In 1899 was issued *Aurora Borealis Academica: Aberdeen University Appreciations, 1860–1889.* "It seemed desirable to the editor of this volume [Mr. P. J. Anderson] that, before the students of 1860–89 had grown too old or too absorbed in extra-academic life to recall the surroundings of their golden prime, a few should be asked to put on record—for the gratification of their contemporaries and the enlightenment of their successors—some reminiscences of the men who endeavoured, with varying success, to show to them the high white star of truth." This book still maintains an increased price at sales and auctions, and copies are rare.

The *Rectorial Addresses, 1835–1900,* edited in 1902 by Mr. Anderson, will be found to suggest many thoughts. "It is believed that old students of Aberdeen may be ready to welcome a volume that will recall one of the most engrossing and picturesque episodes of their College days." The main idea in the mind of the careful reader will be, how great is the opportunity given to the Rector and how pitiful the result has all been. The wealth of notes and references in the book constitutes its value. Were the Rector to fulfil his historical function, then the collection of speeches and addresses every twenty years would be one of our most valued assets. Here would we see a great man once more renewing his youth, and

laying before young minds the ebb and flow of life and of work for the period. And what do we find ? Speeches that defy a perusal. They never had been heard, and read they cannot be. It is hard to say which is the worst, and it is the just penalty of conferring the only honour we have to bestow on the merely ornamental absentee and hopelessly unsuitable Rector. It has come to be a vulgar political contest, in order to advance the fortunes of some party politician, though Aberdeen has never sunk to the level of Edinburgh and Glasgow in importing into the fray the services of hungry and expectant professional Members of Parliament. Thus the office, one of the oldest in Europe in its curious method of indirect election, the Nations electing the Procurators and the Procurators choosing the Rector, has become degraded and ineffectual. The speeches of Bain and Huxley can now be read only with astonishment ; they were not men in sympathy with young minds, and their addresses are singularly dead. They had nothing to say, and said it. The two great academic rows are those associated with the speeches of Lord Barcaple in 1861, and of Bain in 1882. For the fully told story this book of Addresses is indispensable. " By your flattering estimate of my services," said Bain in his opening paragraph, " I have been unexpectedly summoned from retirement to assume the honour and the duties of the purple, and to occupy the most historically important office in the Universities of Europe." Perhaps he never got so far. The opposing candidate was Sir James Paget. It may be safely whispered now that Professor Bain and Professor Geddes were never exactly sworn brothers, and the face of the latter during the row was a study. He had been absolutely assured by his medical colleagues of the return of Sir James. The Last of the Barons, Professor Pirrie, was wildly delivering election addresses to his class. But the result was a victory for Bain in every

Nation, 444 to 239. Geddes asked me how the Bajan Tirones were going. I assured him that, with the solitary exception of the Paget Abdiel, Duncan Mearns Abel, the Tirones were an unbroken phalanx of crimson and gold, the rosettes becoming every day more aggressive in size, and the belief spreading that there would be no Greek next year. Youth is also cunning. I remember, in our Tertian year, one man very seriously in the bad books of Professor David Thomson went up to him at the end of the hour with an imposing Lord Lindsay rosette. He was forgiven for the time. But the Natural Philosopher had an eye for humour and returned after the election. "Europe is waiting for the Doctor's speech," cried Mrs. Bain to a friend on the night before. Europe never heard a word, and perhaps had cherished no such Great Expectations.

Other University items that call for special notice have been the admirable *Meminisse Juvat* (1905) of Shewan, a veritable triumph of memory, judgment, style, and scholarship. In this volume I have attempted to give some idea of its quality. Then we have the book of the Registrar, Dr. Robert Walker's perfect little *Handbook to the University* (1906), and Colonel Johnston's definitive work the *Roll of Graduates, 1860–1900*, in the same year. The *Library Bulletin* saw light in 1911, the *University Review* in 1913. Masson's *Memories*, corrected and expanded in the posthumous 1911 reissue of his Macmillan sketches, represents his mature judgment on his native city. It should be known to every Aberdonian. Many would say that his Melvin is his masterpiece, others would maintain his Chalmers. My own idea is that Dr. Kidd is his highest and securest note.

Thus there has been a Renaissance in Aberdeen of the University Tradition. In many ways, like Inkerman, it has been a soldiers' battle, with no assistance from within. Some men age fast; others, like the

younger Pitt, never grew but were cast. From them Aberdeen had little to expect, and she has received less. The Renaissance dates from Masson and the influence of his words on the University Librarian when a Tertian. Let us reflect on Principal Brown of Marischal College during the 1826 election of Sir James M'Grigor as Rector. "Graduates," he declares, "by leaving the University have abandoned all right to interfere with its affairs. They have no connexion with it. They are absolved from their allegiance. No such body as the Graduates is recognized. It would go to the utter subversion of all order and subordination. It would lead to the most pernicious consequences." This is Junkerdom in despair.

What of the future? Brown's theory is dead, and gone for ever. He spoke for Marischal College, and I must humbly confess that I have little or no regard for that institution, while gratefully recognizing the fact that the whole present feeling is due to Masson, the graduate from it. But in my cradle I heard no such gospel, and I have never been able, perhaps I have never seriously tried, to hear any other. Fusion memories have been too much for me. "No Pope can be a Ghibelline," said one in that succession, and while to-day it may be easy for many to adopt the Larger Hope towards Marischal College, and to refer complacently to its being the largest granite building in the world after the Escurial, I am not confident that the speakers attach any special value to their words. I am equally confident that all friends of the Arts Faculty should resent the crafty attempts of Lord Provosts and others to foist on Rectors and American millionaires schemes for effecting Town Improvements in Broad Street. We have been sacrificed in the past, and we should remember how slow in Aberdeen has been the awakening to the true sense of the meaning and function of a University.

## THE OLD BRIDGE.[2]

"Mine own romantic town."
SCOTT.

What's in a name? A Rose as sweet
By any other name would smell:
And yet, that self-same Juliet
Found only Romeo had the spell—
No other name could sound so well
On lip, or tongue, as Romeo.
And so with me—the ebb and swell
On Memory's tide of long ago
Bring but the hidden chords to sight
And names that will not part to-night.

For one* has said that, if his heart
Could, like the Queen's that *Calais* bore,
Bear one loved name, that could but part
From him with life, and not before;
A name that only brought the more
The years within the old grey town,
The Castle, Links, the sea and shore—
The City of the Scarlet Gown,
Then on his heart that name should be
Saint Andrews by the Northern Sea.

Yet fair though Tweed his current sweep,
And Teith his silent pathway takes
By lone Achray where birches weep,
And Vennachar in silver breaks,
Another name the deeper wakes

* A. Lang.

The chords, and all their memories bear ;
" Time but the impression deeper makes
As streams with years their channels wear " :
So Burns found it, and with me
One name makes richer melodie.

The gloaming brings the bird to rest,
To find the spot from which it flew
In morning, from the dewy nest,
The fairest scene it ever knew—
And in my heart I find it true :
No fairer current seems to glide
Than did to life's first early view,
By old Balgownie's Bridge the tide ;
Though fancies far afield might roam,
They were but visits, thou their home.

*Alma Mater*, 17 January, 1894.

## BY THE DOOR.

"Linked in the serried phalanx tight."
*Marmion.*

We own to being a man of peace, and the times are times of piping peace. Yet we cannot but heave a regretful sigh, and deprecate the present quietude of University Life in comparison with the bustle and active press in the past, as being far less favourable to the development of character and individuality.

We reflect with pathetic affection on the old crowd that used to besiege, in the days gone by, the door of the Humanity Room to hear the public declaration of the Bursaries. Perhaps there were reasons for the change to the present system, but all the same we cherish a longing for the old custom. The agony then was all over in a week, and on the Saturday, to insure your hearing the declaration, you had to be in the Old Town that morning pretty early. There was then no regard of persons, and you had to take your risk of some considerable physical discomfort and disarrangement of dress.

Long before the hour struck the crowd had assumed large dimensions. It converged on the door of the Humanity Class as being the most convenient. The Magistrand was on the outskirts, regarding personal interest as undignified. His day for that was done. Comfort was more to him than excitement. He stood by the Chapel door, where also were gathered together knots of men who by their years and dress seemed to belong to a different class from the Competitors. Their years were beyond those even of the most patriarchal of the interested mass swaying to-and-fro, while

their absorbed attention in the proceedings indicated that they were as much interested and alert as the youngest.

Mark those men. They are the last of the Old Brigade of the Scottish educational regime. They are the men who have been the *Makers* of the Northern University—the old Parish School teachers—the men who by their unselfish loyalty and unstinted and unswerving devotion to their Alma Mater raised it to its present position, and sent forth men direct to the Bursary Competition, the success of their pupils being their one theme, aim, and boast in life. To those men the present Aberdeen owes a deep debt she has forgot, and one which she can never repay. They are here to-day from some of the remotest parishes in the North. A generation that knows not their work should read *Life at a Northern University*, and those who have seen the wreck of the higher learning in the North of Scotland by the inefficient and costly mechanism of the Board School, should remember the ungrudging labour, week in, week out, bestowed on their best pupils by the old Parochial Schoolmasters. For them and their work no one has seen fit to say a word of praise : their record, their results have never been proclaimed from the housetops, yet none the less the Northern University, like the Roman Republic, owes her position to the efforts of many unknown individuals all working persistently to a common end. Here they are to-day for the last time but one, from far and near, to see their lads in and through the Competition ; for the evening paper is not as yet, and post cards and sixpenny telegrams are unheard of. They wait, as eager as, if not more so than their pupils.

Meantime the crowd has thickened still more, so that from one side of the "quad" to the other the pressure is intense. The young man with the top-hat considers he has made a mistake in his appearing with one, and

his surmise becomes conviction when someone behind with a short stick rattles a playful "tattoo" on its crown, while the bewildered owner can no more turn round than fly. The time seems to lag terribly, but to consult a watch would in the crush be impossible. The necessary elbow-room is not to be had. The "dressy" young man in the Skye-Mackinnon kilt with an ostentatiously natty glengarry has serious doubts as to the strings of the same, but it is too late to tuck them in below—both go—and strong expletives in the Buchan dialect come from the man near who dreads his eye being gouged out with the crest. The sporran may soon part company also with the owner. Wary birds who have been here before affect a composite garb more remarkable for its adjustment to circumstances than for its mere appearance —"nane but Hielan' bonnets here": nor is the absence of a collar and tie adversely commented on.

The heat becomes oppressive—about as unpleasant as it well can be. What the Black Hole of Calcutta was, or the quarries of Syracuse were to the survivors of the fatal day of the Assinaros, we know not. We have been informed that Peterhead in the heat of the curing season *plus* the five-and-twenty separate and individual smells of Cologne is a faint adumbration of the old days by the Humanity door.

Parry and M'Clintock thought the "nip" of their ships in the ice-floes of the Arctic Sea was the hottest thing they had been in. Napoleon thought the onset of the Scots Greys and the Inniskilling Dragoons his saddest time. Pyrrhus dreaded to repeat the days of Heraclea and Asculum.

But the Bastille has still to be taken. The advance guard keep up a constant rattle of sticks and cudgels on the door. Only the rashest are there in the van. The odds are ten to one they fall with the opening door. At last the creaking of the hinges and the withdrawing

of the bolts are heard. The doors fall in. The worst is over? Not so—no more than it was to Agag in Gilgal. The mass is so tightly wedged together that for some minutes stable equilibrium is the result. Then men are crushed to the jambs of the door. Noses bleed—hats fly—strong language—*sauve qui peut.* At last a forward motion is seen like the breaking up of the ice in the Sound or the Baltic, or like the rush of the Rhone at Martigny. The room is soon filled—every available inch is taken up, while a mob surges outside. Happy the occupant of a seat or of a fraction of a seat. We have ridden on a coach-top outside rail as sharp as a knife-board, out of deference to mistaken modern ideas of gallantry and chivalry. We have gone from Edinburgh to Granton in a carriage sultry with Newhaven fishwives, with our nose in a creel, and hanging on for dear life to the roof-strap. We have travelled from Falkirk to Dunblane on a "tryst" day with twenty drovers in a compartment made for six, but we were always thankful then for small mercies. We remembered that Humanity Room.

Was the cry at Rome when even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer Horatius louder than that which greeted the First Bursar? We question it. The anxiety of the Old Brigade by the Chapel door was intense. But it was long before the din subsided—still longer before the name was passed along—out—and so on to the eager knot. But why record in detail a scene so easily conceivable, yet felt in all its freshness and vigour only by those who have been there as interested parties?

Over—and now is the hour of the well-merited triumph and keen satisfaction for the man who had come so far to hear the result of his labours for the year; often, also, of bitter chagrin and disappointment. To place their men was their aim, to fail was as great a blow to them as to their men—perhaps greater; for to-day they have sealed the fate of many a life.

The Magistrand was in his element on the night of the declaration. It was the field-day of the year, when the incoming element was initiated into the University. From his position of onlooker on the outskirts of the crowd he descended to the more congenial character of host. His entertainment was always a hit, and the harmony unbroken. Outside in the nipping air of an October night the sentinel stars kept their watch in the sky ; and inside the row of *dead* sentinels spoke well for the capacity of the Tertians. Even the abstemious Classical Honours man relaxed his solemn features at the sight of others enjoying themselves, and the Bajan making his *début* with the violin solo of *Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff*, or *Auld Robin Gray* rose in the admiration of the senior man

And so we entered then on another year.

*Alma Mater*, 11 December, 1889.

## THE AULTON MARKET.

"A glimpse of Auld Lang Syne."
BYRON.

THERE is a mutability in human affairs. We do not offer this reflection as original. It has been repeated from the days of the sombre sage of Ephesus to the last aphorism of the shilling shocker, or to the concluding gnomic utterance of the hero in the latest melodrama, where the villain is triumphantly run to earth, and dies to the accompaniment of blue lights and slow fiddling.

The reflection was, however, brought vividly to our minds lately in the course of our hebdomadal stroll round Seaton and Tillydrone, pursuing our way up Don Street and round by the Chanonry at the time when nature is in the sere, the yellow leaf, and Martinmas has wound up the year—when the leaves rustle under foot, thick as those that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa. Passing by the familiar scene of the Market we found ourselves repeating with Elia the Ossianic aphorism employed in his essay on the old South-Sea House—"I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate." All had gone but the memories, memories that ever linger fondly in the minds of Arts men of the previous decade.

St. Luke's Fair is the Aulton Market[4]—but how few know it by that name! Only the initiated know it as such. Those that traffic therein know it not—no more than the Rhine porter knows Cologne, that hybrid invention of Murray and Baedeker. Indeed, some years ago we remember having questioned the premier citizen of the Old Town on this point, but he knew it not. To

him, as to us, it was the Aulton Market. The experience of fifty years had given him no more knowledge.

And yet the change! A generation has arisen to whom the scenes that met the eyes of the Old Brigade are a matter of hearsay—a generation that knows not Joseph nor the academic interludes of a former age. To the present generation of King's men the advent of the Aulton Market is even unknown or known only by the increased number of horses that pass the Spital,[5] or by the batches of bucolic gentlemen, plethoric of paunch, and short of breath—redolent of strong waters, monosyllabic of speech, and speaking in a strong swearing accent. At times, too, the strolling minstrel from Tyrol with his accordion and monkey is heard to warble snatches from Verdi and Bellini; and a contingent is rarely wanting of German bandits in various stages of corpulency, to play our national melodies with all the subtle symphony and chastened cadence that mark the efforts of the wanderers from the Fatherland.

But in the old days the Aulton Market was an event—a field-day—a day to be remembered in after years as Elia remembered his first play. To the Bajan it was life in a microcosm, and even the hoary and sapient Magistrand who had reached the latest stage of cynicism, and to whom life was a barren Sahara, with no redeeming oasis, would in more confidential and unthinking moods admit that for him, too, the Market was an event that had charms all its own.

Then, as now, but for a reason we have never been able to learn, the session in Arts opened on the day of the Market. After the preliminary commencement it was customary for the rest of the day to be spent on the adjacent field where the Market was held, and after a slight refection at some of the stalls and tents, all steps would be bent in the direction of the shows and sights that were to be seen in great numbers. We are

not even at this date ashamed to confess to an admiration for a good Punch and Judy. If we are wrong, we share the blame with Dickens and Thackeray, who would never fail to track the show from afar, and with one of the greatest living Scottish metaphysicians, who is known to traverse the streets of Edinburgh in the direction of the species of entertainment whose origin goes up through the medieval Mystery Play to the days of the *fabula Atellana.* In the Market, Punch and Judy flourished; along with it was to be seen the caravan depicting the proportions of the man of eight feet, who suggested the painful thought to the perplexed bystanders that, if he were to stand up, he must inevitably accomplish his wish by putting his head through the roof of the caravan. But the greatest delight was the booth with the actors. Rare acting has been seen in the Aulton Market—talent of a high-class order in the case of some broken-down actors who had trod the boards in other and better surroundings. But after all were Thespis and Susarion any better off, if so well? The orchestra would often consist of an asthmatic cornet and accordion with the higher notes wanting, and the never-failing drum. The star of the troupe, in the costume which, by concurrent opinion, is regarded as the everyday attire of the true British sailor, would take the money and call on the public to walk up.

The play was like the Plautine and Terentian counterparts, rather liable to the charge of similarity of ideas—the virtuous peasant and the audacious squire, the beauteous village maiden, the escape of the true lover, the news of the wreck, the lament of the maid, the inevitable and mysterious appearance of the lover in the nick of time, who irrelevantly dances a hornpipe at the finis. Melodrama was the general element, broadsword combats—two up and three down, and lunge and pink your man, to the cheers of the audience. At

times the acting would be indifferent, a circumstance that would conduce to the undue hilarity of the academic audience. Some such "scene" would thus occur during the time that the third act pursued its terrific course :—

*Tyrant* (with cockney accent, and speaking through his nose, with a cold in his head)—" Thou mitherable atthassin, what 'ast thou to say for thyself ? "

*Virtuous Peasant* (in a shrill, thinly-clad voice)—" That I am more innocenter than the meountain se-now."

*Caustic Magistrand* (from the back part of tent)—" Oh, my ! "

*Indignant Bajan* (in a Speyside C-sharp voice)—" Ord-er ! "

General cry of " Pit him oot !" —" He is no gentleman." " Fat can ye expect ? " " Sit doon—Keep your seats," etc., etc.

And then the wise pig—the pig that was said to have won golden opinions from the Royal Family and the Crowned Heads of Europe ; the pig that would tell the fortunes of the ladies and gentlemen of the audience with a pack of cards, or would single out the lady who was engaged to her beau with prospect of speedy nuptials ! It is fair to add that the efforts of the wise pig were often aided by some little feminine diplomacy to catch the speaker's eye, or that of the animal, or by the affected display of modesty, to the great confusion of her young man, who became the cynosure of all the eyes at once. The mysterious and circuitous ramblings of the pig, its look of studied astuteness are still fresh in our memories. Has there been a falling off in pigs in recent years that we have never seen this repeated ?

The all-round acrobat was there with his feats—feats far above anything in the circuses in the town—the boneless man that had baffled the Medical Faculty, the double-headed nightingale, the fat woman, the wild Indian, from the wilds of Africa or America, that in the

most approved style of Fenimore Cooper would run up and down the stage in war-paint, brandishing his tomahawk, and every now and then giving vent to whoops and yells, which we all know are the recognized trade-marks of the genuine Indian; the thimblerigger, the cocoa-nut man, " all are gone, the old familiar faces " —gone, too, the traditional Irishman with his shillelah, —gone the young lady in short skirts that would dance the Highland Fling.

Another modest refreshment at a tent would follow, and the metaphysical and cynical Magistrand would often indulge too freely in the flowing bowl, and get rather uproarious in his demeanour, and encourage the delusion that he was an interlocutor in the play, and thus be induced to interrupt the actors by taking part in the dialogue to the irretrievable confusion of the piece, and his elevation in the eyes of the Bajan, who ever has a sneaking admiration for the character of the " sad dog." By this time the naphtha and paraffin lamps would be lighted, and shadows fall from the old Crown of King's.

" It's an ill wind that blows nobody good": the cynical Magistrand was a good customer to the shooting-gallery proprietor. A visit to the Red Lion had not conduced to steadiness of aim, but to steadiness of purpose. He would be heard to declare, with unnecessary emphasis and powers of assertion graced by language more remarkable for strength than for elegance, his determination to hit the bell though he should stay there all night—a contingency from which he would be happily saved by a sudden and incalculable change of resolve. But memories crowd so fast that we must pause. *Ay di mi*—those golden days when the heart was joyous and life was young. *Eheu fugaces!* Yet fondly shall be treasured in our heart of hearts our first Aulton Market.

*Alma Mater*, 7 November, 1888.

## THE FAT WOMAN.

"At the Aulton Market the Fat Woman, like Madame Patti, shewed 'no falling off,' and the charm of these Divas is perennial. She quite maintained the best traditions of the past."—*Daily Paper.*

Dream of the golden past ! Stay yet awhile.
The last rose fades, the gems drop fast away ;
Then deign once more across the years to smile,
And bring the memory of an older day
To cheer the darkness with thy genial ray,
Thou Tyrian lodestar of the silent sea ;
Though Bajans wither, Magistrands decay,
Yet one sad comfort there remains to me—
*Extension*-Schemes can boast no falling off in thee !

For thou wast then a Star that dwelt apart,
The glory of the gathering ; even here,
To-night, I feel the leaves of memory start
And feebly rustle—hectic, wan, and sere—
While something to the eye confessed the tear
Dropt like a tribute to the type unknown
That did unto my wondering gaze appear
(Though nearly forty weary years have flown)
Like the Byronic Sea, " dread, fathomless, alone ! "

Such as the airy Grecian may have seen
The fabled Dian in her buskins fleet
O'er lone Cyllene and the valleys green
Of Erymanthus ; caught the twinkling feet
Of Naiad, Nymph, or Oread by the sweet
Low vale of Enna. As adown the dell
Fainter and feebler passed the vain deceit,
So gladly would I strain, rapt by thy spell,
My eager gaze to waft a last, a fond farewell.

*Alma Mater*, 20 November, 1901.

## MUSICAL MEMORIES.

"Who shall fill our vacant places,
Who shall sing our songs to-night ?"
*Isle of Beauty.*

AMONG the many changes that older Arts men will not fail to notice in the present generation of men at King's, there is one that never fails pleasantly to strike the mind of those whose memories carry them to the beginning of the seventies—the University is becoming more musical. Proposals have been seriously made by the undergraduates themselves, at their meetings, that a Chair of Music should rank as a desideratum before a Chair of Geology or of the Fine Arts. That such a change and such a demand are both equally beneficial can not be seriously doubted by those who knew King's College in the days when to sing a song was regarded as a profane acquirement that was to be shunned as much as the familiar first shelf over the fire-place in the Library.

It is curious as one grows older how we variously mark the stages on the road. Most men regard the *terminus a quo* as their Bajan year ; cricketers on the decline of life recall Alfred Mynn and the days of the Kent Eleven, while a younger generation mark years from the time when Daft was in his best defence form for Notts, or Bluegown won the Derby. Old maids, with a morbidly reflective turn of mind, still number the flight of years by a retrospective glance at the Kent Road Murder, or that of Harriet Lane, while " the short corn " is still the only known Hegira to the Buchan agriculturalist. We mark our lustra by our memories of the musical advance of Alma Mater.

" Sir," said the great Lexicographer, " let us take a walk down Cheapside, I like to look on men." We like, in the same way, to take a walk down High Street, Don Street, and the Chanonry, with side divergences into sundry devious and quiet streets. Every house has for us its memories, every window its face that seems still in fancy to be there as it was in the golden days. No memories are so strong, no friendships more lasting than those in the University ; and, as we stroll up Don Street, we think of Napoleon's address to the troops and the memories of the centuries that looked down from the Pyramids. We see the old faces once again, hear the familiar voices; the notes of the old songs seem to linger still on the stairs.

Yet in the old days there was but little time for singing. Perhaps this made what we had all the more to us. Then, as now, the discipline of the University was bad—the system was vicious. The men were never at their ease in the classrooms, with the exception of that of Professor Black. The method of the drill-sergeant alone was regarded with approval, so that the moral result of the University regime gravitated, as Byron says, " between a smile and tear," between the treadmill and the cockpit. When we entered King's at a rather early age—too early we see now—the songs sung by those who were not over-refined in their demeanour were not those that would be encored, then or now, in a drawing-room, while those that constituted the musical repertoire of such as were studiously exact in their habits, and reported to be constant in their appearance at evening parties, were *Happy be thy dreams; Father, dear father, come home with me now; Far away, Juanita, In days of old,* etc. In both respects we have advanced since then.

We date the improvement from 1873. The pantomime song of that year was a phenomenal hit—*The Little Bunch of Roses.* The sober Magistrand yielded

to the spell, and the Bajan lost his head. The weary Tertian mingled his conic sections with the chorus, and it was everywhere the rage. In quiet nooks a Magistrand might have been seen practising the step dance, and, to our own knowledge, one Bajan, for several weeks running, went into the pit night after night in the desire of catching the singer's eye, and of learning the tune. In both, it is said, he failed.

It seems hardly possible to conceive of Aberdeen at a time when the *Gaudeamus*[6] was unknown. Yet so it was. It dates from the "Choral" of 1875, the same year that introduced *Nancy Lee* into Aberdeen. This is the great mark of the Aberdonian Arts man—to a large section of University men in Scotland and England the *Gaudeamus* is quite unknown. In St. Andrews its place is taken by *The Gowden Vanitee.*

Few and rare were the pianists and musicians in those days. A great improvement has been marked in late years in this respect. Pianists in the old days never ventured beyond *The Blue Danube,* or *The Carnival of Venice,* a selection from Offenbach and Lecocq, or a few popular waltzes. A Speyside contingent was never wanting on the violin. Professor Masson has said that in later years he has often wondered at the great elegance of deportment shown by Aberdonians in London Scottish meetings[7] and elsewhere, and expresses his surprise as to the time, place, and opportunity to acquire such accomplishments. Could the worthy Professor have looked in some night when a solemn Magistrand might have been seen meandering round the room with a Bajan partner, while a solemn knot of Tertians accompanied the dancers with a vocal arrangement, in various tunes and keys, of *The Sweetheart's Waltz*—we say, could he have so looked in among the group, his surprise would have been fully justified and explained. Dancing classes, since then, have sprung up and have become very popular.

We are misogynistical enough to believe that the *change in the partner* is here the cause, and loyal enough to the past to believe that the old way was better.

Most classes then had their special songs—songs that in the weary intervals used to be heard wafted from the various classrooms; *Poor Old Jeff, Old Tennessee, Shepherds, have you seen?* were among the favourites. Others again were devoted to psalmody, and the sight of about one hundred Magistrands bellowing the *Old Hundredth*, or *Scarborough*, or *Stroudwater* was edifying. Sankey's Hymns were very popular, but, with the exception of *Hold the Fort,* none of them took root.

The banjo fiend and his friends, the men who believe they have a mission for the cornet and the violin, are doubtless a permanent element in every university. The first flourish most rankly, as the absence of time and tune and the want of a teacher are less conspicuous. To be near the latter two is a great lesson in moral discipline—it develops patience and recalls the man of Uz. It has ever been to us an open question which of the two was the greater disciplinary force in this respect—the throes of the men with *Farewell, my own,* from *Pinafore,* and *I am dreaming of Allie,* or the effort of the landlady's daughter, who, having turned in Hemy's *Pianoforte Tutor* the first leaf, was in sight of *Home to our Mountains,* and *Rousseau's Dream.* Lessing may have been right when he said "there was more pleasure in pursuing, than in catching the hare"—in pursuit rather than in fruition.

Another curiosity we had—he is still extant—the young man whose Micawber-like hope is the *Blue Alsatian Mountains* or *Come, Sirs, your Toast,* from *Carmen.* It is the dream of his youth—it is the aspiration of his Tertian year. Perhaps it comes to as much as the attempt of a Bajan (we withhold the name) who

spent his first year in a hopeless attempt to perform the Japanese butterfly trick.

Why has Professor Donaldson's hint not been followed out? Why does not one of our musical students compose a song, with music to it, specially for the use of King's College men? That it has been tried and failed is no argument against it. Why should not Alma Mater have her song-writer?

That more opportunities be offered within the University for the study of music, that the day may come when a Chair of Music is an accomplished fact is our earnest wish. To over-estimate the mental and the moral value of a musical education is wellnigh impossible. The man who is not moved by the concord of sweet sounds is to be sincerely pitied. The practical argument is unanswerable. To us in the closing decade of the Nineteenth Century it does seem irrational that Bach and Beethoven should be waiting in vain for admission, while Drew, Todhunter, Euler, and Demoivre enjoy their ancient solitary reign.

*Alma Mater*, 5 December, 1888.

THE BRIG O' BALGOWNIE.

*Photo. by Mr. Alex. Murray.*

## THE ROAD TO TILLYDRONE.

"The Minster-clock has just struck *one*,
And yonder is the Moon."
*Lucy Gray.*

By the old Brig o' Balgownie, looking eastwards to the Sea,
There's a spot I often think on, and the days that used to be;
For, though many a mile away this night, I hear the old refrain
Of a something in the heart that brings the Bajan once again
On the road to Tillydrone—
O! the days that now are gone—
As I hear the paddle splashing of that millwheel in the Don,
How the hearts of some get cheery,
And forget the long and weary
Days away from friends and memories of the road to Tillydrone.

When there's seaweed up the channel, and the fog is landward bound,
And from Donmouth to the Cruives there's not a light nor yet a sound
Save of some dyspeptic rooster that keeps crowing in its shed,

You've got to have your eye and keep a more than steady head
At that bend above the Don,
Or you'll land yourself upon—
Or rather down—the chimney, and, "without a sigh or groan,"
Sink like the man in Byron,
While your weeping friends untiring
Keep a-dredging for your body from the Brig to Tillydrone.

"Thou bringest, Hesper, all things Home," says Sappho[8] in the line
Lord George[9] has since immortalized—his star could never shine
On a quicker homeward journey, nor could better pace be showed
Than by Bajans in "Lang ingins" coming down the Seaton road.
Not Selene, Luna, Hesper,
Phoibos, Phosphoros, nor Vesper,
Nor yet the Merrie Dancers[10] quicker wheeled around the throne.
They would own themselves not in it,
At the pace that we could spin it—
O! a mile would go like lightning on the road to Tillydrone.

Just but set me on that keystone looking eastwards to the Sea,
With the rare old band of cronies with the legs a-dangling free,
Ruling Rectors, ousting Cabinets, while the censure fell like rain
On every name and thinker on from Thales down to Bain—

As the vague impression ran,
The great and coming man.
The men of light and leading (but to us revealed alone)
Were then and there orating,
Criticizing and debating,
While all around was Silence and the Moon upon the Don,
As I think it's never shone—
O! the days that now are gone—
Since the year when we were Bajans on the road to Tillydrone.

*Alma Mater*, 6 December, 1893.

## OUR NEW YEAR DINNER.

"Home, sweet Home!"

"THEN come at seven, old man, and bring your flute." This was a phrase we had in the old King's days, the origin of which has never yet been made clear to us. The invitation was to dinner at five o'clock, and I was not expected to provide myself with the flute. At no time have I been a proficient on the instrument, for which, like Shylock, I own to no partiality.

It was the Christmas Holidays that year, and none of us were to go home. To those of us who hailed from the Highlands and Islands the distance seemed too far, and we resolved, in the absence of the reduced rates that are now provided by the Railway Companies, to stay on during the vacation and spend it as best we could in our own way. We were, and still are, all inseparable as the Musketeers or the Guardsmen of the elder Dumas, and the prospect seemed not altogether dismal. All went well till the last day of December, when the landlady of mine host was suddenly called away. Dismay sat on every face, as her command of the *cuisine* was well known to all of us, and something of a *recherché* nature was expected. A prolonged sederunt over the pipe was the result. At last a ray of hope dawned. It was distantly hinted that "for this occasion only" we might manage something among ourselves, as a hotel was for many reasons, financial and otherwise, out of the question. At last the project was taken up with enthusiasm, and the invitation in our opening sentence was the result.

Iago was "nothing if not critical"; in our number we had one who was nothing if not domestic. It was a

favourite doctrine of his that a man could not know too much about domestic arrangements; he believed that the head of the house thus secured greater reverence from his wife; and he would vent a belief that many a good man was sent to his long home because of a neglected early education on the part of the wife in these matters. A copy of "Mrs. Beeton" shouldered the well-worn "Pickwick" among his books, and a penny cookery-book might have been seen dovetailed into a copy of "Todhunter." The slightest fluctuations of the market by which the High Street tradesmen declared to a confiding public the fall in butter or the fact that cheese was "down again to 6½d." were familiar to him. The last time we had our feet beneath his hospitable board in Strathspey, he was full of the old topic, and fulminating against the University Local Exams. and so-called higher education of women.

The preliminary tea was not an unqualified success. It had been "thrown open in default of a properly qualified candidate" to one who had no qualification for the concoction of the cup that cheers. A caustic onlooker might have made capital out of the fact that the tea was rather thin, enabling even our short-sighted member to read the heraldic device at the bottom of the cup, and that the leaves abhorring, perhaps, a vacuum, like nature, manifested an undue tendency to seek the top. The taste of Britannia metal predominated unquestionably over that of Pekoe. But it passed, if not unheeded, at least in silence. An insidious attempt to knock off the ashes of a cheroot into the milk jug was successfully detected, and the design of another, to cut the loaf with the knife with which he had cut his tobacco, met with deserved reprobation. It was felt that something more serious was at hand that demanded the fullest attention and clearest judgment from the whole party.

The plum-pudding was to be *constructed*. I use the

word advisedly, for never did the artist of the Pisa Leaning Tower or Cheops' Pyramid bestow the attention on his work that we did. The flour was ready, the sultana raisins were there, the cleanness of the cloth had been demonstrated to all. The spirit of Mrs. Beeton, like that of the Macgregor, walked. If not with us, her benign influence through her Manual was there. We read the recipe again and again. We went over it clause by clause like the revisers of the New Version Committee. A discussion arose as to whether the sultanas be washed. The house divided. There was no official declarator from the Manual, but on general principles it was ruled that they be washed. Again a division—" that this House, for a flavour, decides for the use of a ' toothful ' " —just a toothful, " only that and nothing more "—" of Old Tom." The temperance party voted in the negative, and—in the minority. Someone was heard to mutter the Apostolic sanction about the stomach's sake.

Count Rumford would not have withheld his admiration at the business-like manner in which the hierophant for the occasion went to work. He doffed his coat and deposited his ring (we had our little vanities in those days) on the table, and with a premonitory caution to the effect that he had nothing up the sleeve, succeeded in the composition to our great satisfaction. At last it was set on. The artist in resuming his coat and ring declared his belief that the feat we had just witnessed was worth more to a man than an acquaintance with Drew or Todhunter. It may have been the circumstances or not, but the remark was unanimously acquiesced in.

Out came the pack of cards. That pack! They linger in memory still. We had played with them so often that to have differentiated with exactness the faces of the court-cards would have really required the second sight, and the dealing of a seven often led to the closest inspection to detect whether a faded ten was not lurking

in disguise. Charles Lamb confessed to a sentimental liking for the *smell* of the books from the circulating library. It was redolent, he said, of the toil lightened and labour sweetened by the writer of the book. Andrew Lang dilates on the virtues of Miss Braddon and Gaboriau "to make the slow time fleetly flow." With us they often "gave Euclid pause, and Archimedes rest." Then we had our songs—*The Anchor's Weighed*,[11] *'Way down upon the Swanee River*; our pieces on the piano—*Weber's Last Waltz*,[12] *The Carnival of Venice*,[13] and (by request) the selection from *The Grand Duchess*.[14]

Eight o'clock was striking. It seemed a long time yet before the great event could come off. We left one of our number in charge. We cautioned him, as no judge ever charged jury, to do his duty, and not like Alfred the Great to neglect the household good. We went down the High Street and round the Chanonry and on to the Old Bridge. The night was clear and frosty, and, as no one was near, we relaxed our dignity in raising a slide that came to no good. Perhaps our thoughts, like those of Byron's Dying Gladiator, were at home, and that was far away. Culinary and domestic anxiety may have led to this abortive result. King Street was deserted and in the North Lane no belated traveller was abroad. In Don Street there was supreme silence. The moon was slowly drifting over the old Crown of King's, and an attempt to decamp with the handle of the pump evoked no signs of interest. Anxiety was rife—was *it* going to be a failure or (hope sprang triumphant, with the poet) a success. We were in no poetical vein to notice that there was not a flower in all the field, and the frost was on the pane. The walk had increased our appetite. Poetry gave place to prose—bald, prosaic prose.

No criminal ever trod the scaffold with such a shrinking feeling as we mounted the stairs. Our watcher was asleep by the fire, but woke up with a start as we entered.

"Now, boys, bustle about," said the host—"*Sauve qui peut,*" as Nap. said at the battle of Waterloo. *Quid plura?* Pleasure reigned on every face. The artist was congratulated. We gathered round the festive board.

Midnight tolled from the Old Town House, and we could hear the crowd bringing in the advent of another year. The pianist stole softly to the keyboard while the fire was burning low in the room, and played *Home, Sweet Home.* Often as we have sung that beautiful song since, never, perhaps, were we all moved, or have we felt the power of Payne's words or Bishop's music so much. Then a silence seemed to fall—" and the sun rose bringing the New Year."

Many years have passed since then, but never shall we forget that New Year's Eve dinner. There is still no break in our ranks. At a recent Presbytery meeting and induction of one of the old party into his charge, it was a pleasure and duty to relate, in replying to the toast of "The Ladies," my recollection of that night, and to express my firmest conviction that, if the minister was as successful in the pulpit as he was in the kitchen, as successful in the composition of discourses as in plum-pudding, the congregation would regret their choice as little now as we did on that memorable evening.

*Alma Mater*, 19 December, 1888

## THE NEEDLE'S E'E.

"An extremely narrow lane at the back of the Town Hall, which they style the Needle's E'e, or eye of the needle."

OREM, *Old Aberdeen*, p. 45.

"Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old."

R. L. STEVENSON.

There's a wynd or close or alley, pend or lane (I need not rally
To one fixed designation for the place that I can see),
Where the Aulton Town House rises and the stranger quite surprises
By a dark and uninviting narrow opening that's so wee
That for years you'll never spy it,
But for long might close pass by it—
Not a Bajan in a thousand now can tell the Needle's E'e.

Time has dealt with it but lightly, and a century has slightly
Touched it but to gild it ; in that cry for £ s. d.,
For mad plans of restorations, North wings, fads and alterations,
Our Academic gudgeons raise to swell the builders' fee,
Not a crank or hardy Vandal
Has been got to find a handle
For his scheme of widening, or of opening up the Needle's E'e.

When the gondolier was calling, and the night was slowly falling,
As the stars were shining brightly on the Adriatic Sea,
When the Bridge of Sighs came glooming, through the summer gloamin' looming,
And St. Mark's and the Rialto brought their memories to me,
Half a sigh came softly stealing,
With a " hame-ower " sort of feeling :
'Twas *the heart gwine back to Dixie*—through again the Needle's E'e.

What though swinging bells are rolling hoarse old Emperor Hadrian's mole in,
Where the Ponte Rollo crosses over Tiber, and the free
Keen breath from off the river sends all over me a shiver,
As the lamplights gutter faintly and the wind is from the sea ?
There's a sound to me far sweeter
Than are all your bells of Peter—
And I hear it here—distinctly—as if near the Needle's E'e.

Nine o'clock ? How memory flutters ! They'll be putting on the shutters
In the High Street, and I fancy (as of old) that I can see
Lads and lasses idly roaming, by that opening in the gloaming,
Daffin', sowffin' panto. ditties—*Linger Loo* and *Sweet Marie.*
Other days had other ditties,
'Tis but now I feel that it is
Years, and all has since been changing, since I saw the Needle's E'e.

*Linger longer.* Fain I'd linger, if but Time's recording finger
Set the dial back, and golden days again recalled to me.
'Tis vain ; yet memory blesses that fond fancy it caresses—
The Past that once has ever been can never cease to be.
After years of life together,
After bright and stormy weather,
Hark !—again—the chimes at midnight round about the Needle's E'e.

Then farewell—for slowly sweeping through the night the mist is creeping
Up the street in sombre silence, hiding holt and heath and lea ;
The night wind rising clearer brings, now faint now waxing nearer,
Over Don, the Links, and Seaton, here the moaning of the sea.
And the dirge that it is ringing
In my ears is ever singing—
"*You will gang nae mair a-roving*" through, at e'en, the Needle's E'e.

*Alma Mater*, 20 January, 1897.

## THE FIRST CLASS SUPPER.

MAN is a social animal, and loves the fellowship of his kind. That is a doctrine as old as Aristotle, and though long established as a truism by all writers on economic and political philosophy, it is yet only within comparatively recent years that its truth has been demonstrated in University circles in Aberdeen. We do not say that in any way the King's College man is less social, less gregarious, less " clubable," as Dr. Johnson expressed it, than other men. We only state facts when we say that hitherto influences, inside and outside the University, have been against him—that the time was when the social man was frowned on as having his feet in the miry way instead of planting them on the narrow road of an undignified, ungenial, and cold mannerism.

Times have changed, and prophecies have been unfulfilled, but men are still in their " twenties " who can recognize by an allusion the feeling of terrorism that used to pass for professorial discipline ; when the approach of a university official was the sign for ill-concealed uneasiness, or general flight ; when the chance recognition of a student in the street was enough to intoxicate the bewildered recipient with the exuberance of his own importance ; when an invitation to a funereal repast conferred on the guest a sense of bloated pride for the rest of the session ; when a strong man was seen to shiver in the conjugation of a verb or the construction of a diagram. That all this could be allowed or be considered as a moral training, shews how much we have advanced since then.

Class suppers have come to be so much looked on in the light of an established custom that the later generation can scarcely imagine the flight of constructive genius and audacity of that time of "derring-do." Before, convivial meetings of all kinds, public as well as private, had not been unfamiliar. The suggestion that a professor should take the chair seemed beyond the wildest dream. In a general sense the humanity of all men was recognized. Apostolic sanction could be produced. But then the Iliad proclaimed that *ichor* ran in the veins of the Olympians of a kind that differed from that of the ordinary mortal. It was no less true that the comic singer of the class had a song that proclaimed the same of Irishmen—their claim to have heads and hearts and to be gentlemen, but then we had no Irish on the staff, and the logic was not considered as invulnerable. It did seem hopeless.

In the land of the Pharaohs, the social gamut ran from the King on the Throne to the bondslave behind the mill. But to ask them to exchange places seemed as hopeless as for us to have asked the Pope of Rome for a paper at the Literary, or Thomas Carlyle to have opened the comic evening at the Debating Society. But it had to be done, and only one man seemed to be possible—Professor Black. The few sporting men offered odds against his coming. He did, and they lost.

Henry George says that the tendency is from progress to poverty. We maintain that class suppers, at least, confute this. The array of men in fine linen and evening dress; the sumptuous fare expected and provided—how different from the old days! The first was unknown, the second unexpected. Then there was a general "go-as-you-please" air, and the pedestrian would express it by saying that the anxiety was more to cover "laps" in quantity, than developed in any other direction.

For the genial chairman a cab had been duly

provided, and the guests were ready. The sportsmen who had lost made an effort to recoup themselves by an offer with even money against his coming, but the rattle of wheels soon dispelled the gloom and doubt, and the hearty appearance of the Professor was the sign for general and subdued applause. Grace was said : dinner began.

The opening address from the Chair was a distinct success. Recollection lingers fondly in memory still. Expressing in graceful terms his great satisfaction at being with us, and the hope that it was the sign for the inauguration of a new era, he concluded with "The Queen." Others followed. Since then, habits of speaking have largely improved in Aberdeen, and the beneficial effects can hardly be too much valued, but it was then the day of small things, and the presence of the Chair was too great. Those who had carefully prepared and "crammed" their speeches, as they crammed their Greek play, were not much better than those who had not. The recitations were funereal and sombre. There is something in *Young Norval* that is chilling, and the horseman that "sweeps in the dead of night through the forest braes of Mar" performs a feat which to the logical mind is more congenial in the hippodrome than in the social gathering. But our tenor, a really admirable vocalist, was himself in *The Cameron Men*, and the chairman, who was nothing if not national, was delighted.

We felt we had a trump card in the croupier and organizer of the meeting, who was to propose "The Ladies." He rose, and we all beamed on him in admiration. But, again the awe of the Chair was too great even for him. "Gentlemen, The Ladies," he uttered faintly, and sat down, nor did the singer of *My love is like the red, red rose* do much to relieve the feeling of humiliation. By the Chairman he was graciously congratulated on the elegant and choice language he had employed,

and after another hearty speech from the Professor the supper ended.

It was over. Esther had seen King Ahasuerus and survived—" I have seen the Queen, and still live," says the Heroine of *The Heart of Midlothian*. Burns had "dennered wi' a lord" ; *Baucis and Philemon had entertained Jupiter and Mercury ; Cicero had welcomed the great Caesar ; and Evander had been the gracious host of Æneas in words which never failed to move Fénelon to emotion. We had not done less.

Fifteen years have passed since then—the first class supper. The old unsocial feeling has passed away, never to return. Alma Mater has much still to do for the social training of her sons—but time will do the rest.

*Ovid, *Metamorph.*, viii. 625-724.
Cicero, *Ad Attic.*, xiii. 52.
*Æneid*, viii. 364.

*Alma Mater*, 15 May, 1889.

## STUDENTS' NIGHT.

" O *ye gods !* Must I endure all this ? "
*Julius Caesar*, IV. 3. 41.

Dear T——,
Yes—Students' nights *were* different then ;
We even hear of bouquets on the stage,
Flung by impassioned meds. beyond the ken
Of first-professionals—it's all the rage,
" The form and pressure of the very age,"
As *Hamlet* has it. How the scene we quit
To others, and how fast we turn the page !
It seems but yesterday we " tossed " to split
On sixpence to " the gods " or double to the pit.

No budding tenor then to thrill the ear
With song and chorus, or with roundelay.
*The Little Bunch of Roses*, out that year,
Was in the panto. and by night and day
The Bajan and the Magistrand alway
Kept carolling that one melodious strain,
Cutting a double-shuffle in their gay
And artless style, to ease their amorous pain,
As if their love-sick souls would feel no joy again.

I've been in some good crushes in my time,
In Bursary squeezes and Rectorial fights ;
But never once more would I wish to climb
The gallery stairs on crowded panto. nights ;
The very thought is terrible—it frights
The memory, how the surging mob would tear
To find a seat, and scramble for their rights,
While some coal-heaver on your feet would bear
His weight, and in your mouth be stuffed some girl's
back-hair.

There, planted tight, and heaving like the main,
The buxom mother with her callow brood
Would sit, and to them volubly explain
The play aloud ; and, haply if there should
Some fodgel wight in angry tone and mood
Regard the swarm as somewhat malapert,
Or interject a hint, and call them rude,
Then would the dame her violent tongue exert—
" *Some dirt, ance bairns themsels, ken not a pawrent's he'rt.*"

In front, the bibulous combmaker breathes
Sabæan odours on the tainted air ;
As at Cologne, the horrid fragrance seethes
And settles down upon you everywhere—
Or herring-scales get in your tea and hair
At Peterhead in curing-time—the swain
Exhales no balms of Araby the fair,
But brings a cry of dolour and of pain :
" *This blecks a mussel midden, sirs, or some open drain.*"

The joyous Tar on twopenny pie regales,
The leeshore of his mouth entombs it quite ;
Regardless here of Neptune and the gales
Of Boreas, he doth in ease delight.
The merrie dogge—he riots loud to-night,
He looks around and hails you with an air
As if you were a messmate, then outright
Confides his case : " *I'm that fu', I declare,*
*You cudna scart my wame without me skirlin' sair !* "

The curtain up—*Rob Roy*—'tis silence all ;
Now nothing breaks the solemn deep profound,
Save where some partan-claw is heard to fall,
Or from the corner comes a gurgling sound,

Which shews " the cutter " on its jocund round,
Tracked by th' upturned nose and rolling eye :
And few, if any, will there then be found
To miss their turn until the flask is dry,
But gently mark it wane and heave the pensive sigh.

The *entr'acte* music no one heeds, they know
The airs and sing them to their heart's content.
The tar now turns and, in a whisper low,
Remarks " *Yon Rashleigh is a*——" what he meant
Is in some wak'ning babe's cry lost and blent ;
You nod, look deep, and guess what he has said.
Anon his arms are on the railing bent,
He spits far into vacancy : some med.
Below him in the pit receives it on his head.

Well, we're old stagers now, and all the cry
Is for amusement, students' unions, balls ;
They were not in our time, thank Heaven, and I
Cannot but think such periodic calls
On our attention overdone. It palls
To find them everywhere ; 'twere better far
To drop them, and at once remember all's
Not beer-and-skittles. In this life there are
Much nobler aims if we will not their presence bar.

*Alma Mater*, 17 November, 1897.

## THE CLASS ROLL.

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary."

THE old year is dying. There is simply no doubt of that. In an hour or less there may be a belated attempt on the part of some roysterers to keep up the ridiculous custom of first fittin', but the weather, I am glad to see, will prevent the usual din of accordions, panto. melodies, and Tivoli ditties of the *Linger Longer, Loo* type, or *Tell her I love her so* with bell obbligato. The war has sobered these revellers ; and I am hopeful of seeing the abolition of Christmas and New Year. I have lived to see the total disappearance of Valentine's Day, and the papers note the decay of Christmas Cards. I regard it as a sign that we mean to win this War.

So I turn me to the compilation for the coming year of the Roll. We had 113 Bajans, but we did not seriously begin the attempt till we found it too late. The Keeper or Master of the Rolls should be kept at Government expense, and enjoy a larger salary than his English namesake. At least he should have an old age pension and a Carnegie grant to assure his future and reimburse him for outlays and expenses. Unless a Class begins early, the thing is foredoomed. Class secretaries know well that absence does not make the heart grow fonder. Let no one fancy that any member unpopular as a Bajan can ever escape attestation or registration. Others will see to that, and men separated by continents find themselves divided by memories of half a century or by feuds begun at school. Nor is the expense of Records an easy thing, while the selection of the Editor is a matter equal to the

task of a Cabinet in war time. Chairs can be filled up any day and are of no importance, but the Editor holds by divine right.

" Wolf believes in twenty Homers," says Christopher North, " I believe in one. Nature is not so lavish of her great geniuses. The wonder is there should be one." The finest Record yet done, or likely to be done, is that of the 1866–70 Class, edited by Shewan. It stands alone, a contrast with the ordinary feeble introductions of three or four pages that shew the incompetence of the Editor and the poverty of his memory. In our Class, the late J. W. Crombie,[15] M.P., in conjunction with the present writer, had projected something "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," which in a very limited *de luxe* edition, with prolegomena, plates, portraits, etchings of vanished nooks and interiors, historical and archæological essays, would have outclassed in sumptuosity anything ever likely to be done. It was to be his gift to the known survivors. But his untimely death, deeply lamented by us all as depriving the Class of one destined to very high political, perhaps Cabinet rank, has for ever eclipsed our gaiety and ended our Dream. It will never now be written.

"But when the day is very near,
And birds are on the wing,
My spirit fancies it can hear
The song we cannot sing."[16]

Consumption has taken a heavy toll of us. On this point I seem to see new light by the statement of one of the two survivors of the 1849–53 Arts Class, given in *The University Review*, dealing with the death of George Slesser, M.A. 1853, Senior Wrangler 1858 :—

" My lodgings were in College Bounds, a few doors from those occupied by Slesser in the Spital. In those days we all lived in this street, and freely visited each other. . . . Visiting among one another was not always advantageous to study ; and it was my habit with some others to go early to bed and to get up about 3 a.m. We took a turn

out about 4 a.m. to get a breath of the keen caller air. At that hour Slesser's window was alight.

"He was *facile princeps* in the examination for the Simpson Prize. Another candidate, George Daniel, broke down in the middle of the competition. He was seized with hæmorrhage of the lungs. He came to the graduation, pale, haggard, with livid lips and sharp, strained features, and in six weeks he was in the grave."

In fact, College Bounds and the Spital then must have resembled Peterhead in the curing season, with a population stowed away like herring in a barrel. The quotation given now explains the remark made some years ago to me by a graduate of the time, who has some weeks ago celebrated his ministerial jubilee at Carmylie. "The thing I seem best to remember about my time was the birds coming out at the back of the Hermitage about four o'clock in the morning." I did not then see the full force of the words, but felt in comparison aggressively respectable, for though a late bedder I never was there at such an hour. My hand instinctively stretches out to that great bibliographical rarity, the first volume of *Alma Mater*, and at page 185 I find the late Professor Struthers and the present Principal addressing a meeting. Struthers rambled from the Tay whale to tight-lacing, warning his hearers (the female bajan being then a far-off phantom) against "wasps," and urging his anatomical experience. "Referring to the health of the students, he thought their lodgings should be examined periodically by some official to see that the air and water were good. He did not disapprove of games on Saturday afternoon, or during holidays." He told me that he was ready to concede the erection of the Giant's Strides—the children at the beach had it some years ago—at the back of King's College, on which the students could swing, during the intervals! That was the length reached then, or even now, by the Senatus.

In other years I should have been ready to revive old memories by a round of visits in the dark, rapping at

doors, and waiting for vanished faces at windows—" the long-lost ventures of the heart that send no answers back again." Indeed before our day, though I never lived there, College Bounds must have been a veritable death trap and hot-bed of consumption to country lads, who but too often brought with them the seeds of the trouble. Some months ago Professor Matthew Hay launched a crusade against box-beds as a fertile source of mortality. He has a sphere here to his hand. Gloomy winter in our day was winter indeed, and my memory goes back to a time when, from the yet unbuilt Roslin Terrace to the Bridge of Don, there were only five houses in all King Street. The burgh was separate from Aberdeen, and the conscript fathers in the High Street Town House were chary of burdens on the ratepayers. The winds from the sea swept across the open spaces, and the snow, from the top of the Spital to the very foot of Don Street, lay in great drifts against the backs of the houses—

> "Piled deep and massy, close and high,
> Mine own romantic town"—

so that only the chimneys in Dunbar Street and Orchard Lane were visible. The darkness at night was increased by the fact that on the outside every house had its windows protected by shutters, bolted and barred, with a small hole at the top for a ray of light, a "star of peace to wanderers weary" or the Pilgrims of the Night. I see now the meaning of that 4 a.m. song of birds, Tennyson's "earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds," that so shocked me. My memory reverts to the doorstep of 14 College Bounds, where lodged Major-General Francis Gellie (M.A. 1856), who went through the Afghan War in 1879, entering Cabul with Lord Roberts. At the Quatercentenary one of his classfellows asked if I could tell him if Gellie was alive or dead, for since the graduation day he had never heard one word. I told him he was dead. "I remember," said one of his friends to me, "being in the Crypt

of St. Paul's Cathedral when we were getting up a memorial to Archie Forbes, the war correspondent. One man we never liked was talking very fine and large. At last I knew him, and determined to put him down. I said in a loud voice, ' Do you remember lying four in a bed in the year 185—, at number 14 College Bounds ? ' He looked as if he were ready to faint. ' Yes,' he said, ' but who are you ? ' ' The fourth,' " was the unabashed reply.

And there lay gude Sir Patrick Spens
With the Scots lords at his feet.

After that, consumption is seen to be a clear factor.

In memory I see the doorstep of 19 College Bounds, where lodged George Morrison (M.A. 1854, LL.D. 1891), who died in 1898 at Geelong in Australia, head of the College there. At the Strathcona Dinner at the Quatercentenary there appeared an old medical man,[17] almost the last survivor of his Class. Most there then, I fear, came only to feast. But far other were his thoughts, which, like those of Byron's Dying Gladiator, " were far away." He was a Socialist, and, to the horror of some surrounding Loyalists of the vinous or perfervid type, he paid no attention to the usual loyal toasts. A friend of ours had the tact to Boswellize him. He said that he had never seen Aberdeen since their graduation, but he had lived—it was "all that to life had entwined him "—in hope of once more seeing a clumsy crank or key in the wall of the Humanity manse, by which the wags had managed to turn off the gas and leave the Last of the Humanists in darkness. " When I saw it was not there, I burst into tears, and felt that my last tie with life and the Class had gone." One night George Morrison had succeeded in the lark, when Professor Ferguson had a Senatus dinner-party. Suspicion fell upon him, but he evaded the charge by an *alibi*. His landlady was before the Senatus, and I believe I have read the minute of proceedings in their official records. I now feel like Sterne's Recording Angel,

when he flew up to Heaven's Chancery, and dropt the obliterating tear on the record as he handed it in. "She swore black and white," said my informant, a minister of the Church of Scotland. "She was a Papist, and maybe she saw her wye. Let us not too hastily prejudge. 'It coudna be Mr. Morrison, because at the time his boots, his only pair, wis afore the kitchen fire, and the door wis lockit.' Weel, weel; it lies atween her and her Maker this nicht. She obscured the fact that George gaed oot on his stockin'-soles." Then he brightened up. "*But she'll hae the support o' oor Class, onywye.*" To my mind, the idea of that Arts Class, on the Day of Judgment, constituting itself into an Advisory Committee or Exemptions Tribunal (under Lord Derby's recruiting scheme), has something in it positively of the Sublime.

The last time I went down the Spital, some years ago, with that old friend who has celebrated his ministerial jubilee, I noticed that he stopped dead at one door, and wiped away a tear. "Puir Jean," he said. I looked a note of interrogation. But it was all right. He was merely alluding to the early death, fifty years ago, of their Class Beauty—I think his name was Crichton or Creighton—always remembered by them as "Bonnie Jean." "Whom the Gods love die young, was said of old," Byron says. I see it goes easily into a Greek Iambic line.

"*Singula anni praedantur euntes.*" Christmas Cards are sharing that fate. But I had one.[18] It had on it in colours and musical notation the line from *The Bohemian Girl*: "That you'll remember me." I do, and I also remember his beautiful tenor rendering of the Prima Donna's soprano song in Planquette's opera of *Rip Van Winkle*:—

> "True heart to me across the sea,
> True heart that I so fain would see;
> Wand'rer o'er angry foam,
> O make this loving heart thy home!"

And a thought of the high notes convinces me, as it did Galileo, that the world moves and Time with it.

"They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.

. . . . .

Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."[19]

He cannot take, αἱ δὲ τεαὶ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες, as Callimachus (*Ep.* 47) says. It is something to have these "nightingales" awake in the heart. They keep it still young for some of us. I note the advance of Russia in Persia with curious feelings. They must be getting very near to that spot where, in Moore's *Lalla Rookh*,

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long."

Or, does it find an echo now only in the heart of some silent and solitary Class Secretaries?

*Alma Mater*, 1 March, 1916.

## THE GOWN.

"Of shirts I've got one, the linen of it gone,
The wristbands they are worn to a cinder ;
It's shabby and forlorn, oh ! it's tattered and it's torn,
But I'll keep this good old shirt to remember."
*King's College Song*, 1874.

DEAR B——
I have got both your cards and the cake—
Another good man has gone wrong, I declare.
If 'twas sweet to the taste, it was only your sake
That made it digest, not the name of the fair.
If others should follow this folly, and friends
Of so long a standing should sever, alas !
What is left but for them, to make ample amends,
Is to single remain and to marry—the Class.

Your gown's my tea-cosy—now tattered and torn,
Limp, colourless, faded, a rag in the light
Of Fashion—the braid hanging loose and forlorn—
Yet still there are beauties in it to my sight.
Though outline and colour long since it forsook,
It only grows dearer to me by its years ;
I can truly declare, after old 'Liza Cook,
I've embalmed it with sighs, and bedewed it with tears.

The dandy may sigh for his perfume and scent :
*Ess Bouquet, Ylang-Ylang* in our time were the rage.
A quiet young dog, like myself, may have spent
A little on personal vanities. Age
Is wiser and cheaper. Alone by the fire,
The balm and the fragrance of Gilead I feel ;
Now the scent of all scents I most truly admire
Is the lingering sniff of the *Forster* peasemeal.[20]

What memories rise at its touch ! How the dark
Bleak mornings come back on the old Spital brae !
The face half revealing a " low-water " mark
Unwashed in the cold at the first skreigh o' day.
One minute to cover the distance—the bell
Rings in ere you finish—a spurt for the lap !
One hand on your buttons and braces pell-mell,
And one on the last poor remains of your *bap*.

Now I'm mounting your stairs to your Bajan blow-out :
" Tea-breed " to the depths of that pocket consigned;
With Strachan's best tarts as the *pièce* to the *rout*,
While kippers and bottled-ale arms confined.
*O noctes cænæque deum !* But once more
Revisit these eyes with the sight of that feast !
And your landlady's voice, as she opened the door—
" *Broken bottles and horse-sheen your stammicks disjeest.*"

I wonder what came of the gowns there that night.
A pen wiper now is made out of my own ;
It often was taken, I fear, in that light,
By others behind ; and their writing, I own,
Was cursory—strong—not the language of those
That after the Kingdom of Heaven will thirst.
I've heard that Bob A. kept his clean to the close,
And his wife made a *linder* of it for their first !

I can sigh with the soldier that has for the flag
A feeling at heart of affection and love,
Though it cling, as with me, to an old tattered rag
That in others no sentiment ever could move.
When I see that strong language writ clear on the side—
The place where the *bad* niggers go to—I say
My emotions are his, when his colours in pride
Emblazon Coruña, The Sphinx, and Dargai.

At times it is vocal—I hear the old airs,
Lost ditties and chords seem unbidden to start ;
The *Blue Danube*[21] brings me once more to your stairs ;
" Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?"
H. sings. After Pattis, Linds, Melbas and Reeves,
We since may have heard, if but time be the test,
Not one of them equalled, or fancy deceives,
His *Kathleen Mavourneen*[22] when quite at his best.

Yes—" scenes that are brightest " arise to the mind
From that old rag of red as the link to the past.
To man on this Earth there is given, I find,
But one true affection that always will last :
Divorce Courts may sever the husband and wife,
Time wither the blossoms that marriage may twine,
Years scatter us wide, but there's nothing in life
That for us can unloosen our now *Thin Red Line.*

*Alma Mater*, 8 December, 1897.

## IN THE NIGHT.

"Sauntering hither on listless wings,
Careless vagabond of the sea,
Little thou heedest the surf that sings,
The bar that thunders, the shale that rings—
Give me to keep thy company."

BRET HARTE, *To a Sea Bird*, Santa Cruz, 1869.

"I CANNOT sing the old songs," says somebody somewhere. Unlike him or her, I can sing no others. When I take up the University Song Book I do not find one note that wakens a chord, or come on one single song known to the students of my days, and the latest music-hall vulgarity passes unfelt. "Man delights not me," as Hamlet says, "no, nor woman neither": alike to me, accordingly, are the Absent-Minded Beggar and Dolly Gray. Thoughts like these convince me that with the graduates time wags fast. I have known the demolished buildings of King's College and the past of Marischal, so that, when I meet an old friend, he refers as vaguely to the Mitchell Tower as he would do to the Tower of Babel. He has seen neither, and on the subject of Carnegie and Extension he is reticent, as becomes a man with no data to guide him and one that is uninterested in remote speculation. He sighs over the advent of the Female Bajan, and there I feel with him. Then he takes my arm and asks to be taken to more familiar ground. Posterity will have to look to itself, and not to the graduates, for every year carries them farther off on the receding tide of years.

I see my old friend and classfellow, Sir John Anderson of the Colonial Office, has in London been referring to the peculiar air that hung around o' nights over the old gate-

way of Marischal College, during the Bursary Competition. The very mention of that must send a shiver over those that remember it—cold, dark, murky. How one rushed off through the fog hurriedly to look over Bain's *Grammar*, and Freddy's favourite Props. for the lethal chamber on the morrow, or be tortured by the thought that the 2nd perfect of ὁράω had sealed one's fate! I see that atmosphere, I feel it, I taste it, as clearly to-night as in October, 1873. The Knight's allusion brought a flood of memories over me; and, though not a stone of the place has for long been there, I am there again once more. That air was like no other air: it was like Glenfield Starch, once known, always known, especially to those who have in their constitution a sort of side-shunting for the faces and voices of the past.

The graduates seem perplexed over the present decay of the Societies and the Debating in particular. We had only two—that and the Literary Society. This last was so sacred to the elite of culture that I have known it confined to four members. Their meetings were held in what I then believed to be a large tank, ill lighted and worse ventilated, but which I see by an old *Calendar* in my possession is confidently alleged to have been Professor Grub's Law Classroom: only how he ever got up the stair passes my comprehension. Here excited youth battled over the definition of Pô-etry, reiterating the word as if they were entranced with it, coming over and over the close "o" as in their pronunciation of "hair ôil," "tôp-côat," which you never hear in perfection outside Aberdeen. Like *Home, Sweet Home*, it has a charm all its own; for search through the world, outside Bon-Accord, and you find it ne'er elsewhere. I can take my oath that we had no minor poet among us, for the thought of such vain and unprofitable versifying would have been derided and the author a marked man, yet the discussion went on as fiercely as when Mr. Swinburne or

Mr. Theodore Watts defined it. The latter has decided that Poetry is " the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language." We all felt it would never do. Mr. John Morley's excellent Manuals were not extant, and the aspirant had to submit a paper to the critical Vehmgericht—as mysterious in its composition as was ever the Venetian Council of Ten—before his fitness for membership was established. I have known as many as two hundred and fifty crowded into the old Natural History Room for the Debating Society, and when I read of excited Parliament men and Smoking Hecatombs of Boer Babes, the Black Hole of Calcutta, Barbarous Methods of Warfare, the Prisoner of Chillon, and the Athenian Prisoners in the Syracusan Quarries, I take the perusal somewhat coldly. I seem made of sterner stuff to have successfully come through it all.

After the Societies came a second dose of that air at the gateway in Broad Street. Even yet on Friday nights I own the sway of the old idea, for not even the most hide-bound grinder felt it the thing to open his books then. The gilded academic youth of to-day, I believe, has Theatres, Concerts, Cinderella Dances, and other frivolous amusements provided for him by the authorities. The Theatre was then practically unrecognized, and I suppose we lost little by such dances. " The 73rd don't dance," says a character in one of Lever's novels, and certainly we never acquired the habit, which now seems about as remote as ballooning. Political Societies have been hinted at, but I am sceptical, and if there were any engaged in district-visiting or in tract-distributing I have failed to discover the fact. Some may have visited a friend that night in his lodgings, or turned aside to the newsroom in Hadden Street, but even this was a limited area. Others of a convivial turn had Pegler's, the Lemon Tree, the City Hotel, the Banks of

Ythan Inn, and other hostelries of more or less repute. There was a billiard room in Exchange Street, which Professor Struthers justly regarded as the ruin of his Lambs. But how the majority got the Friday night over I know not: I fancy, as Stevenson says of Alan Breck and Balfour in the Appin heather, they just "birstled," and endured it somehow.

In memory yet I see us turning the corner of the Athenæum and marching straight to the door of the Bursars' Tavern[23] in Exchequer Row. I see now, in a modest way, this was either reckless indifference or was due to the conviction of Cæsar's Wife, in so selecting a route to the shows in the Weigh-house Square.[24] By a close-head at the side of the tavern—which, for all I know, may have communicated with the bar by a snug back door—you debouched, as Pillans' *Classical Geography* would have said, by a network of lanes on the scene of action. The demolished houses shew the line of approach to the Quay, and on the Coronation Day I saw at a distance the old site, and had a certain feeling such as impelled Mungo Park to confide to Scott his hankering again to be on the Niger. "Explore Wapping," cried Dr. Johnson to his biographer and to the Right Hon. William Wyndham. But the feeling also of Mrs. Grundy was with me, so I turned away with the sense of "beatitudinification," as our old moralist, Professor Fyfe, expressed it, in coining that word to define the feeling of "the gush of pleasure in the noble mind consequent on the performance of a virtuous action, as you see in the diagram under B,γ, *Secundo*." Thus does conscience, or respectability, make cowards of us all. The area, now built over, was devoted to the wandering showman, the Cheap Jack, and the street singer. How acrobats performed on the hard stones I know not, yet real feats have been witnessed there. The scene inside was a study, for the accommodation even in the largest covered interiors was primitive.

Yet for a few pence, and threepence was an exclusive rate, they would mount you a play, a farce, music and dancing. Sir John Lubbock has lately been relating to the public with monstrous gravity the feats of his trained dog. His dog, quotha! I have seen performing dogs, donkeys, and learned pigs that could put this over-estimated quadruped to shame, and nothing said. I have since then heard some of the greatest pianists and violinists of the day, but I have listened with equal satisfaction there to some performer on the penny whistle or a poor fiddle, and till some superior people know what can be done on the first with the *Blue Bells*, the *Carnival of Venice*, the *Blue Danube*, the *Mocking Bird*, and *Home, Sweet Home*, they should restrain their sneers. Ghosts and murders were thick in the plays. But the clog dancers and top-boot dancers were supreme: never would the audience tire of them, and Terpsichore was then the unchallenged head of the Muses.

By *The Athenæum* of 9th August I see that the present music halls in London have sunk to hooliganism and the glorification of "glorious beer" and the "bashing" of mothers-in-law. I fear the mob and society at large, on principle or the want of it, is ever "agin" the latter, but the former then was happily unknown. Correct feeling reigned; and free, flowing, unrestrained sentiment was the tone. Unless I err in the dates, George Leybourne, "the only great and original Champagne Charlie," had then been astounding Aberdeen in the Alhambra in Market Street; but either the expense of the liquid seemed to the audience too remote in order, as Lord Bacon would say, fully to bring it home to men's bosoms and affections, or else the old traditional sense of decorum held its ground with the masses. Indeed, I have seen the audience moved to tears over that ancient and distinctly didactic song: *Father, dear father, come home with me now*, at the passage where "Bennie is dead"

and "the clock in the steeple strikes one." Call it the homage of imperfect practice to theory if you will; still it was there, and history is silent on the actual way in which the Athenian Gods in the Gallery received the *Eumenides* or *Hecuba*.

I see yet the young lady in the short skirts, or general utility black silk dress, and I hear her:—

> "In her hair she wears a white camellia,
> And dark blue is the colour of her eyes,
> And I call her My Little Bunch of Roses,
> My darling little captivating prize."

With me is the serio-comic vocalist in character:—

> "I'm a chick-a-leerie bloke with my one, two, three,
> Whitechapel is the parish I was born in,"

and I feel almost impelled to pen a note to the editor of *Notes and Queries*, or to Dr. Murray of the *New English Dictionary*, requesting aid in the elucidation of the particular allusion. Middle-aged people will recall the sinking in the English Channel of the emigrant vessel, the Northfleet, and the loss of life, by the Spanish ship that for a time remained unknown. The audience was excited to sympathetic enthusiasm by the denunciation of the singer in a very long and realistic ballad:—

> "The Captain of the ship *Murillo*,
> Him as ran the *Northfleet* down,
> England will not have done its dooty
> Till she runs the coward down."

About drinking I can remember nothing, or any allusions to it, unless in one comic song of a man battering the door of a public house on a Sunday and crying:—

> "I'm fifteen miles away from 'ome, my mouth is like to bust,
> I'm a *bona-fide* traveller, and let me in you must."

Yet even this victim to society excited no sympathy, for Town Councils had not then sunk to Sunday Cars and Beach Trippers.

After that it was pretty dark. But you could climb up the stair of the sail-loft of the Ropework and watch the crowd below, hear the patter of the Cheap Jacks, the rattle of the merry-go-rounds, or the crack of the shooting galleries. I have a fondness, caught there, for the smell of paraffin and naphtha, so that all the glory of electric lighting leaves me cold with the conviction that, as wealth accumulates, men but decay. I have ever had a liking for the sight of ships ; and have felt more of it since Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the great Johnson editor and scholar, has told me that he long ago knew two Aberdeen graduates who had worked their way as sailors, for £5, through the Levant to Joppa in order to see Jerusalem. That was before travelling scholarships and Carnegie were heard of, but we are all getting so luxurious now and expensive in our tastes.

"The moon is up and yet it is not night," says Byron. He knew Broad Street and had certainly seen the Quay. But no doubt it is different to watch Dian's crest in the azure air on the blue Friuli Mountains, and to see it struggling under difficulties at the dock-gates. How I seem to sniff with Longfellow, whose works we all knew at the Grammar School, on the bridge at midnight the brine from the ocean and the thought of other years ! I can fancy that I feel the very identical, fishy, and salt-brine odour—a fine, healthy, and most robust smell—at the foot of York Street, as we crept along in the darkness past the Ferryboat Inn and the old Leith and Lerwick Wharf to Abercrombie's Jetty. What were the wild waves saying ? I know not, only that we often sat and pored upon them, watching the seagulls, so long that, if they ever had a tune to sing or say, we should have learned it. It must have been at such hours that we knew the peculiar sense of loneliness that can be learned only in Scottish Universities. At St. Andrews and at Edinburgh it may be slightly better, for the one is small

and the other has immortal associations and the spell of the past, but Glasgow graduates have told me how they never can recall, but with a shudder, their wanderings in Sauchiehall Street, Jamaica Street, and other vast acreages of humanity. "There are some landmarks," observed Mr. Micawber to Traddles and David Copperfield, "on the road to the tomb, which, but for the impiety of the aspiration, a man would wish never to have passed. Such is the Bench in my career." Such is the memory of a bench in ours, below the flagstaff at the Look-Out. We touched the nadir of melancholy and silence there. Then we all turned again and went home. As we passed the doors of the taverns, it was now quite dark; but away down Wellington Street some belated roysterer, like the grasshopper in *Childe Harold*, would lift up his voice in song and chirp one good-night carol more.

We might have been worse. If we had no amusement, we at least sought none and never knew the weak craving for it. "Do you know," said a well-known professional man in Aberdeen to me, "why business people send their sons to universities? Because they are a lot of low, miserable wretches, who from the hour they close till the hour they open are hopeless, helpless, wretched. They have no sense of inward satisfaction, no spring of action. They don't think; they can't, and they daren't. And their hope is their sons may never know such a fate." I believe him to have reached a deep truth and one that all educationists would do well to ponder.

But it will not do to present authorities with this as their excuse for a state of things that need never have existed. We all saw on the Library books that there was a University motto, and we all wondered if it had got repealed or had fallen into desuetude. We heard of the phrase "Alma Mater": wonderful orators do most plentifully dilate on the meaning thereof unto this stricken hour.

But we, her children, never saw it or the thing. Some years ago I mentioned this to one of our Scottish University Principals. He smiled the contented smile of his class, and airily added "You young men are all Idealists; but, as you get older, you'll get wiser and forget these things." I would fain hope not. The production of Idealists is the one true function of universities. When they cease their growth, let them be indignantly closed for ever by the nations they betray. That having learned as children what is Man's Chief End, we should as we advance forget it, is to some of us flatly incredible. Bunyan for his part cared "not at all for that profession that begins not in heaviness of mind. The first string that the musician usually touches is the bass, when he intends to put all in tune."

Out of the years and the darkness comes the old refrain of Harry Clifton's song :—

> "What is the use of repining, my boys,
> In this world of folly and pain?
> But oh! what a different life would we lead,
> Could we live our time over again!"

Would we? Could we? Not all of us, maybe, for some had the lines of life then fixed to what it is now, and we have no desire to change, even if the increase of knowledge be but the increase of sorrow. But, for the tens so mentally situated, I know there are hundreds that would answer differently, and I also know, regretfully enough, that there are some with a pharisaical pride that thank heaven they are as they are, and not as other men. Such are the very worst and lowest breed of the universities, the men that have completely failed to learn the lesson of life, and the peculiar sense of unity, breadth, and charity that is found best with the Idealists. The drawing-room tenor, just because he is one, declares melodiously enough that "For me the past has no regret."[25] As he never knows or knew Life, he must be left to his fate.

Is it better to-day? Are the sons of my old friends and classfellows better now, better led, better guided and looked after than their fathers were? All the Carnegies, Rockefellers, Morgans, and Vanderbilts, who are now attempting, with the complacent acclaim of humanity, to "run" universities, will have fundamentally and radically to alter their own ways and their ideals if they mean to succeed From the brightest to the lowest passman there must be a mighty spirit working, and a knowledge of what Life is. Some of us will hope for a reform, and believe the better day has come, when we can hear of such a spirit.

* * * *

As one that for a weary space hath lain,
Tired of the Cockney strains of *Dolly Gray*,
Is sick at heart betimes and inly fain
To turn his ear unto an older lay—
So would the men that bore a long-past day,
Its fret and burden, yet in silence meet,
That "heard the chimes at midnight," fondly pray
A happier morn may dawn their sons to greet
Since they, their fathers, roamed alone the silent street.

For many of us caught, perchance afar,
Some faint dim glimpse, some flushing in the skies;
And, though the thought was with us that a bar
Lay right between us and the bright sunrise,
Yet was the dream full pleasant to tired eyes:
If not within the gates would pass our feet,
Some happier race might come to win the prize,
And so the present anguish seemed more sweet
That we through it could bear the noontide and the heat.

*Deva Dona*, 1902.

## OCTOBER.

"Night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year."

When the wind is set in from the sea,
When the rain is heard loud on the pane,
Through the dark and the silence to me
Come figures and faces again,
Long faded and lost to the sight
But held in the memory dear ;
What visions are round me to-night
" Of my most immemorial year "—
With a touch of the gloom,
As in Poe's *Ulalume*,
" When the skies were both ashen and sere " !

There are bells in my ear that are ringing,
First bells that I ever heard ring ;
Never tune of the mirthfullest singing
Can now such a melody bring.
The first winds of winter are shaking
The last hectic leaf on the tree,
Down the Spital the red gowns are taking
Their jocund way careless and free ;
Is it fancy deceives,
Or I hear in the leaves,
Their pattering feet in their glee ?

The last touch of lingering glory
Over Powis is seen of the day ;
It tinges the Crown and its story,
Low sinking it sets in the bay.
Then a mist from the lea and a wind from the sea,
With a scent of the salt in the air,
Keen nipping and free, but native to me—
So much so that I can declare,
You idly would roam
Away from its home,
For the charm that hallows it there.

With years I am now an old fogey,
A stranger to all Latakie,
To Cavendish, twist, and to Bogie,
Old-Judge now is nothing to me :
Yet at times the old Adam rejoices,
In a moment I seem to be there ;
I hear the loud Babel of voices,
And one in a whisper declare,
*Look slippy and cut*
*Ere Jeems Stables be shut*—
Then the scratch of a match on the stair.

A carpet bag held all the bottles ;
Just plain ginger beer was the tap ;
We went not the pace in our throttles,
For all such we cared not a rap.
Not Hippocrene now could allure,
The Cæcuban vine would be cold ;
If that you could even assure,
For I dream of the tale that is told
Of the well that was set
By the Bethlehem gate,
And I sigh with the King in the hold.

It is good to be merry, you know,
  Ere the windows are dark in the street,
Ere the sound of the grinding is low,
  And evil days chance you to meet.
When the almond tree blossoms in flower,
  When clouds come apace after rain,
When sun, moon, and stars seem to lour—
  O, believe me, you'll often be fain
    To find your best cheer
    For the days that are near
  In the dream you're a Bajan again !

*Alma Mater*, 26 October, 1898.

## "RECTORIAL ADDRESSES, 1835–1900

EDITED BY P. J. ANDERSON, M.A., LL.B., 1902.

"Men in Nations, all were his."
BYRON, *Isles of Greece.*

THIS handsome volume, which should be in the hands of all students past and present, appears in a happy hour, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the care and research that have gone to its production will be rewarded by a sale in proportion to its merits. Here the public will find for the first time a complete list of the Rectors in both Colleges, with much valuable antiquarian and local history. The graduates, who in their own day never heard or listened to a Rectorial Address, will now have the pleasure of reading in silence what was then delivered in confusion. Old memories cannot fail to come back pleasantly across the years. Cartoons, portraits, and squibs add to its interest. One genial academic enthusiast in Canada declared truly that to him the *Roll of Alumni* (*1596–1860*) "read like a novel." It would be well for Aberdeen had she more such to whom distance lends but enchantment to the view.

I remember the late Professor Black in class discussing the origin of the word *universitas*,[26] and leaning disastrously to the belief that it was due to the "universality" or range of studies in the curriculum. Herein lay the very secret of that want of historical interest and knowledge, of that inveterate vein of unsociality that has so long been the bane and curse of Aberdeen. In my time I am sure three-fourths of the students had never heard of either

Elphinstone or Marischal; and, with the exception of the late Principal, who knew the *Fasti* and its history to perfection, I do not believe one of the professors could have given a rational account of the University. They had come to the very complacent idea that a university was a senatus of salaried officials, a student was a person who paid fees, a graduate a remote abstraction never to be concreted except where a subscription was needed. It was Beadledom *in excelsis*. Whewell, when dying, expressed a wish to be lifted up in order to see once more the Great Court of Trinity. One of our Professors was declared to have melodramatically exclaimed on his death-bed, after the manner of the mythical anecdote about Pitt, "King's College, etc." We justly derided it as a fable. What was, what could have been, Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?

The history of the nations goes deep into the very heart of the academic constitution. Since the Holy Roman Empire had its last representative, the Story of the Nations and their methods of voting—at least as retained in Aberdeen—can shew an antiquity that, apart from the Papacy, has perhaps no other European rival. Macaulay in a famous passage has dwelt upon the former, and one regrets that in 1847 he was not elected at Marischal College, to have dilated on the, to him, congenial narrative of the office of Rector. Green, however, in his *Short History*, pp. 127-136, has given a brilliant account of the origin and development of the medieval universities. "Feudalism," he writes, "rested on local isolation, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom and barony from barony, on the distinction of blood and race, on the supremacy of material or brute force, on an allegiance determined by accidents of place and social position. The University was a protest against this isolation of man from man. The smallest school was European, not local. Not merely every province in France, but

every people in Christendom, had its place among the 'nations' of Paris or Padua. A common language, the Latin tongue, superseded within academical bounds the warring tongues of Europe. A common intellectual kinship and rivalry took the place of the petty strifes which parted province from province, or realm from realm."

Here then is that historical base which, could it be but fully recognized, would preserve Aberdeen from the humiliating spectacle of first ignoring and then touting for the support of the graduates: Beadledom and Bumbledom for ever dethroned and exposed; a living organism for a dead corporation. Whatever limit of horizon the late Principal may have had, on this one feeling of *pietas*, and all that it historically and logically involves, he was ever admirable. "As a boy coming up to the Bursary Competition," he declared to me, "I first saw with reverence the Crown of King's College. I hope it may be the very last thing I shall see. I believe that its name, like that of Calais in Queen Mary's heart, will be found in mine." With such a spirit, allowance can ever be made for difference of opinion. Only he and his colleagues had all, most unfortunately, overlooked the existence of a very perfect specimen of the medieval wandering scholar—Thomas Davidson, M.A. 1860—the intimate friend and biographer of the poet Longfellow, who in his own *Spanish Student* and *Golden Legend* has shown a fine feeling for this important feature of the medieval University. For myself, I never felt the full spell of the idea till I sat one night on a doorstep in a lane, that still bears his name, in the ancient town of Abingdon, and recollected the story of Edmund Rich with the perfect associations of landscape and building in that place which, since his day with King John and Henry III, can have undergone little or no change. It is one of the finest episodes in Green's book.

Till we recover that feeling—the belief that a University is a body that can never die and can never alienate her children—is Aberdeen or any other place safe? Can a graduate be absolved from his allegiance? Shall the graduate in turn forget the attitude of Burns to the Earl of Glencairn in the famous lines? In 1826 Principal William Lawrence Brown used highfalutin balderdash that to such men as Hector Boece, John Major, John Knox, and George Buchanan would have seemed flat blasphemy and folly. "Graduates," declared this worthy, "by leaving the University have abandoned all right to interfere with its affairs. They have no connexion with it. They are absolved from their allegiance." Did the graduates, in spite of constant and deep provocation to believe this, really act upon the principle, then the curtain could be rung down on the stage to-morrow. And what a state of matters had come to pass in Marischal College when Joseph Hume, the pioneer of Rectorial Reform, took the helm, can best be seen from the account of the elections at the period detailed in this book. Who yet has fully grasped the wreck done to education in the North by the alienation of the landed property of King's College for almost an old song? Had the College been ruled under the medieval theory and practice of the Masters of Arts, and not a close corporation, what a different story to-day there would be to tell!

The narrative of the 1861 row in Marischal College—stormiest of all elections—on the delivery of Lord Barcaple's Rectorial Address, will be found fully given from contemporary authorities in this volume. Not less interesting is the account of the riot in the Music Hall, November, 1882, on the attempted delivery by Dr. Bain of his speech. This last seems to have become known to outsiders. I see that Mr. W. L. Courtney, in his life of John Stuart Mill, quoting from Professor Bain's

biography of that writer, says Mill's Rectorial Address at St. Andrews was a failure. He adds, significantly enough, but in words that might pass the uninitiated: "Dr. Bain speaks with some authority on such a question." The speech of Mr. Forster I never heard till I read it here. That statesman wrote in his diary on the event thus: "Professor —— came in, in high excitement; 'the students more uproarious than ever, they have torn up the benches.'" I can testify that Dr. Milligan's alarm was well founded, and I also remember there and then parting with a handful of hair to an English medical student, of the name (I think) of Knowles. I see yet Dr. Bain attempting to descend into the arena in order to part me from a great bell. As it was the former property of the Railway Station, and had been given to a friend by Mrs. Hastie, keeper of the waiting-rooms, I see that a volume of sound calculated to start a train was perfectly able to disturb a speaker.

The letters from Carlyle, Hugh Miller, Dickens, Disraeli, and others give a fresh attraction to the book. None of us are getting younger, and yet most have a good recollection of the Rector in our day. If Dante was no more a stranger in the Latin Quarter round Mont St. Geneviève than he was under the arches of Bologna, it was in virtue of that singular bond of union that in these days cannot be overrated. Universities do not breed Pierpont Morgans. A millionaire friend of that person declares that in commerce the graduate is no use: "he won't oust the boss, he has scruples." That he has is due to his belief about the Chief End of Man. The Story of the Nations is a good bulwark against dangers ahead to the moral law, and a study of that organism is more valuable than an exposition of Morganism.

*Alma Mater*, 29 October, 1902.

## W. C. M'DONALD.

"All the world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam;
O darkies! how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home."

S. C. FOSTER.

"WE have seen the last of what, in my opinion, is the most extraordinary and the most able class that has ever passed through the University," said Professor Minto to us, as we returned from the graduation dinner of "the 1880–84"[27]—"they have never had their equal. In pass and class their record is equal to that of any two Classes taken together *and doubled*." Then he added, as the clock at "Bawbie Law" struck one (or it may have been two), with the reminiscential chord that brought back other days when both of us had "heard the chimes at midnight"—"Dear old souls! I can't tell you how I feel to that Class. First love, maybe, for they were my first Bajans. It makes me a Bajan again."

And we think he was right. In ability and in versatility that Class has never returned; and in the present condition of affairs its very nature can be with difficulty made plain. We remarked to Professor Minto that we that night had sat, with, on our right hand, the Class advocate of forlorn hopes, of Tory politics, and the denouncer of our party in the fine old phrases, then familiar, for its "truckling to Austria, scuttling from the Soudan, and bolting from the Transvaal"; while, on the left, was another who had openly disavowed his allegiance to Queen Victoria and adopted the views of a Jacobite, vainly attempting to lure us into the party by a subtle reference to the Earl Marischal and our own technical

*nomen.* "That's nothing," said the Professor; "—— corresponds with Michael Davitt, and —— with Miss Ellice Hopkins"; and he leaned against the wall and laughed long and loud. "Dear old souls!" he added; "their unanimity was beautiful to see, up to the close. No jealousy."

Looking over the now faded programme of that night, we remember having said to that neighbour on the right that, should it ever happen to us to be the biographer of that Class, we should feel, as Lord Rosebery said he felt when in his own unfledged youth he had projected a *Life* of Mr. Gladstone, only to find that advancing years had led him to see—as correspondence with many of "the 1880–84" has led us—the task was one not for an individual, but for a limited liability company. Yet *he*—the brightest that night—is the very first to claim the fulfilment of the promise made in jest.

The Class has left its mark upon the University—literally. Two of them it was (but which two not wild horses shall induce us to reveal) who one night, with the levity of academic youth, adorned the quadrangle with appropriate texts at various doors: "*Hell*," "*Digamma*," "*God is love*," etc., and embellished the unicorn[28] with touches unknown to Nature. Of a larceny committed on the horn of that animal there is a tale, but that, as Mr. Kipling would say, "is another story."[29] The Class founded *Alma Mater*, and established an Ethical Society[30] that met in the Shiprow Café, and for some time took the town by storm with its meteoric flights. Its literary meetings, after the societies on Friday or upon Saturday morning, in Duffus's, and its card-playing in Market Street in the Old Town are memories to many all over the world, scarce to be credited by a degenerate race now inhibited from the wiles and witchery of De la Rue by the resolutions of a grandmotherly despotism. And the tone of the Class was such that from first to last there was no

" weed " or " waster." Strong and large classes possess them not: the feeling of unanimity among "the 1880–84" was too great.

The *esprit de corps*, the lack of which is now bewailed, was then fostered by the existence near to the University of two schools[31] which no longer exist, and by an acquaintance, in lodgings, between the last classes at school and the first at the University. This, at least, awakened in our subject's life an eager interest in its affairs which he retained to the close, tempered, as has been the case of so many graduates, by ever increasing hostility to the present condition of men and affairs. At the Debating Society of the Old Town Grammar School it is that we have first heard of him. Even then he was the fanatical upholder of the Tory flag, though in latter years he would say that " in politics he had no opinions, only prejudices." When political feeling ran high the Society would have to adjourn from the School to the hall belonging to a church in Belmont Street, where in some such more or less surreptitious manner the protracted debate was continued. We believe Dr. Dey did not disapprove of debates, but only thought that, when written, they encroached on time and " gave up to poetry what was meant for "—Latin prose.

The full story of *Alma Mater* yet remains to be written, and here we merely throw out the suggestion that the composition of a little brochure upon the question would be a judicious thing for the proposed Union Bazaar. His old friend, Dr. Beveridge, who fittingly represents the Class in the University Court, and whose return for Greyfriars, across the vista of all party political differences, he lived to enjoy (" the doc. is straight, that is what *he* is, and ever was "), writes to us on this subject: " In 1883–84 I was President of the Debating Society, and in my address advocated the resuscitation of a University Magazine. W. M'Donald and myself were appointed

Magistrand editors, the whole thing being in the control of the Debating Society. At the first meeting it was agreed by a majority to adopt his name, *Alma Mater*. The next meeting of the Society was held in the Anatomy Classroom to hear a lecture by Professor Nicholson. I was in the chair, and it fell to me to make the final report announcing that the first number would be issued on November 12th. We were timid at first, and brought out only 400 of the first number, with the result that they were all sold out within three hours. That number cannot now be had for love or money. We were unable to bring out a second edition." No Class could have started the magazine except one exceptionally strong in cohesion and ability, and of the editorial difficulties then to be surmounted few can guess in these days when the tradition has become simplified. But I think I may say that with the exception of Professor Minto it was not " a welcome little stranger " to the professoriate. To them it owes simply nothing. Professor Minto alone stood by the bantling, and this support was an additional bond of sympathy between him and its editors. He regarded it as an essential part of the University. That first volume is not a typographical or artistic marvel. Yet we have heard of many members of the Class who hold it in their strictest *peneiralia*. Others, who had it not, we have heard declare that it was the sight of it, in the possession of members more fortunate, that first led them to feel what the temptation to steal might be ! But the merits of the volume are strong. There are two sonnets[32] in it—" by Beveridge whose modesty never claimed them. I fully agree with you on their excellence "—that no subsequent singer in *Alma* has ever reached. One of the editor's last utterances to us was—" The singing birds in *Alma* are more tuneful than in the days of Vol. I, but the prose has fallen, I think."

At Cambridge, as at Aberdeen, he was the " universal

favourite." One who knew him all through his residence informs us "he was the president of every society he would or could be a member of. Pugnacious, dogmatic, warmly affectionate—one of the straightest friends a man could have. He surprised us by his interest in athletics. He had not been a fortnight in Cambridge before he was conversant with the rowing form of every 'oar' of note. His reputation as a sportsman grew so fast that there was no more popular umpire. His services were continually in request, and his decisions were final. At debating societies he shone as of old." This interest in sport, which long surprised us also, his friend thinks was due to a psychological cause—"the defiant resource of a man fighting with physical debility." Then, after a short time at home, he wrote on November 14, 1890: "My destiny seems fairly certain now; for, if all goes well, I hope to leave Old Albion on board the liner *Cuzco*, on the 21st. Your *laudatio* arrived, and is printed in my letters of Bellerophon along with others from Minto, the Principal, yourself, and the Master of Pembroke, etc. I encountered Adam Mackay in the station on his way back to Aberdeen, eager to be in the Rectorial Election."

In his wanderings in search of health he met with many Aberdonians—one in particular (may his practice increase!), an old friend of Dr. William Alexander, who was "wondrous kind." In his weary sojourn he was often "under canvas, with a fringe around of civilisation in the shape of tinned meat cans, and *Alma* covers; stars and cats overhead." The table at which he would write was so rickety that, when he used it, it recalled the "deece" in the immortal scene in Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk's kitchen, where the fragments of slate held firm the front legs—as is the manner, however, of all deeces we have ever known. "I made," he writes, "an amusing discovery of an ancient relic in Australia—to wit, the last perfervid Jacobite. His name is Sinclair, he is the

skipper of the steamer *Glanworth* which plies between Sydney and Brisbane. I heard him airing his views upon the Hanoverian Succession with all the intensity of an old Jacobite laird. If the old chap were at the helm of the British Empire for a day, his first step would be to advertise for the long lost rightful heir to the British Crown." We divulge this to members of the *White Rose* Society, in order that they may annex this rare old salt. An offer to edit a Queensland paper he thought of favourably, and viewed it as a thing in reserve, should he come round the bend, like the Lachlan. But "my heart's gwine back to Dixie," he said, and home again he returned.

His handwriting was by this time indicative of the end, but he was as keen, and his style as racy as before. "I have had," he said, "visitants from the outer world. J. Clark (1879–83) for some time enlivened my solitude. Others on pilgrimage look in upon me. Your name is muchly on our lips and in our hearts." Absence in the Colonies had lessened his acquaintance with the vagrant ditties of the street, so curiously beloved of all university men: "I confess to a partiality for the old thing, *Hold the Fort.* I have come to think well of *Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins.*[83] But, when all is said, they are poor stuff to the comic songs of Harry Clifton and the lights of other years, to say nothing of the nigger melodies dear to my heart."

The modern school of fiction was not to his tastes. Educated on Sir Walter, he could not away with the *di minores:* "I have been reading Kipling's *Jungle Book* and Crockett and Maclaren. Wholesale disgust is the result. Kipling is the most colossal literary fraud that has ever bamboozled the great B. P. Fancy Conan Doyle lauding him as one of the six great novelists of the age—apparently *the* greatest! This Kipling mania is on all fours with the craze for *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab, Dark Days,* and other eccentricities of the shilling shocker.

The living exponent of Lowland Scotch is Stevenson, and I am afraid he will be soon numbered with the dead masters. The only wonder is how he has been able to keep the last enemy at bay so long ; and that he should have continued to write so long as he has done is nothing short of a miracle of heroic resolution and endeavour." *Experientia docet.*

As an enthusiastic admirer of Scott he had no sympathy with the mere tripe-and-toddy fringe of Bacchanalian adulation on the Burns anniversaries. He thought the societies should form a united body for the publication of papers on Scottish history and literature, and do something for the elucidation of the extraordinary allusiveness in the Waverley novels: " I have read lately your favourite *Quentin Durward*, *The Antiquary*, and *Redgauntlet*. I am glad to see such a man as S. T. Coleridge places *Guy Mannering* as the best. He is on my side. Nowhere in Scott is the dialect so happy, and so natural, and so idiomatic, in ' the mither tongue.' The dramatic interweaving of the scenes is almost alone sufficient to give it high rank in the set. *The Antiquary* ' bears the gree ' ; but nowhere is the effect so subtle as in that marvellous scene depicted in chapter xli. of *Guy Mannering*. The working up the barm of ἀνάμνησις in the mind of young Bertram is described with the most admirable fidelity to nature, and psychological principles, and in so few words: ' He took his flageolet from his pocket,' etc." This is the scene selected by Stevenson as the high-water mark of all fiction ; Professor Masson votes for the dungeon scene in the *Legend of Montrose*. A long list of difficulties and allusions in the text, with the authorship of snatches of fugitive verse in the novel, he had made and " was desirous of the Border Edition in the hope that Andrew Lang might throw some light on them. But nothing there. I shall bring my underlined and tattered copy if I get to see you."

The writing got fainter, but there was still no falling off of all the qualities that made him such an admirable correspondent: "I am mainly in bed, getting up some little while in the evening, but feeling too decrepit to write. I sit up on a big chair and smoke." He had read *Count Robert of Paris* and *The Surgeon's Daughter*. On them he makes a suggestive remark that we do not remember to have seen before: "I am glad to have read them. I can conscientiously say Scott's worst is better than most people's best. One thing in particular impressed me. Scott's style improves in proportion to the falling off in his other qualities. The style of *The Surgeon's Daughter* is simple and delightful, in marked contrast to the cumbrous and stiff periods where Scott usually involves himself in the great novels."

A visit to India it was thought would do him good. Bournemouth would be among "fremit fowk," and to these he could not "lippen." So he wrote, off Margate, October 19, 1895: "While I sing with Lord Byron, 'Adieu! my native shore,' etc., I write farewell. I passed through the braif town of Bon-Accord, but the dire necessity of coddling this frail tabernacle prevented me from seeing you. Write always; enliven our bungalow. Now, last and best of Scots, adieu. 'Fare thee well, I now must leave thee, Do not let the parting grieve thee,' etc." Cheery to the close.

But of India he was not destined to see much. He could now scarcely hold the pen. And again he returned. "Yours to hand: if it *could* but be, as you sing, that we may yet listen to

> 'The reaper's whirr, the lyart bandster's jeer;
> Then waxing low and faint, anon more clear,
> O'er Benachie and Gadie's silver tide
> And fields of yellow corn the harvest moon will ride.'"

A return through London, "more dreigh to me than ever was the captivity in the ancient city to the chosen

people," brought him home—" home, dearie, home in the North Countrie—*recubans sub tegmine* of several pairs of hame-spun blankets, and devoting myself assiduously to cod liver oil. Like yourself, I loathe it."

But the interest in all political and university matters never waned. From the 1895 celebrations he turned wearily, and he looked with anger on the policy of the "Aulton party," by which he held, like all Arts men, that the interests of King's College were betrayed and degraded. The apathy of the public and the *débâcle* from within he had for years viewed with alarm. "Alas, for poor King's! Only about 113 competitors at the Bursary Competition—over 300 in my year. The Fergusons all bagged by Edinburgh men again, and Aberdeen—as usual—sent empty away. What a contrast to the truly great Edinburgh celebrations a few years ago." Then the old classical scholar breaks out in the quotation from the *Œdipus Rex*, faultlessly accented:—

ὡς οὐδέν ἐστιν οὔτε πύργος οὔτε ναῦς
ἔρημος ἀνδρῶν μὴ ξυνοικούντων ἔσω.

He even dreamed of writing a pamphlet upon the University question, and for this he had composed a table of figures and statistics indicative of the slackening hold of Aberdeen upon the North. But this was not to be. Then there came a brief silence, by which all his friends saw the close at hand. Wherever these were, abroad or at home, they were ever eager to hear the latest bulletin —" a universal favourite." The last reunion of his Class was held some weeks ago. Though absent he was in the hearts of all. And then the last was "your *Alma Mater* which he got at noon he read from end to end. He died at 3 p.m. It seemed fitting that the paper he nursed in its early days should have been the last he looked upon."

"Did you hear what he said?" said Professor Minto to

us as we returned from the graduation dinner of that year. " He said that mine was the only class in which he never looked at his watch. I feel that much. And we shall hear of *him* yet, mark me." And heard of him we all certainly should have, had it not been otherwise decided. He undoubtedly had it in him—of all the Arts men we have known—to have done something of an abiding nature in the field of Scottish history and literature. His touch in the vernacular[34] was firm and close. His version of Hadrian's immortal *Animula vagula, blandula*[35] has been quoted last week. A similar version in Doric by the Principal, of high merit, appears in the *Flosculi Boreales*. But the juxtaposition of " hoose and hall " was impossible to the old editor of *Alma*, and *blandula* is not " winsome " but "wheedlin'." The whole version is really worthy of the original—the despair of translators for ages.

He knew more of the national literature, with a first-hand acquaintance even of recondite branches, than any one we have known. Unless Professor Masson be an exception, he was the only man who could repeat the copy of verses that the Inverurie poet dropped into the letter-box of the *Herald*—the finest thing Thom[36] ever wrote. But these attainments were all secondary to the charm of his personal and moral character. " He came of a stock," says Mr. Johnson in last week's *Alma Mater*, " which has been loved and reverenced in Kildrummy for generations, and which has long guided the parish from pulpit and schoolhouse." Their best testimonial and product would be found in W. C. M'Donald. " The Class of 1880–84," as Professor Minto said, " has had no equal." And of that Class he was by unanimous consent " the universal favourite "—brief, but fitting memorial. What Arts man could have or desire more ?

*Alma Mater*, 12 February, 1896.

## THE SONG OF *ALMA MATER*.

"Last night I dream'd that to my dark bedside
Came, white with rays, the poet of the *Quhair*
And drew my curtain silently aside,
And stood and smil'd, majestically fair;
He gave his royal head a pleasant wag,
And said 'Go on, my boy, and celebrate the Mag!'"

TENNANT, *Anster Fair*.

Of old, men were told to seek wisdom and find
Instruction with all the full strength of their mind.
'Tis a motto that long has been known to the North,
Yet has failed to bring sages and wiseacres forth.

Some find it in lists of "The Hundred Best Books,"
That none ever reads, or once into them looks;
But the simplest receipt, if for wisdom you burn,
Is but one book to read, and to *Alma* to turn.

'Tis as dew on Mount Hermon, "a blessing to men,"
Like the Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.
Has not Nansen confess'd, "'Mid the icebergs and frost
I missed the back numbers of *Alma* the most?"

From Cairo to Cape Town she now takes her way;
By the Nile the lone medicine-man counts to the day
And the hour, when the paper by him can be lent
To soothe the bold Tommies, once meds., in their tent.

She is signalled from Aden. The sentry at noon,
As the P. and O. liner sweeps into Rangoon,
Some past Marischal chronic, the tear will let drop
To his days at the old "bones and botany" shop.

Away south at Sydney day breaks on the beach,
Where the paper alone is the theme of their speech ;
How the "Notes" and the "Leaders" each eagerly
scans—
Bananas, Gum-suckers, Brick-dusters, and Swans !

The spirit of Champlain[37] looks down on the deck,
As *Alma* speeds on past the heights of Quebec ;
He remembers the Aulton *Ad Nives*,[38] and throws
His best wish to the link with his Lady of Snows.

'Tis the organ of Fashion. The darkies are loud
For that "63s. dress suit" and "pants" by Macleod,
While her dolmans and sealskins are *ton* in the kraal
With the booked lady-Bajans for Castleton Hall.[39]

Then her theatre critics : they're quite the first chop,
They scare prima-donnas and tenors they lop ;
In the Panto. the danseuse on one leg will pause,
"When *Alma* her claymore indignantly draws."

I remember her birthday. To-night by the blaze
Of her advertised Layettes, Cay's Coffins, and *Hay's*,
I think I may modestly chronicle here
That "I've sat by her cradle(s) and follow'd her—beer !"[40]

But be that day far distant ! For here, when there calls
Macaulay's New Zealander bound for St. Paul's,
May he find her a Phœnix sprung new from the nest,
Still the North's leading weekly, her largest and best.

*Alma Mater*, 11 January, 1899.

## A UNIVERSITY EDITOR.

His saltem adcumulem donis et fungar inani
Munere.

VIRGIL, *Aeneid, VI.* 885.

THE intimation of the early death of Adam Mackay, of Dunbeath, in Caithness, will be felt by a wide circle of friends at home as a personal loss of the saddest nature ; while to the decade of students, both at King's and Marischal College, all over the world, the removal of one so well known and beloved will cause a blank that can not readily be filled. To the outsider, who knows nothing of University journalism, it may appear that no editorial seat is so easy, and no copy so lavishly bestowed as that sent to the editor of *Alma Mater*. Experience soon dissipates that dream, and the services rendered by the deceased to the University journal were of such a nature as to call for more than a passing notice.

The story of academic magazines up to 1876 is alike confused and confusing. At both Colleges sporadic ventures[41] had appeared from time to time, only to die an early death, after a languishing existence of a few numbers. As a continuous venture for a session, a start was made by the Magistrand Class of 1876–77, when a modest sheet[42] was issued that now fetches a good price with collectors. It was the work of three students at most, and I have known it to be produced almost entirely by one enthusiast, who combined in himself the functions of editor, business manager, proof-reader, writer, and publisher. I see his pen yet hurrying over the paper during the Moral Philosophy Class hour, urged to top speed by the knowledge that the printer's boy was outside in the lobby waiting for copy. To combine the minor poet

with the essayist and the leader-writer was not easy, but we did it. It was the first year in business of Mr. Alexander Murray, bookseller, and I believe that at the end of the session all expenses were covered, to our no small joy. There was the difference of one penny, on which side, of profit or loss, I cannot now remember.

But the true launching of a permanent University organ really commences with *Alma Mater*, now [1902] in its nineteenth year—a record, I believe, in Scottish University magazines. It was founded by the first year of Professor Minto's bajans—his own favourite Class—to whose unique record, as he believed, in numbers and in distinctions, he often referred, as that of the ablest Class that had ever passed through the University. In their Magistrand year it appeared, and it came to stay. It was edited by the late W. C. M'Donald and Dr. Beveridge—Dr. J. Scott Riddell acting as reporter, and J. Minto as proof-reader. It at once made its mark, though it must be known to very few that in later years its extinction was nearly threatened by what had hitherto proved the rock of all predecessors—the lack of advertisements and the business manager. No editor that writes the leaders and the lyrics will long avoid ruin. Advertisements must be got, or up go the shutters. For a time some help was got from the late Professor Struthers, Lord Rosebery, and a few friends. Now the paper is saved by joint responsibility and a staff officially appointed; but in its struggling days it was emphatically one man's paper, as I believe it practically is still, and, indeed, from the necessities of the case, must ever be.

At the crisis Adam Mackay[43] arose. Byron says of Petrarch that he arose to make a language, and all friends of the deceased will admit that he arose and founded *Alma Mater* on a sound financial basis. How he did it I know not. Before his advent one man had tried it, and, dove-like, returned to the ark with one olive branch

—the advertisement of John Dunn's boots. By and by it began to be whispered about that balance-sheets were appearing ; profit was even wildly and darkly hinted, and at last the paper was saved. To Adam Mackay the whole credit must be given for his energy and tact. Only negligence and marked decline of literary ability among the present generation of students ever can lead to a recurrence of the old dark days.

He gathered round him an excellent staff and brought out new writers. Articles came from Professor Bain, Professor Blackie, Andrew Lang, and others. His appeal was irresistible, and the circulation doubled itself. Like many great editors, Delane of *The Times*, and Henry Norman of *The Daily Chronicle*, Mackay wrote nothing but supervised everything. I question if a paragraph or two does not represent his whole amount of actual writing, but in every other department his mark was seen. He issued supplements and corresponded with a Vienna house of art publishers over the reproduction of plates and photographs. Professors were interviewed, biographed, or reviewed, and the North began to be aware that a man of distinct energy and individuality was in its midst. His official correspondence was such as could have kept a private secretary actively employed. " Our paper," as he affectionately styled his own creation, was his joy, and he excluded from its columns everything but matter of importance, vigorously amending the grammar of the Lord Rector and the poetry of even his intimate friends. I once took the liberty of humbly suggesting to him a field for increased revenue. Though neither a consumer of their wares nor a playgoer, I recommended the insertion of the advertisements of such patent medicines as Mother Siegel, Warner's Safe Cure, Hop Bitters, etc., and a *rapprochement* between the magazine and the stage—the Theatre and the Alhambra Music Hall. I thought that, if they were willing to pay, he might see

his way to take their advertisements. But his sense of the man with a mission led him to reject the idea. " It would never do," he said, " in our paper. The first would gravely imperil its influence among the medical faculty, while the second would keep us out of families. We circulate in quite the first circles in town, and anything like the drama would be felt to be an encouragement to the weeds and wasters."

Professors who attempted to influence the paper—and, though I never was in its official confidence, I was once told in detail by one of his staff that this had been repeatedly attempted—were lectured by the Editor in a style quite worthy of *The Times* taking " C.-B." or Chamberlain to task. He was, in the happy phrase of the late Prince Leopold, a real " watch dog of (University) civilization," and he could no more have been " squared " or induced to descend to personalities or flippant satire than Mr. Gladstone. The editorial dignity and feeling of responsibility sat firmly on him. To indicate his sense of courtesy and open dealing, he called on the head of the University and requested the use of the University Stamp for the title-page of a new volume. It was rather uncivilly refused, with the assurance that the official appearance of the seal was " not to be thought of on the page of a penny paper." The Editor at once replied that this was a complete misunderstanding, and that a closer knowledge of it would shew that twopence was the published price, while the use of the seal was really not in anyone's power to refuse. He had hardly departed, when reflection convinced the Principal that a mistake had been made. He hastened by letter to apologize, invited him to dinner, and enclosed articles for insertion. But the dignity of the paper had been touched. The invitation was courteously declined, and the articles returned with the intimation that " the pressure on our space is such as quite to preclude any hope of the enclosed appearing in our columns."

One anecdote I had from a member of his staff, and it will shew the extent of his influence. Only on Sunday afternoons, between 2 and 4, could he be personally seen, for on the mornings and evenings of that day he was regular in attendance at Queen's Cross Free Church, where younger students regarded the Editor with something of the feeling which Dr. Johnson declared he experienced on first beholding Cave of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Knowing the signal and finding no response, the sub-editor had turned away, observing all along Dee Street, where Mackay lodged, anxious enquirers at the corners of lanes. The minor poet was eager to know the fate of his lines. The " new writer " was trembling for his style, and the essayist over his grammar. The landlord periodically over-ate himself on Sundays, and viewed the Editor with unstinted admiration. Indigestion made him take himself most seriously as a valetudinarian and declare that no one else ever really " understood his case," to the humiliation of many medical men who never heard of the pill blandly administered by his adviser. Returning about an hour later, and still finding the groups hovering nervously in the offing, he ventured officially to ring. A slow foot came out along the passage, and the voice of a heavy sleeper awakened out of a post-prandial nap was heard to say from within : " *Four-and-forty rings at a door-bell on a Sabbath aifterneen is mair than mortal man can face.*" So heavily had the sub-editor been forestalled by the clientele of the magazine !

He ruled his staff with a high hand, and the poets almost mutinied under the editorial revision. He had a clear belief, admirable in theory but dangerous in practice, that poetry should always have a meaning, so that the bardlings of the Affections and the budding warblers over Death and Love had often a hard time with their effusions. As some of them have since published in serious form, I shall not here withdraw the veil. Once I remarked to

him that one of his men had subsequently justified his selection. Not even Dr. Robertson Nicoll could have received the intimation more imperturbably. " Yes," said Mackay, sedately, " I saw he was doing us good work, so I resolved to bring him before the public."

Of the editorial meetings I need not here speak, never having been, like the man in *Pickwick*, a member of " these agreeable swarries." But I quote from Mr. Bulloch's notice in *Aurora Borealis* : " Every Friday evening, and, later, on Saturdays, the editors assembled in the little parlour at Duffus's to discuss the next week's issue. The silent imperturbable black-coated James—whose surname no man knew—flitted about the low-roofed rooms, and up and down the brass-bound staircase; but gradually the editors got shamefaced about their sanctum, and on a vague threat from some puritan to expose the mysterious meeting place, Duffus's was abandoned, even though most of us drank nothing but ginger ale."

The University Magazine has done more for the North than the public is aware. The old drinking days are over. The Lemon Tree, the Banks of Ythan, Pegler's, and other " howffs " of the convivial students of an older date are now ancient history, if even so distinct, to the students of to-day. " I think," said the Editor once gravely, " that *Alma Mater*, the paper, has done for Alma Mater, the institution, more than she knows or can repay," and I quite agree with him. It has been signally fortunate in three deceased editors, W. C. M'Donald, Allan Johnson,[44] and Mackay. From the first two much excellent work could have been expected, while the removal of the third will bring to a wide circle a feeling of much more than personal regret. He was " The real Mackay," living in the open of moral life, and his friends will feel that his loss is one that to them will never be fully repaired.

*Alma Mater*, 8 February, 1902.

## THE OLDEST GRADUATE.

EMERITUS-PROFESSOR JOHN FORBES.[45] AETAT. 96.

" Praegrandi cum sene."
(With the Grand Old Man.)
*Persius*, 1, 124.

If you study the frailty of life and its ills,
You may fly, in a moment of fear,
To *Warner's Safe Cure*, or to even *Pink Pills*,
And find in Tom *Beecham* your cheer.
But for me, if I started to find out the ways
That lead to Antiquity's charm,
None other I'd ask for the secret of days
Than the son of the Manse of Boharm.

There's Bain—but an infant: the Knight—but a child:
By him, in the newspaper phrase,
" Our oldest inhabitant " is but a mild
Pretence to this Ancient of Days.
" The storm on the grun'," and " the Short Corn Year,"[46]
That all such old fogies can boast,
To him are as yesterday, seen quite as clear
As " the year that the *Oscar*[47] was lost."

Napoleon and Goethe, Scott, Wordsworth, Carlyle,
Dundas, Rotten Burghs, Reform,
Peel, Gladstone, and Dizzy have foundered the while
He lives, and has weathered the storm.
For ninety-six years has he flourished; and hale
He retains unabated his force,
We've assumed him so long, that I think we may well
Regard him as Forbes—*of Corse*.

The last he remains of his own Bajan year :
  Last Rose to be blooming alone.
He's a class by himself, with a head quite as clear
  As if never a leaf had been blown.
When Plato, at eighty-two, dying could write,
  From learning he bore off the palms ;
But yields them to one that at ninety-six quite
  Is writing a book on the Psalms.

'Tis a record—unequalled—and safe I'd be bound
  To lay with all bookies a bet
That, search if they list in the whole world round,
  He will be the champion yet.
His money would wait in a trial of age,
  With odds that would never be felt ;
We back him with ease in the ring to engage,
  And pull off the Queensberry belt.

He was old when, an infant, I knew him—long years
  Ere, as Rabbi, he sat in the chair ;
And now but as yesterday-gone it appears
  As if yet I could hear him declare
His righteous disgust, and his hearty declaim
  Against all unsanctified snobs
That could mangle the sound of a fine Scottish name,
  And whittle it down into—*Fobbs !*

If he snicks but three singles, and weathers a bye,
  Now his form is so steady and set,
Or keeps up his wicket, and minds well his eye,
  He may run up his century yet.
And then, when the Umpire of All here has passed
  " Well done " on the life that is spent,
Above let us hope, for his score, that at last
  An ovation he gets in the tent.

*Alma Mater*, 9 November, 1898.

## SIR WILLIAM GEDDES.

λέγοιμ' ἂν ἄνδρα τόνδε τῶν σταθμῶν κύνα,
σωτῆρα ναὸς πρότονον, ὑψηλῆς στέγης
στῦλον ποδήρη.

ÆSCHYLUS, *Agamemnon*, 887–9.

Es schauen vom Wappenschildé
Die Löwen so traulich mich an,
Ich grüsse die alten Bekannten,
Und eile den Burghof hinan.

CHAMISSO, *Das Schloss Boncourt.*

THE editors of *Alma Mater* have asked me to set before their readers some "appreciation" of the late Principal, and with their request, though at the shortest notice, I comply, with all the greater readiness that there never was a time in my life when he was unknown to me, for he was the occupant of the Greek Chair before I was born. I have known him longer than any member has, now alive, of either Court or Senatus. I have seen most of the older generation of King's College Professors, men that to graduates advanced in years have become a tradition or a memory; but I never can think of the Old Town without two figures constantly appearing. One is Professor Fyfe, as I can recall him on the sunny afternoons in the far-off days when he was librarian of the books mysteriously stowed away in the Ante-Chapel before the erection of the present Library buildings. To me he still descends, like some Wandering Jew, the high road leading to the Old Bridge, plucking a lilac from the wall and humming gaily to himself as he goes, with his face shining like his shoes, that betokened the man at ease with the whole world and now definitely and resolutely out for the rest of the day. The other figure is that of the

Principal. I cannot remember where and when I first met him; I associate him with the Crown of King's College, for no other conjunction seems yet possible.

"Order," says Mr. Neil in *Aurora Borealis*,* "reigned supreme in the Greek classroom: there the spontaneity or the original sin of the natural bajan never came within distance of giving trouble. It is said that the professor's perfect health enabled him to do his thirty years' work without an hour's absence from his class. His presence, venerable even at a time of life when other men could have no claim to such an epithet, was a power of discipline in itself. He commanded respect from the first. The bajan's earliest acquaintance with University life was made in the Greek classroom at nine o'clock of an October morning. Serious and lighter spirits, who had little in common beyond an uneasy instinct that there might be more inside University walls than met the eye, must have felt alike that something of austerity and of serious purpose would be for them part of the genius of the place. This feeling was confirmed by the deeply impressive short prayers with which the first Greek class began every day; students on whom Greek itself left no great mark have never forgotten this trait, so characteristic of a great Scottish teacher. Such feelings are, of course, for most men more lasting and probably more of an education than the daily lesson." The state of Greek which he found in 1855, and which he left in 1886, can be appreciated only by those who have examined in detail the papers and traced the raising of the standard. It had to be fought for both outside and inside the University, and it would serve no good purpose now to recall the "Boor" bombardment of vulgar personalities that used to enliven the meetings of the General Council. Many of his colleagues had no real conception of the function of a University; each was only bent on advertising,

* *Aberdeen University Appreciations, 1860–89*, Aberdeen, 1899.

extolling, or unduly popularizing his own subject, while outside, the late Principal had to create his own public by reinforcements of graduates trained under his eye to the schools all along the line in the North. The same clearing of the old entrenched teachers by a brisk artillery had to be done in Mathematics. "I know Fuller," he said, "was insulted by letters for years. One man in Belhelvie regularly threatened him with agitation in the schools, while another would attack his personal character and his class." Even so late as 1884, modest questions in the historical or geographical subject-matter had to be gingerly introduced, and I remember my efforts at advice being sacrificed for peace to the indignant shelling of parish teachers for this dangerous innovation, which roused their ire or fear and led them to inundate the Professor with letters demanding its abandonment. Out of that very large Competition, the largest ever known, only one candidate secured the six full marks assigned to that question. I think it due to the editorial management of this magazine to state that this was done by Mr. J. M. Bulloch, who has so long remained in touch with *Alma Mater*.

Academic politics, too, effectually blocked the way of advance for long. The history of these disputes will be found touched upon by the late Sir John Struthers in his article in *Aurora Borealis*; but, now that both combatants have for ever quitted the arena, I feel bound to say, after long and animated conversations with our late energetic anatomist, that he had less than no knowledge of education in theory or in practice, that he was swayed by great ignorance of what he alike advanced and decried, and that in later years he had receded much from the acrid and untenable positions that he had taken up. Indeed, the danger that threatened Arts then is still the danger that threatens Arts now, and that most graduates are united in tracing to the undue and grossly disloyal

forcing of the claims of Medicine, with much windy and vacuous talk of wings, blocks, towers, laboratories, Broad Street frontal extension, and what not, and to the consequent starving of the faculty of Arts. This tendency the Principal resolutely and wisely opposed, and on this particular head no graduate with any experience or acquaintance with greater seats of learning will for a moment withhold from him his entire support. If he erred, it was due to his having missed the vantage position of insisting that all the Science classes should be at once transferred to King's College to constitute its pressing and just extension. He entertained the fallacious idea that Science and the old faculty of Arts could never mingle, though this has been refuted by the practice of every other University. But he did well in opposing the merely professional aggrandizement of the medical side for the manufacture of general practitioners, and in maintaining that our only hope for the future lies in a speedy evacuation of photographic plans of a highly specious and spacious nature in the New Town, and in a concentration upon the actual function of a University in the Old Town.

To the work of raising the standard his own academic training had done but little. He told me that, when he graduated, he could not scan an iambic trimeter, such daring flights having then been considered too high. "Yet I was the best Grecian of my time," he added, "and I owed much afterwards to Rabbi Sachs of the F.C. College." Upon the subject of the old Professors of King's College, the Tullochs, Macphersons, Scotts, Forbeses, and others, I never could successfully Boswellize him; he revered the *genius loci* so much that he seemed willingly blind to their deficiencies. He would smile meaningly at such attempts to draw him out; in fact, I could see he rather forgot them in his own advance, and the only academic reminiscence he was inclined to

make was about his first meeting in the quadrangle with George MacDonald. There must have been an air of colour about among the men, for while the Principal then —as I learned from a classfellow of his own—wore the plaid, the future novelist came out strong in a broad bonnet, red waistcoat with brass buttons, tartan trousers, and a short tweed coat. He had himself come up to College, at about the age of fourteen, from Elgin Academy, then taught by Dr. William Duguid, whose name he bore. "Duguid," he would say, "was a capital teacher. Though it is nearly forty years now, I believe I can yet repeat some of the Latin hexameters I used to write on the slate for him. First done went up top. Dr. Francis Adams of Banchory,[48] though, told me once that he nearly dropped on hearing Duguid quote to him Virgil's Eclogue IV. 2 as *humilesque myricae!*"

So he had largely to teach himself, and lay in himself the foundations for his work. He did it well, and it has stood the test of time. I thought of the great difference in all ways between the two men, when I last saw Professor Blackie alive. This was in 1893, when he was standing on the steps of Queen's College, Oxford. The breezy and hale octogenarian was nothing if not picturesque in his velvet jacket, white waistcoat, light pants, and plaid, with his head surmounted by a Tyrolese hat, that gave him the appearance of a stage tenor or an operatic bandit. Doubtless Blackie, like Christopher North, did some work for Scotland, and in Aberdeen we are still yet miserably deficient in the appreciation of the *mens sana in corpore sano;* yet, somehow, I could not then resist the reflection that, while the Glasgow chair had been adorned by the learning of Lushington, that in the metropolis had been wellnigh vacant for forty years, and we in Aberdeen at least had not to regret that the Gospel according to Highland Lochs and Ben-climbing could be carried to a dangerous extent, even in the days

of a too plentiful leisure accorded to Scottish professors under the old regime.

The Professor laid too great stress on the merely grammatical side of philological and classical learning. It may be that he believed he was right in so doing, as most of the class could or would not carry their own studies beyond that stage, but I also think that it was rather due to the radical quality of his own mind and to the necessary consequences of his solitary self-training. Thus, though a keen politician and party man, he had never thought out his principles, and in the same breath he would inconsistently enough laud Gladstone, because he was sound in Greek, and denounce as a scoundrel Disraeli (to my open and unconcealed satisfaction) because he had attacked Greek in some Glasgow questions of a Rectorial election. This absence of a scientific historical basis in his mind was also the result of the absence of scholarly company among his own colleagues that could have been interested in such studies, so that the merely grammatical came finally to dominate the spirit. Thus he never lived in close and actual familiarity with the great men and faces in history. A statement in Thucydides seemed to him Biblical in its authority, for he never could see or allow that that most astute and wary partisan was, like Clarendon, out of touch and sympathy with his own age; or that Aristophanes, the writer of political squibs about as veracious as *Old Mortality*, was fit only to delude a German professor with some startling thesis to defend from a preconceived standpoint. He would pit Demosthenes against Gladstone as being a mine of recondite wisdom on the Eastern Question, and regard the orator of the *Olynthiacs* as fully equal to the statesman on the *bêma*, though I believe it is the general practice or belief to reverse the balance. Grote he regarded as fundamentally unsound, from the philosophical and political company he kept. I do not remember his having ever

KING'S COLLEGE: THE CROWN.

*Photo. by Mr. W. F. Webster.*

touched upon Byron's "orthographical mutineer," Mitford, but doubtless he had been reared on that writer as alone adequate in quantity or quality of the Greek historians extant in his early days. Wordsworth, if I am correct in inference, was his favourite poet, and I have enjoyed, as a pupil of both, the practical jest of Dr. Beverly of the Grammar School. The Lakist's poem *The Lesser Celandine* was a high favourite with the Professor, who once rallied the other for the inordinate ostentation with which he cherished "a wretched weed," till Beverly, who had deliberately worked up the jest, replied it was the Wordsworthian flower! Into general literature he had made few excursions. *Barchester Towers* he is said to have read, and I believe he knew Scott well, his father having early come under the sway of the great writer and having been known all over Banffshire for his admiration of the Waverley Novels. His whole energies had really been devoted to the duties of the chair; for, besides Greek and Latin, he had added a very competent acquaintance with French, German, and Gaelic, could find his way in Sanskrit, while he had also pursued in Germany his studies in Egyptology. When one reflects how far above his colleagues he stood in actual attainments, and how most of them were but too ready to repeat the same story for thirty years, I think we can be at no loss in assigning the advance in Aberdeen, and all along the line, during his tenure of office, chiefly, if not rather entirely, to his efforts, inspiration, and method.

He had taught nearly all his colleagues, and so had become a part of the place, knowing the academic precedents and traditions. "I really now am getting old," he said, on looking over the papers of Principal Salmond's son in 1884, "for I remember those of his father nearly thirty years ago." He had accordingly come to be the symbol of the Crown, which he once pointed out to me,

in an etching by Sir George Reid that hung over the fire-place in his drawing-room : " It holds, you see, the place of honour, and I sometimes believe it will be found in my heart, as Calais was in Mary's. Well, I hope it is the last object I shall see. I can remember like yesterday the feelings with which I first beheld it, as a boy. I fancy, Gulielme, you have missed a good deal by growing up with it, as a native of the burgh." This feeling coloured his whole life and academic politics, a feeling that doubtless to many now may seem exaggerated or mistaken, but one that is fully known to the older generation who clung and cling to associations, scenes and memories, with a conviction that not in this respect alone is the generation of Diomede inferior to that of Tydeus. Three-fourths of the present students of Marischal College have certainly no other aim than to get done with their course as soon as possible, and thereafter forever to shake the dust off their feet. With him and his race it was far otherwise, and in that sense, and in many others as well, he can have no successor in the office of Principal.

His work done, being solid, will long and largely survive him. If not a member of that chosen band, the Legion of Honour of scholars born and not made, he yet has done for the North such a work as no other but Melvin has surpassed. As one handles the bindings and opens the books that belonged to our great Latinist, a curious feeling must arise that here, living actually among us, was a truly fine spirit, scantily enough rewarded in his own day, but leaving the legacy behind him of a noble memory, of one that worthily represented to his town the life and vocation of the scholar. To all such Aberdeen is naturally the chilliest and the stoniest of stepmothers : to them she affords neither the means of learning nor the respect that is its due. To much of Melvin's spirit, traditions, and ideals,

the Principal succeeded, while he added not a little from his own indomitable nature. His mind worked preferentially in the past, for he had nothing of the forward spirit or the presentiment of the eve ; but it is well, as Rabbi Duncan would say, that while some should run after the octavos, there should ever be some to tackle the folios. He lived among the traditions of an older race, and to him the burns of his native parish of Glass were far beyond the reach of Abana and Pharpar. He struck the class, and Professor Bain certainly did his, as turning more fondly to the picturesque days of his own time than to the staid advance in ours. This was clearly a loss to both, as it tended to the idealization of men and things that scarcely deserved such a belief. The books he had read as a boy or as a student he seemed reluctant to think had lost their power, and Jacobs' *Hellas*, which appeared in an English translation in the early stages of his chair, still appeared to him a valuable work for honours candidates. But it was grounded in the conviction that there is a continuity in all learning that defies Time. Thus he had little of the iconoclastic spirit of a philosophical colleague that advised the sweeping out from the Library of all old editions of Newton's *Principia*, in the belief that a modern reprint had more value ! I can remember him, when lecturing on the *Alcestis* in 1873, bringing out a little old Latin duodecimo before the class with something of a reverential spirit due to the great Scottish Humanist Buchanan, " above whom," as John Hill Burton says, " there are not three or four names holding so proud a place in the homage of his countrymen."

For nearly half a century he was our best and representative scholar. With Bunyan's Mr. Fearing he doubted overmuch as to " the acceptance at last " of classical learning in the North of Scotland. Hagar-like he thought he would see it die, but it is yet well and

increasingly well with the child, whose fortunes are really far more threatened from the inside than from without. " It was Maclure," he cried angrily, " that let down Latin and began to sap the North," but his own faithful work for thirty years has surely done a good deal to restore the balance. Personally, I owe much to his method, more to his enthusiasm, most to his spirit. In the Aberdeen of my day it was, indeed, a rare thing for mortal man to be enthusiastic in anything either in heaven above or on earth beneath, and to believe that man's chief end was not in the dollar or in the shekel, but that there was a Kingdom of Learning, and that a University is meant neither for the professions nor for the teachers, male or female, but primarily for the scholar. Ultimately that doctrine must prevail, and its best supporters are those who, like the late Principal, have endowed it with the force of a life and example for more than half a century. And when it has prevailed, he will have come at last to his kingdom.

*Harp of the North! Farewell, the hills grow dark.*
The Pilot drops, in this our sorest hour,
That could alone have held the labouring barque
Through veering flaws, when threatening tempests lour,
And boding fears assail " The Crown " and dower
Of all the ages : gone the link and tie
That bound, as with inseparable power,
Its story and his own, with purpose high
To live entwined on earth, from it unbroken die.

They rise together and together sink
In memory, as if some hidden spell
Had brooded o'er their birth, and but to think
Them parted were dishonour, and a knell
Rung in the ear of Death. Their last farewell
Was yet unsaid ; for it the chilling fear
Remains, and nothing may its sway dispel ;
As wailed *The Minstrel* for his " Gregory dear "—[49]
"'Tis meet that we should mourn ; flow forth, afresh, the tear."

*Alma Mater*, 14 February, 1900.

## JOHN FYFE.

" He was a man, and I was a child
In the Kingdom by the Sea,
Which *we* love with a love that is more than love."

POE (adapted).

*Quem virum aut heroa, lyra ?** say !
What Muse shall I invoke ? I strike the lyre
To one whose vision brings a distant day—
Full thirty years—of streets, of Crown, and spire ;
But never yet has Phœbus or his quire
Deigned raise the song, or tune the vocal reed,
To wake the name that now I here aspire
To sing, though last not least in love—indeed,
But rather first, unless awry all hearts I read.

Late would I see him by the winding Don,
When weary swains would homeward turn their flocks,
Far by Balgownie, or by Tillydrone,
With hasty step that at the laggard mocks ;
Then, where the fisher in his coble rocks,
" Oft have I seen him at the break of day "
Rounding the Bridge, and caught his hat and socks,
" Then up the hill "—(but here I'm quoting Gray),
Trotting his wayward beat with artless roundelay.

In riper years the Magistrands would sit
Upon the Bridge, and there recall his name,
Wherewith would come bright memories of his wit,
Of *Binnie* and the *Mill :* of which the fame
Has reached remotest seas ; and at the same
Shed tears of laughter in the Night heard far ;
While, overhead, unmarked but silent came,
To list his latest Academic " bar,"
In majesty serene and still the Northern Star.

* Horace, *Odes*, I. xii. i.

When sadder steps would yet again retrace
  The scenes and days that now return no more,
And winds are piping loud, and many a face
  Comes from the past and Night's Plutonian shore
  With memories aglow from days of yore,
What time the heart feels silent, secret pain
  For something that is lacking and the sore
Sense that it comes not, is not his the name
That rises *first* with all the Old Brigade—again ?

" One touch of nature makes the whole world kin " :
  He had what others lacked, and his reward
Is with him in our memories, and thin
  By him appear the names of others, marred
  With this defect, though in the world's regard
They shine with greater lustre—in the strife
  Those longest live who chose the better part,
Who rather touched the heart than head in life :
*Fortunatus et felix tum precor sit* John Fyfe.

*Alma Mater*, 6 February, 1895.

## PROFESSOR FYFE'S GRAVE.

"There, where at night the howlat sings,
When day has faulded up its wings,
And win' the eerie boor-tree brings
To sough and rave,
There—mony a wearie fit frae King's—
Is 'Johnny's' Grave."

*Old Play.*

It has recently become known in Aberdeen, through the medium of strangers, that the grave of our late Professor of Moral Philosophy* is in a sadly neglected and forlorn condition. So much feeling has been aroused that a gentleman resident in its vicinity has kindly offered to take charge of such subscriptions as may be sent to him, to erect a plain stone to the memory of the most striking figure in King's College for many a day, and of the man whose figure and characteristics are not likely to pass away while one of his old Magistrands remains alive.

We venture to think that such a state of affairs, when once placed before the academic public, will excite a pained feeling, and result in something very much more worthy of "Johnny" than a plain stone being erected to mark his last resting-place. Whether relatives—if he had any—have or have not done their best it would be vain to inquire, for his own generosity to many, especially during his later years, must have sadly impaired anything he had to bequeath. There have been numerous calls for some time back made to the graduates for various schemes, but none we are sure that will at once appeal to such a wide and sympathetic audience.

* John Fyfe: M.A., King's College, 1848; Substitute-Professor of Moral Philosophy, King's College, 1854–60; Librarian and Registrar, 1860–76; Professor of Moral Philosophy, 1876–94; LL.D., 1895; died, 1897.

For the last half-century it has been impossible to divorce in imagination the name of John Fyfe from King's College. He would have wished it so. If to the present race of students he be but a name, far otherwise is it with those of an older date. For them " Johnny " is already with the immortals in their memory, and we are confident that there is not one of his old Magistrands from 1876 to 1894 but will be eager to set a stone to his cairn. " He loved," says his biographer in *Aurora Borealis*,* " all Magistrands as peculiarly his own flock. ' Remember,' he used to say, ' on you the moral tone of the whole body of students largely depends.' ' Ah,' exclaimed the genial old gentleman on the last day of a Magistrand session, ' you don't know how I shall miss you. When the Quadrangle is deserted and all my Magistrands leave me, I feel as if I had nothing to live for, and my spirits sink very low indeed.' "

Who could forget his vocal efforts—limited, we believe, to that one spasmodic and desperate rally, his *Auld Lang Syne* on the closing of a session ? Who can follow him into the long months of inaction and seclusion till the faces of " my Magistrands " once again brought life and joy to the old academic wit and humorist ? Long ere Andrew Carnegie had been invented with his millions, " Johnny " with his little had been discovering cases of hardship in the class—so we learned in confidence from a friend of a recipient—and inditing cheery little billets (with enclosure) in some modified dislocation or distortion of writing that doubtless led him to hug the delusion that he had quite succeeded in disguising his impossible penmanship. For years he had been at it, no one had known it, and he died believing it unknown.

He had no other friends but his Magistrands. He used to sit alone with a set of Arts class groups, and from their faces and memories seek to people his own rather

* *Aberdeen University Appreciations, 1860–89*, pp. 108-9.

lonely sanctum. One friend of ours on official business did once track him out. "Come away," cried the old Moralist, quite boisterously, "I've some friends of yours with me you'll be glad to see again." To his astonishment "Johnny" produced the Arts group of his year, and went over them all in such a style as quite to justify his own solitary quotation of "though lost to sight, to memory dear."

A typical Arts man, it is to them that his name will carry its fullest weight. They must feel, and feel quite bitterly, that King's College has been, and is being, ignobly treated by the academic bunglers that think futilities in stone and lime in Broad Street are strengthening a national university! "I hear," says Dr. W. L. Mackenzie,* "that moral philosophy attracts far less than botany! and in Scotland! Even geology would, I believe, sidle up to logic and the metaphysic of an external world. But the reversion—the reaction—will come." Those whose studies lay in that direction will now have an opportunity of shewing their righteous disgust at the way the Arts Faculty has been treated by the vain dreamers and wreckers, while all old Magistrands will rally to his memory. Let but a committee be established—we are sure Dr. Dey will agree to be convener—let Arts Class Reunions take up the idea, and we are certain the result will be a fitting memorial, and that strangers will no longer have cause to feel astonishment at the condition of his grave.

"I don't know," he once cried, with a sudden dive into the operatic that has ever since perplexed us all as to where on earth he had heard—except at some hydropathic in his wanderings—*The Bohemian Girl*, "much about sangs, but I believe there is one that runs 'Then you'll remember me.'" Let the response shew that we all do, and a handsome stone will mark the grave of the old

* *Aurora Borealis*, p. 238.

man—old he was, but to all his men he is yet alive in perpetual youth. Had he known a note, we could hear him :—

When other lips and other ears
Have quite forgot my name,
And threepence is the fee they charge
For Mitchell Halls and—fame !
They reck not of the faithful bands
That hold the past in fee :
I ask it of " my Magistrands "—
*Then you'll remember me.*

If o'er my tomb no banners wave,
No minstrel raptures swell,
No Chapel window,[60] nor a bust,
My date of service tell ;
Enough ! I never looked for such,
If in your hearts I be,
My eighteen years of Magistrands—
*Then you'll remember me.*

*Alma Mater*, 16 October, 1901.

Note.—Since the above was written a tombstone has been erected in the Churchyard of Carmylie, Arbroath, bearing the following inscription :—

In
Memory of
JOHN FYFE, M.A., LL.D.,
Professor of Moral Philosophy
in Aberdeen University,
Who Died at Braeside, Peterculter,
13th December, 1897, aged 71 years.
also of his brother,
JAMES FYFE,
Who Died at Woodruff Place, Carnoustie,
14th January, 1902, aged 86 years.
Erected by
James Fyfe, Glasgow.

## "JOHNNY."

"I don't know much about sangs; but I believe there is one that runs 'Then you'll remember me.' [*The Bohemian Girl*]. That's *my* sang."—J.F.

Lament, ye Norlan' bardies a',
And let the dowie tear down fa'
Now that our flower is wede awa',
A man o' worth;
Gae screw your pipes and gar them blaw
"Cock o' the North."

By Ganges stream there's no an e'e
Be dry this day; by Don an' Dee
The coronach they'll cry on hie,
As at Harlaw,
And sorrow by the Bogie dree
That he's awa'.

In summer by the Seaton howes,
Where Don to meet the ocean rows,
The Doric muse on sunny knowes
Wi' aiten reed
Will lang lament, in tearfu' mows,
Wee Johnny's deid.

Frae Orkney skerries to the sands
O' Egypt, where in ither lands
There e'er be fouth o' Magistrands,
There will be wae,
That Death should thus untie the bands
Frae us this day.

He would ha' wared his latest plack
On ony o' his class, an' mak
The heart o' mony sing that lack
This warl's means;
A word he'd aye and clap on back
For Spital weans.

Nae saul that kent him e'er will tyne
The memory o' his *Auld Lang Syne.*
The session's hin'most day he'd shine
Wi' tear in's e'e ;
The fient o' note or tune he'd min'
But sing wi' glee.

He'd hund the Darwins wi' the tykes,
And ower the Huxleys cowp the bikes ;
He'd sheugh them frae their driest sykes,
And ding sair knocks
On Spencer, Bain, an' a' sic likes,
Syne lauch in's box.

Wae's me for King's ! For fifty year
He wrocht fu' tenty late an' ear'.
Without him she maun now appear
Bumbaised and dizzy ;
She's tint this day, wi' mony a tear,
Her he'rt, puir hizzie !

*Remember me !* Not yet that hour
Wi' ilka class the warl' a' ower,
When we forget your hamely power
An' witty war,
That sklented in our gude hame-ower
Braid tongue o' Mar.

When the last portal's passed by men,
An' deeds are rankit tapmost, then
On this ye may gey safe depen'—
I wad my life—
That unco few get far'er ben
Than Johnny Fyfe.

*Alma Mater*, 22 December, 1897.

## FREDERICK FULLER.

" 'Tis the last rose of Summer."

MOORE.

THE death of Professor Fuller will be received with peculiar feelings by graduates all over the world. They will be variously affected. As Talleyrand said of the death of Napoleon, it is both an event and a piece of news. To the present generation the name will sound strange and remote, waking no chords. They had never seen him, scarcely heard of him, and to them it will be but a piece of news. But with the older generation it will rank as an event, withdrawing from their sight the last link of the teaching staff of King's College before, by the fusion, the University of Aberdeen was established. They will note the passing, at an advanced age, of a man of rare distinction, whom they must ever consider as, together with his colleagues the late Principal Sir William Geddes and Professor David Thomson,

" Linked to the story and aim of the Crown,
Bound by unbreakable tie."

With the deceased goes the last survivor of the professoriate of the pre-fusion race, for sixty years a tower of strength to Aberdeen, whose removal from the scene, in relation to the Crown of King's College, almost recalls the lines of Wordsworth on Scott, and the spirits of power on the Eildons complaining of kindred power departing from their sight. They will feel the loss a personal one.

Frederick Fuller was born in London, 1st November, 1819. He graduated at Cambridge as Fourth Wrangler in 1842. After a brief period as Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's College, he was elected Professor of Mathematics

in King's College in 1851, resigning in 1878. He was seated in the Chair before I was born, and with the exception of one surviving resident was the oldest face I can associate with the streets of Old Aberdeen. Few, perhaps, are aware how nearly the University lost the services of Fuller. The election to the Chairs lay with the Senatus, and the votes were equal between him and another candidate, whose name I cannot recall, and who was certainly a nonentity in comparison. It turned on the casting-vote of Principal Jack, whose advanced age and blindness were seized by the other side as affording an occasion for delaying and, as they fondly hoped, altering the election. The Professor of Hebrew at the time, "Hebrew Scott," a tall and powerful man, set his back to the door of the Senatus room and drove back the reactionaries to their seats till Fuller was elected. The fate of Aberdeen hung on that election.

Till the advent of Professor David Thomson in 1845 and Fuller in 1851, Aberdeen had had no particular hallmark or characteristic. In this she only resembled the other three seats, save so far as Sir William Hamilton had given Edinburgh a philosophical tone. The schools of course, in town and country, had long established a supremacy in Latin. To this Melvin had largely contributed, but the real father of the Aberdeen School of Latinity is David Wedderburn, the famous Rector of the Grammar School of Aberdeen, whose long tenure of office, dating from 1602, in conjunction with his grammars and textbooks, laid the firm foundation of the Latin note existing in the North. But the University had certainly lacked an individual type till the appointment of David Thomson in 1845 to the Chair of Natural Philosophy. He is the true second founder of the University, and during the fusion controversy he was the outstanding figure in the Senatus as a personal force and man of action. It was at his desire that Fuller became a candidate, and

to this stricken hour it must remain somewhat of a mystery why he, who had already taught the future Lord Kelvin, should migrate to the North. Luckily, he did so, and when Thomson and Fuller were harnessed together the result began to appear. In Glasgow, with Blackburn and Thomson, Mathematics was well represented, and Kelland with Tait adorned Edinburgh. But it may well be doubted if both these seats equalled the work produced by the Aberdeen Dioscuri. In a few years before the fusion King's College had four Senior Wranglers, and this she did with but humble appliances, Fuller teaching in the first-floor room of the Tower and Thomson at the top. The type thus created has remained, though necessarily with lessening rays, till to-day. The remarkable successes of Aberdeen in public examinations, particularly in the Indian Civil Service, were their work, reinforced and powerfully supported by the teaching of Dr. David Rennet. In their prime the trio were unequalled in Scotland, and some year or two ago six men, high in the Viceroy's Council in India, who met at Simla, had all been pupils of the last-named educational veteran.

Others will deal effectively with Fuller's mathematical abilities. He was Fourth Wrangler in a very strong year. But, as he taught both Lord Kelvin and *me*, I think it best that his praise should here be chronicled by one who all through life has regarded that subject with aversion, and who should set down his appreciation of Fuller in broad aspects. The present generation, with whom mathematical teaching has shrunk almost to the shadow of a shade and who can wellnigh avoid its whole study, can scarcely feel how an earlier race was condemned to take Senior Mathematics up to the Differential Calculus. Many of us, myself among the number, will carry the marks of that teaching to the grave, who cannot recall that past without the bitterest regrets over time lost and opportunities wasted. Yet the remarkable thing is, they

have nothing but admiration for Fuller and the most pleasant memories of his class.

His patience, enthusiasm, interest in the work were limitless. I never saw him exhausted. His opening prayer was inaudible, though there ran a legend that some keen hands in the front seat had taken it in short-hand! It was pushed up to the top of the textbook he was using at the time, his watch lying on the desk beside it. His "Amen" fused completely with his rapid "Yesterday, you will remember, I was dealing with the arear of the parabolar"—so eager was he to be again in the thick of it. He was never happy till he got it, filling three large blackboards, and only ceasing from lack of space. Everyone will remember the beauty of his diagrams and figures. Gathering the sleeve of his gown on the right arm under it with his left hand, he would dash off circles as perfect as if they had been done with the compass, the class enjoying the difference of his and the egg-like monstrosities of the victim by his side. Then he would reluctantly leave the board and finish the rest of the work orally, lucid and orderly to the close—not like Lord Kelvin, who, after getting mixed in confused latitudes and treating the class to a new mathematical terminology in advance of Europe over billions and aeons of atoms, would at last sink excitedly into his chair and rub his face with the duster! Fuller's maxim was Bacon's: "Writing maketh an exact man," and the class could only know a thing when they could write it out. Discipline was perfect.

Those who had no mathematical interest in one sense had their reward. They saw before them one who was absolutely convinced of his subject and engrossed in it. They could see him advancing day by day to his goal, "a day's march nearer home," and to the final examination. It is the great advantage of the mathematician that he does and must so advance, and Fuller advanced with fine

dash and precision. Altogether, and the initiated will know what the simple words mean, he was one of the most successful men that ever sat in a University Chair in Scotland. A perfect gentleman and master of his subject, he taught for twenty-seven years, and the testimony of all his men is, that " Freddy " has not lost the admiration and the affectionate regard of everyone during his reign.

To the present generation he has become a name merely, to his own students an abiding possession. All over the world are hundreds of men who love and honour his memory. Perhaps those who hold mathematics in the deepest aversion honour it most. He almost, as King Agrippa said, persuaded men to be mathematicians. Many he did so persuade, fully ; others he never could. With them he never could secure a verdict of even " Not Proven " for men like Gauss, Gregory, Demoivre, Euler. I often think of him, admiring him and hating them. Their work on the board makes me shudder and think of the last paragraph in Stevenson's *Treasure Island* :—

" The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all that I know, where Flint buried them ; and certainly they shall lie there for me. Oxen and wain-ropes would not bring me back again to that accursed island ; and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about its coasts, or start upright in bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears : ' Pieces of eight ! pieces of eight ! ' "

—the dreaded figures of the Hyperbola in Drew's Conic Sections !

On Fuller there is only one possible judgment. He was, like one of his own circles, *teres atque rotundus*—perfect.

*Alma Mater*, 10 November, 1909.

# THE TWO DAVIES.

## I—David Thomson.

"David, the beld of all his kyn."
Wyntoun.

When George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal, founded Marischal College in 1593, he has been generally thought to have conferred on Aberdeen an inestimable blessing. I am of the opinion that he made the mistake of his life, and by so doing left to the city a legacy of which the consequences are not yet exhausted. He himself had been educated at King's College, and he sat on the Commission that brought forward the Nova Fundatio of 1580. It might naturally have been expected that he would have developed and strengthened the existing College, but he preferred to establish in the New Town a rival institution. His reasons are not clear. He may have despaired of the republic, or as a member of Andrew Melville's party he may have thought that King's College was committed to the lines and ideas of the past. Personal vanity may have influenced him. He applied to the Town Council, and that body "voitit thocht guid and expedient, that the gray freiris place thairof hous bigingis"—the original source of Forsyth's "auld Yerl Marschal's honour'd biggin'"—"kirk and yaird of the samen salbe resignit in fauouris of ane Nobill and potent Lord George erll Merschell, Lord Keith and Altrie To be giffin be the said erll to be ane college." Perhaps, like their successors in 1893, they saw their way to a Town's Improvement. It began on the cheap and tentative, and it lasted to 1860.

The Broad Street burghers in complacent parochiality boasted that Aberdeen had two Universities, and that the whole of England had not more. In 1593 the population of New Aberdeen would have been 4,000. It is impossible to fix the numbers of Old Aberdeen. In 1636 the Magistrates of the New Town ordered a return of the inhabitants within the Spital and Old Aberdeen, and the list shews 829 names, including 268 children. In 1696 a list was taken of pollable persons, and 843 names, including children under sixteen, are given. The Valuation Roll of 1796 shews the population had risen to 1,110, and the house rents to £540 15s. Before it amalgamated with the New Town in 1890–91, the rental was £8,300. From 1593 to 1860 the feud lasted, bitter feelings were excited, and endless trouble for the future entailed. There is a whole library of fusion literature of which most have never heard. Of Caroline Universities they know not. Search the *University Bibliography* under 1786; consider the campaign literature of 1835 and the piles of Parliamentary Papers for and against the bill brought in by Alexander Bannerman, M.P. It would convince most people that the Earl's 1593 action was a mistake. Truly, as Byron would say, "that hour foretold sorrow to this." We still, in 1916, feel the results.

On December 16, 1854, the Committee of the Old Town Council appointed to consider the proposed union of King's and Marischal College laid before the meeting the draft of a Memorial to the Premier and Chancellor, Lord Aberdeen. The Provost presided, Professor George Ferguson, the last of the Humanists. The Treasurer was one of my own name, though in no way related, Thomas Leask, grocer, 16-17 High Street. George Grub, advocate, was Town Clerk. Among the Trades Councillors was Peter Matheson, tailor, in College Bounds, whose wife or daughter was landlady to Principal Sir William Geddes. Alexander Stables, grocer in 112 High Street, was a baillie,

and I still pass the doors of those plain men with respect and a feeling that they had sense. Among the Merchant Councillors were Professors Andrew Fyfe, Hercules Scott, David Thomson.

The Memorial declared that for the last three hundred and fifty years the city had been the Seat of a University, and that the members of the Town Council, in common with the inhabitants, regarded the University and College as the chief ornament and cause of their prosperity, and viewed with jealousy any interference with the privileges transmitted to them through the ages. They were sensible of the anomalous position of the two Colleges, and were prepared for an equitable solution. They demanded a complete staff of teachers in the Faculty of Arts at King's College: Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Logic and English Literature, Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy; that Medicine, Law, Chemistry, Natural History, should be taught in Marischal College, leaving to Government the allocation of the classes of Divinity. Here we see the hand of David Thomson. It was high time to stop the bluster of the *Aberdeen Herald*, and the parochial harangues of fighting clerics in Presbytery dinners at the Lemon Tree, in Huxter Row.

The Hour had come and the Man. David Thomson was born at Leghorn in 1817, and educated at Glasgow and Trinity College, Cambridge. From 1840 to 1845 he was Professor-substitute of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow, being in that year elected to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in King's College, when he was twenty-eight. He died in office in 1880, having been from his election on to his death the leading figure in the Faculty of Arts. He entered the Senatus a young man among old men, bringing with him an experience and a horizon far beyond what he found. His determination to raise the standard was at once seen and felt. Up to the Fusion he had three Senior Wranglers to his credit. At the end of his first

session he found that the examination papers revealed wholesale copying, and he demanded a fresh examination. The students refused, but he compelled the Senatus to suspend till October the entire bursaries conditionally due in April. The blockade starved the rebellion out. The 1846 examination paper of March 18, with thirty questions, is believed to be the oldest existing copy of printed issues.

Thomson's bust is in the Library, and this is his sole memorial. It is a pitiful equivalent for his great and really unparalleled services. He is the second founder of King's College, and the real father of the existing University. I question if one member of the Senatus, or twenty living persons, can point to his grave, and it seems as if in death, as in life, he lies apart from all sympathy and affection. Such is our gratitude to the man that saved us from an unscrupulous cabal of New Town baillies, local wirepullers, and parliamentary intriguers. Had David Thomson wavered or failed, we should to-day see a decayed sacrist existing on the fees of casual visitors to a deserted Chapel, repeating some historical "words he'd learned by rote, or a lilt o' dool and sorrow"; a moldering Cromwell Tower, and the ruins of the old Dunbar-Fraser Buildings. The whole history of continuity and association through the ages would have been lost. From that unspeakable disaster Thomson, and Thomson alone, saved the North.

He was the strong man in the Senatus from first to last. When he was in his prime, no dog barked, and Struthers and Bain mumbled their bone in a corner. He saw the situation at once, laid down the lines, and presented his ultimatum—Fusion or Nothing, with no time limit and with no excluded area. With all compromises, or with the retention of separate Arts Faculties for both Colleges, the delusion to which Bain clung who never rose beyond the old Broad Street horizon, Thomson refused to

deal. The ground itself dictated the solution that Arts *ought* to be at King's, Medicine and Law *must* be at Marischal. In 1891 the old swelter and cabals began again. Again the massed columns of intriguers with slum property to sell set to work and talked glibly of a great Town's Improvement. The Hour again came ; the Man came not. But Thomson was not forgotten, and the cry was for " one hour of Davie " to end it all. Why repeat that story of intrigue and bungling? Struthers had come to learn his lesson, but in his repentance he stood alone among his colleagues, advocating what Thomson in life would have forced, the absolute transference of Marischal College to King's, leaving only the purely Medical Classes in touch with the Infirmary, along with Law, on their old site.

If the generation of to-day has forgotten Thomson and his great work, the students at the time made no mistake. Their feeling found expression in *The Lay of the Aulton,* the song written in 1858 by the Tertian, Patrick Smith (M.A. 1860 ; M.D., Sydney), and sung at the gates by the famous street-character, Blin' Bob. Thomson found an able supporter at the crisis in John Inglis, Lord Glencorse, President of the Court of Session, who delivered his address as the last Rector of King's College, October 14, 1857, in the old Hall on the east side of the Quadrangle. One copy of the bundle sold by Blin' Bob exists and from it the words are copied :—

A LAY OF THE AULTON.

Air—*Bonnie Dundee.*

(*Dedicated without permission to the " Aberdeen Herald."*)

To the Lords of Commission 'twas Thomson that spoke,
Ere old King's Crown go down there are crowns to be broke ;
All King's College men that a Fusion would see,
Let them flock to the banner o' Inglis and me.

*Chorus*—
Come, rally around us, ye men of the Gown,
Shout Hey! for the College, and Hey! for the Crown;
Come fight for the College that stands by the sea,
And flock to the banner o' Inglis and me.

We have friends by the Thames, we have friends by the Forth,
We have Lords in the South, we have Chiefs in the North:
There are King's College graduates, thousand times three,
That will flock to the banner o' Inglis and me.
*Chorus.*

Now Thomson's come hame, and the word's through the town
That old King's Crown shall stand, and Marischal go down;
The New Town is ravin', the Auld Town's in glee—
"It's a' ane," says Thomson, "to Inglis and me."
*Chorus.*

The Provost has summoned his baillies to meet,
And Adam vows vengeance, next Saturday's sheet;
But Thomson says coolly, "E'en sae let it be,
The baillies are nae match for Inglis and me."
*Chorus*—
Come, rally around us, ye men of the Gown,
Shout Hey! for the College, shout Hey! for the Crown;
Come raise for your College a leal "three times three,"
For the Queen's Crown, old King's Crown, John Inglis and me.

I heard it sung to me in my cradle, and I fancy that Thomson when he heard of it in the Natural Philosophy room, at the top of the Tower, felt in his loneliness some honest satisfaction that he had not failed. If to-day his memory is but a memory, and if

> "The sound of those he wrought for,
> And the feet of those he fought for"

do not "echo round his bones," he would not have been much moved. He cared nothing for popularity, but went straight to the mark. The man that in life dwarfs his colleagues and asks for no reward generally gets none. His work was final. But should the day come when a Heraldic Memorial Window is erected at the building he saved, his name will be restored to its true place. He will be a full length, and not a face in a medallion.

## II—David Rennet.

"Bide they hame or be they roamin',
Ilk ane toasts ye, bumpers foamin',
Noo ye're gettin' to the gloamin'—
Aifter wark—my Davie!"
J. M. Bulloch.

"Malebranche," said Mirabeau, "saw all things in God; and M. Necker sees all things in Necker." In our time Aberdeen had come to see all things in the Aberdeen degree. I believe it was the earthly mission of David Rennet to explode this in the gentlest and most effectual way. He never alluded to it, never mentioned any one by name, but all the same the work was done, and the belief, reinforced by example, inculcated that the degree or any degree is but the merest Fragment of Nescience, the faintest drop in the ocean of Knowledge, and a positive drag on the human mind if it leads to any contrary theory or practice.

The belief he found rampant, and he left it dead in all minds amenable to the higher doctrine, that there is and can be no Home Rule in Universities, no rest in the pursuit of knowledge. What that belief has entailed on the North, only those know best who have watched it closest. It has killed schools, stunted pulpits, wrecked professions. We are all familiar with the fact that the Aberdonian will grind, but he will not read, for he finds the conviction and proof that persons get degrees from their notes, without any reading whatever. In no other University has such a state of affairs grown up. It has been responsible for some slight success in competitive examinations, and since Rennet has passed away we are again threatened with the recrudescence of the superstition. For years *Alma Mater* has been testifying to the evil in our midst, and to the conviction that to this subtle poison is due the death of the Debating and the decay of the Literary Society. I had been so impressed by what successive editors of the

Magazine had told me, that I ventured to address a communication on the subject to Mr. Carnegie. I was, I said, well aware that in poor and remote parishes our students had often little access to books, but the danger to us did not lie there but in a proved, if little suspected, quarter. It came from the attitude adopted to our parish schools in the North by the Education Department, depressing the old voluntary teaching of University and higher subjects and enforcing concentration on routine work. On this the leading men were, I said, agreed. I said to him that, if he wished to alter the face of life and work in these schools, he could do so in five years, by presenting to the schoolhouses, to act as a parish library, complete sets of Dent's Everyman's Library, and by encouraging teachers and taught alike to read from morning to night. I got no reply ; he probably thought I was a fanatic, and that Departments are or ought to be the last flute-like note of human wisdom.

Far different was Rennet's opinion as to the Department. He saw clearly, and preached incessantly, that the delusion of Aberdeen being the Teachers' University led to the fetish worship of the degree, and to cessation of all mental exertion on the part of the students. If you regulate the standard, not by the state of Learning but by the pronouncements of the Department, you inevitably Prussianize it in the interests of bureaucracy and reduce it to the lowest denominator.

You had not been long in Rennet's company ere you saw that his own outlook on Life was far different from that of the town and of men round him. He was possessed by the idea that Knowledge was progressive and infinite and of the endless possibilities of ordinary men, well trained. He remembered and followed some of his passmen in after life as carefully and as sympathetically as he did the course of his best men. The cast of his mind, alert, keen, and interested in all lines of work, led

him to admiration of the French type, and ever since I can remember him he was Francophile in politics, and eager to proclaim the great aptitude of France for mathematics. Gauss, he would say, was the one German of real genius in the field, but from Pascal downwards France had giants. He long predicted the war. "I am old enough to remember the Crimean War, and from the case of Schleswig-Holstein I have followed closely the trend of Continental politics. Germany is a pirate state, Algiers in Europe. But this country is so ignorant and insular, and these London journalists are a perpetual danger. You see them quote a boulevard organ with the circulation of a few hundreds, or some Bonapartist subsidized sheet, against the great organs of French opinion. France is absolutely alert and parliamentary like ourselves, and France knows. Roberts is absolutely right, that Germany will strike when her hour strikes." Then he would sketch the course of French politics since the fall of Napoleon III, and advise me to read some French memoirs on the subject. Bismarck all along to him was the very coarsest of villains, and he rejoiced that village papers all through France published Bismarck's biography in instalments as the means of educating their people. Chamberlain he despised, and I have heard him quote in confidence from letters to him from his old pupils in Government offices how on several occasions Lord Salisbury had taken Colonial matters out of his hands into his own at the Foreign Office. He was generally speaking a Liberal, and a strong Free Trader. "All mathematicians are, and Adam Smith is a fixed star. Smith graduated at a University and Joseph from a Town Council."

He was always breaking fresh ground. During his last illness he solaced himself by a fresh revision of Curve Tracing. He generally, but quite unpedantically, expressed himself in mathematical terms. "I have hardly

ever met a man," says Masson of Chalmers, "in whom the mathematical mode of thought, especially in the form of an incessant play of the faculty of number, was constitutionally so strong," and Rennet had the Johnsonian habit of instantly bringing Number to bear on an argument. With this instinct he followed the betting on the great races as keen as any "bookie," and knew the odds on and against winners and dark horses. This habit often came out in curious ways. I remember him turning to me from his corner in the window, against which he was leaning and surveying the man, when the weekly organ-grinder in Golden Square was playing and bringing a faint ray of sunshine into the room for some who, like me, regarded mathematics as the convincing proof of Total Depravity, Original Sin, and the Fall. A good ear and liberal faith suggested that fifty years ago the few remaining notes had been meant for *Adeste, Fideles*, Luigi Arditi's *Rose*, and the standard air from *Il Trovatore*. "See that cheelie?" quoth the doctor. "He minds me on Airy's *Optics*. There's mair mistaks than hits in his wark." This was a reference not to the Astronomer Royal, Sir G. B. Airy, but to the class-book in Natural Philosophy, Osmund Airy's *Treatise on Geometrical Optics*. How few could possibly conjoin a disconnected organ with a mathematical textbook! Yet Aberdeen never put this man in correct focus, and never gave him his proper work to do. He never complained, but I cannot, without a feeling of regret, think of him turning from some of his best men, whom he was assisting to distinction in after life, from the Integral Calculus to some candidate for the Medical Preliminary "in diffeekilties" with Trotter's *Arithmetic* and Newth's *Natural Philosophy*. What a waste of time and power for a man of his capacities! I say he never complained, and there was almost something ridiculous in the circumstances attending his reception of the doctorate. "I remember," said Mrs. Rennet to a friend,

"how Professor Minto called one day about five o'clock to say papa was to be a Doctor. He never thought of such things, and I think I hear our Battie scream through the house as she flew to the bell: 'Let no one go to the door. I'm going. That's my new boots come'!" He lived long years after the degree, but no one ever used the title or thought it in any way elevating to him. Yet have I known cases where the giddy recipient assumed Jove-like or Olympian manners at his own table. The Gold Medal and the Portrait preserve his memory. To the older generation no reminder is necessary.

To him the Quatercentenary was a great occasion. He was triumphant.

"Early there," says Dr. W. L. Mackenzie in the *Quatercentenary Record*, of the celebrations on Wednesday, 26th September, "who should we meet but our old Dr. Subtilis? 'Keen of eye as of intellect, touched with the religious emotion of the hour, longing to see the men whose names, many of them, had filled his mind and ours for years, he was to us a chorus of the ceremony, old experience testing and accepting the new lords of the mind, the true kings of the world state. It was through his clear eyes that we looked on face after face. . . . 'Fa's that in the yellow goon?' . . . Then the eyes of Dr. Subtilis light up when the name of Dr. Becquerel, Professor of Physics, is pronounced."

He told me that for him the great name was Henri Becquerel, the delegate from the Académie des Sciences, Institut de France. "Grand man, L," he said. "Fat thocht ye o' the French Academy Address?" The finest thing in the *Record*, finished in style, and redolent of historical touches by our Auld Ally.

This may be the last written appreciation of Davie. It has been often done, but the subject is not staled by repetition. I do it from his standpoint and my own, that when you talk of Aberdeen as the Teachers' University you are on the high road to write its epitaph and forget the meaning of Life. "Thackeray says in *Vanity Fair* or somewhere that the English merchant, when he braks, taks to traivellin' for coals. My experience is that, when

a man canna do higher wark he starts oot as an Educationalist. It's a lang word, and gars him and ither fowk think that there's something in't, and in him." Perhaps Aberdeen will one day awake to the conviction that Universities are seats of Learning, the highest Learning of the day, the advanced trenches of the nation in a never-ending war. The ample page "rich with the spoils of time" is their only heritage, their ever-living and ever-deepening evangel. When they forget that, when the fires die down and they become dead and fossilized, they only become a danger to the nation they betray.

## WILLIAM MINTO.

> Our pleasant Willy, ah ! is dead of late ;
> With whom all joy and jolly merriment
> Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.
>
> SPENSER.

STERNE at Calais was inclined to pity the man who could travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry out that all was barren. Yet the standing defect of the University of Aberdeen has been the lack of great men to afford to the *probi bonæque spei adolescentes* of the prize formula the early stimulus and mental quickening, to provide which is so peculiarly the function of a real seat of learning. To most of us the journey was the reverse of sentimental ; there are few " spots of sunny greenery." But there is one man whose memory is very pleasant to all who knew him. This is Minto, and the name rises naturally without any formal addition of Mr. or Professor.

There was no English Literature chair up to 1860, and we remember hearing thirty years ago one of the most distinguished graduates of Marischal College say that the consequence was the loss of much judicious private patronage in the public services through the willing instrumentality of Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes. The Commission that conjoined the subjects of English and Logic in a single chair either had a cheerful belief in the ability of man, or was more likely perplexed by the lack of endowments. There is no natural affinity between the two subjects, and it cannot be said that Professor Bain was in any way seen at his best in the English class, though it was the careful work of a strong man. But if the breezy " member for the universe," the ex-M.P.

for the Elgin Burghs, Grant Duff, was responsible mainly for the election of Professor Minto in 1880, we have all since agreed that in this particular the judgment of the Lord Rector was right and happy. In Aberdeen, at least, it may be safely said that no more successful choice has been shown since the fusion of the Colleges. In fact the election of Minto inaugurated a new era in the North. He carried to its complete development the style and tone that Black had adopted in dealing with his men. He had a wider horizon and experience than the more restricted and local traditions which he found in operation ; and, as a result of this, it has been seen that, if there be next to no loyalty to the University itself, there is a great deal of it to the memory of Minto. The men of the present day can hardly conceive a time when the appearance in King Street of a Professor behind us would send us scattering up a side street to avoid the great man, who regarded crossing the line in any genial way, to meet his students, as a mistake in theory and in practice. What may have been found convenient in the individual Colleges before 1860 we cannot say, but the retention of such ways in a University was a sign of provincialism and ignorance which it was happily given to Minto to break down once and for ever.

It has been a debated point with his old men (of whom we are not one, having been under his predecessor), whether Minto was more acceptable in English or in Logic. We think there can be no doubt that it was in Logic that he shone. English he knew well must ever be a secondary and non-essential part of the curriculum, the refuge of the passmen or the hold of a few. He had, also, but three hours in the week to devote to it, when at the end of the day the men came in a more or less fagged condition from 1.30 to 2.30 p.m., and in a mood little inclined to fresh note-taking. But there was no lack of interest, through his easy and judicious treatment of the

subject. He was fresh in every way and on every name of importance, never retailing aridities or commonplaces, and never rattling with wearisome persistency his peas in the bladder, in the belief that sound constituted substance. He wisely confined himself to a period, and he believed Chaucer to be best adapted to constitute a didactic medium. He sent more readers to the Library than all his colleagues combined, and upon the Societies, Literary and Debating, his influence was very marked. This was his second contribution to the academic life in the North—he aroused intellectual interest, besides personal regard. When at the graduation dinner, in 1884, of his first Bajan year, Minto was told by his best student that in the English and Logic classes he, and he was sure every other, never looked at his watch, we can remember that he was greatly pleased with the appreciation, and that he often would refer to it in a gratified way.

In Logic it may be frankly admitted that he was not equal to his predecessor, Bain—at least so far. "I come after a big man, you see, in his line; I feel I don't fill his boots," he would say in a depressed tone, which we once tried to lighten by explaining to him what was the general view. Bain was the natural scientist with a drift towards principles, but not towards metaphysics; Minto was the writer filling the Logic chair, and doing his day's work with acceptance and faithfulness. Each of them was handicapped by a side to his work which was uncongenial. Bain shone in the methods and in such fields of induction as afforded him scope for bringing in natural science; Minto was happiest in rendering perfectly clear the great outstanding difficulties of Logic, with an eye for the pricking of some inflated windbag of Hegel, or for tracing the origin of leading doctrines and their turning points in history. In this last respect Bain was singularly weak, through the essentially non-sympathetic and non-historical attitude of his mind. Much of the psychology

of both was indicative of a general rather than of a special acquaintance with the constantly shifting and advancing nature of such literature. This is the necessary nemesis of the physiological school, and here Minto was conspicuously inferior to Bain. But for the majority of the class we think that Minto was more cut out and acceptable. Bain lacked vista and imagination. He had never been a passman at any one period, and he pursued his way undisturbed by the thorny difficulties of the subject, and what he gained as a brilliant formal lecturer he rather lost as a teacher. Lucidity, perfect lucidity, was Minto's note, and nothing gave him greater pain than the detection in 1885 of a perfect epidemic of "cribbing" in Logic, through the writing out of abstracts on blotting paper, and the most elaborate preparations and rehearsals carried out by several parties of four men to one table. He believed that he had made Logic interesting, and somehow fancied the result was an impeachment. He had, however, not made allowance for human nature, which that year reasserted itself with vigour and success.

From time to time he altered and expanded his course of lectures. We have seen two sets, where the improvement in precision and treatment is marked. He kept up an easy and steady flow of language in the class, reading in a way from small slips of paper about the size of playing cards, a handful of which he would bring in and select pages from as he proceeded. A swift writer could have followed him, as he had the literary man's instinct for the mental punctuation of his sentences, and the *Logic* in Murray's series of University Extension Manuals will to those that never knew Minto convey a fair idea of the work in the class, ever lightened up by a happy illustration or anecdote. He would bring down the house with his "sookin' the papist" story of the ancient lady who explained the "toopicans, crosses and fal-lals on the Free West Church" as due to the wet nurse of Dr. Davidson,

who had thus subtly influenced through heredity the early mind of her charge! He was a happy oral examiner, "putting on" his man as Izaak Walton did his frog, using him as if he loved him. Nervous men who can remember the ordeal with Bain will know what this means. Those of us who were shy or diffident and who, like the Abbé Sieyès, have lived through it, can only recall the Doctor's orals as a Reign of Terror.

To see Minto at his best and very best, and to see his hold upon and interest in his men, you had to meet him at a class supper or the dinner of a society. There was ever ease in his presence and under his chairmanship. He was a ready and graceful toast speaker, and he struck a happy note in those social hours. "It was different in my time," he would say in an affected tone of terror. "In our days, you know, we had a dinner at half-a-crown or so in the old Lemon Tree; plain leg o' mutton and a puddin'. Not this sort of thing," he added with a glance down the table at the guests in evening dress. "Heigh-ho! for the good old days of high thinking and plain living." Then he would turn to the waiter with a whisper of "Glass of ale, please, from the wood," and produce his pipe, after formally begging permission from those round him to smoke. "There are few things," he used to say, with a genial wink through the bottom of his glass, "so touching to me as a Bajan class supper about midnight. There then begins a strong trend up of the men to me. I see it coming, and I know what it means. They wish delicately to pump me and see if they have passed. I can't refuse to tell them, as you do; you have no bowels. I *must* tell them, or I should be unhappy. Now, here I sit, having put my hand to *the plough*, and I can't go back!" Yet no more discriminating examiner ever was; he would see honest effort in many a tangled mass, and patch up an answer on the poetry of Surrey and Wyatt to let many a quaking candidate through. Men

knew his generosity in this respect, and perhaps even trusted to it. "I had youth and beauty at my feet to-day," he once said, with a playful dig in our ribs, "youth and beauty, you dog. They were the sisters of ——, who either came or were sent by him to plead with me to let him through. They went down on their knees, and begged with tears that I should tell them he was safe. He wasn't. I could only escape by the lucky remembrance that the list had been posted that morning." He was equally judicious in dealing with the best men. "Confine yourself to the English questions in the degree paper," he whispered to the Seafield medallist one year. "I wish to let Troup the examiner see what *we* can do in English here." No other professor would ever have dreamed of so genially identifying himself with a student in the work of the class.

His type of intellect was strongly marked. It was that of the general as opposed to the specialized scholar. This, indeed, may be inferred from his graduating with triple honours in classics, mathematics and philosophy, which no one has done before or since, and which it is to be sincerely hoped no one will ever be foolishly tempted to do again. There can be little doubt that the heavy strain caused to a constitution never over-robust by this and the pressure of journalistic work ended in his own early death, as similar circumstances led to that of his classfellow, Professor W. Robertson Smith. Though Minto was a Ferguson Scholar in classics, at no time had he any pure classical instinct or capacity. He had little of historical feeling or touch on the past, and the attitude of the scholar to research was not habitually and consciously present to him. Like his master and predecessor, he was rather too much at ease intellectually; he had no deepening sense of the hunger and thirst of the specialist to take stock every decade of the advance of knowledge in his own field. He had thus strange fits of prejudice and

narrowness. He had little belief in history, and rather regarded it as an old almanac or a fiction pre-agreed upon. He had an overweening contempt, like our late moralist Professor Fyfe, for minutiæ. Greek accentuation they both ignorantly decried, heedless of the stinging note on such sciolists by Porson on the *Medea*. But his general type was acceptable in the highest degree to all with whom he came in contact. He had many interests, if he had no passions. Even his novels and playwriting, regret them as we may and do from the opposing and specialized point of view, may not have been useless to him in the gained experience of men and the world.

It is by his books that Minto will be known to the coming generation, for the bust in King's College Library hardly represents the man we knew. He has left much honest and solid work behind him, which it is alike wonderful and satisfying to contemplate in consideration of the circumstances under which it was written. His time available for such was greatly broken in upon through his engagements on the staff of *The Daily News* and *The Examiner*. We have heard that a good deal of his prose Manual was composed in Aberdeen at great heat; he would early in the day light the gas and pull down the blinds, to absorb himself in work in a tranquil atmosphere. To that Manual all students will turn with pleasure and profit who desire a fresh and interesting treatment of the subject. Many of the greater names could not be better done, and the introductory analysis of the style and thought of De Quincey, Carlyle, and Macaulay is a remarkably able and accurate study of the three great writers that cannot but be valuable to young students, if they only bear in mind Buffon's belief that the style is the man after all, and that no mere victorious analysis can ever reveal the source of an author's power. Only in the case of Addison do we think that Minto reveals a curious lack of judgment and insight. His *Characteristics*

*of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley* is a book best appreciated by those who work in that contested field. The complete study of the Elizabethans is the pasture of men of the days reached by Methuselah ; much of it was neither known nor available to Minto, as a glance at Saintsbury's superficial *Elizabethan Literature* and bibliographical appendix will show. But for ripe and original judgments Minto's book is excellent. On Marlowe, the key to the position, he is strong ; and on Chaucer, Langland, Greene, Spenser, he has much original matter. As a Bajan he was, he told us, drawn to the close study of Shakespeare's sonnets, and in the history of their interpretation he will fill a niche in literature—both for his general view of the dark woman in cxxvii–clii, hopelessly impossible as we hold it to be, as well as for his happy identification of Chapman as the poet of " the full proud sail " of sonnet lxxxvi. He did much excellent work, too, for Ward's *English Poets* and for the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Defoe as the prince of journalists attracted him ; and when he worked at that book for John Morley's English Men of Letters Series, the writer at the next desk in the British Museum singularly enough was John Hill Burton, then engaged on his *Age of Queen Anne.* He liked to talk of those days and his life as a London journalist, and the ability to turn overnight a Government Blue-Book into an article for the papers he attributed to his Bajan experiences of working for an examination.

Cicero for a politician stayed too long at the bar ; Minto for a scholar stayed too long in Fleet Street. Yet for him it had some advantages. Ulysses-like he had seen many men and known their mind. He alone of his colleagues impressed his students with the feeling of the old medieval wandering scholar who had realized and concreted in his own experience the *Universitas.* There was this charm in Bain, to our way of thinking the only

charm, that he also impressed the class with a feeling that here was visibly before it a man who had known great men, one giving definitions and criticism familiar to men the world over through his works and translations of them into other tongues. He " scored off his own bat " as it were, and added to knowledge ; there was no " stealing runs " by other men's brains. So, too, with Minto. He knew there were " hills beyond Pentland," and, politically a Home Ruler, was convinced that the application of that doctrine to learning was ruinous, knowing that to betray complacent ignorance or indifference to the best work in foreign arsenals and dockyards is to court wilfully educational supersession as a first-rate power. He thus brought the outside world to the gates and gave the look beyond which it is the peculiar and the indispensable function of a university to provide.

He was naturally of a hasty and quick temper. But it was kept well under control. He was sympathetic and affable to a degree, and his affability was natural and not consciously assumed. He never forgot the academic treatment to which he had been exposed as a very young man, and to which he never referred but with strong emotion and tears. It could never occur again, but much of the sympathy which he extended to his own men had been learned then by himself in the school of experience and affliction. He knew the traditions of the University well ; he remembered he himself had been a Bajan, to whom every parasang, every milestone on the road was familiar. He set himself studiously to catch the tone and mind of the men, and the hold which he thus early gained on their affection and esteem he maintained and increased to the end. John Colvin he regarded as " a part of the place." The feeling was mutual, and he viewed with a pleased smile the spectacle of the old man closing the door of the Logic Classroom, and genially blowing a kiss to all within.

He overshadowed his colleagues in both Colleges. Of this there is not the slightest doubt: "'tis true, and all men's suffrage." Time will only confirm this judgment. Those who have had in any way, by personal experience, by research, or by contact with others, to examine and study in detail the working of the Scottish university system, will confess that the natural tendency of the graduates is to swear *at* and not *by* their Alma Mater. Not one of Minto's old men has ever turned on him, or will turn. "Gladly would he learn and gladly teach," like his own Chaucerian clerk. He rated and carried himself very modestly, and, as a man of judgment and long-trained critical faculty, he set himself much more readily to find out what good could be said of a man rather than what could be found to his discredit. The sympathy and the eagerness evinced by all classes inside and outside the University to hear the slightest bulletin during his illness were quite unique in the North; they showed beyond all question how far he was the *Bien-aimé* of his dynasty. At an international conference of academic scholars, no doubt the North would have been ready to put forward his predecessor as its representative man. But as its second, and as a very good example of the general scholar without any aptitude or training for the exhibition of finished and detailed learning, it would none the less readily have felt secure in selecting William Minto. *Ultimus Romanorum.*

*Aurora Borealis Academica*, 1899.

## JOHN COLVIN.

*" Missa per innumeros sceptra tueris avos."*
BUCHANAN.

IT has been imperatively represented to me that John Colvin must be in this book. He was, it is said, " so much to many " that his absence would be simply fatal. Some took Arts, others Law, Medicine, Divinity ; but all had John. " Banish John and banish all the world." Shakespeare says Jack, but the quotation only serves to point the moral. There be Jacks innumerable, but only one John and one Johnny. John was one year senior academically to the Moralist, who entered King's in 1844.

" Grub and me," he told me, " entered Marischal in the same year." Grub was elected Lecturer on Scots Law and Conveyancing at Marischal College in 1843, and in the same year John entered as porter. When Principal Sir James Donaldson crossed the Schoolhill in 1847, John took the class in hand, as he tells us in this volume, and when he returned in 1882 to the Humanity Chair, it was John who welcomed him, " patting me on the back as one of his old boys." When John Cooper, the Marischal sacrist, died in 1873, John succeeded him and was transferred to King's in 1879, where he Homerically reigned as a sceptre-bearing king till 1891. He died in 1895. The name John had become legendary and dynastic. At Marischal, John Cooper and John Colvin ruled for 54 years ; at King's, John Thomson, John Smith, John Begg, ruled for 66 years. " John " had become a type, an inseparable idea, and so he remains even unto this day.

To myself he had become a sort of academic Melchizedek, without father or mother, and it was not till some years ago that I knew he was a native of Stonehaven.

He was, as Professor Minto fondly said of him, " part of the place." For biographical details, you can turn to *John : his pilgrimage and his picture as proclaimed at the presentation pageant in Marischal College on xii Nov., MDCCCXCII. Aberdeen, 1892.* But details are needless, for you cannot dissect or discuss an abstract idea or a category. Time, Place, and John always were and will be.

And the reason ? In our time no one ever saw the Principal, Peter Colin Campbell. He died in the first half of the Magistrand year, and we thus came to infer his existence from attending the funeral. He was the chief of the Clan Maciver, just as the Mackintosh, when he founded the bursary in 1728, described himself as " Chief and Principall of the Clan Chattan." To us all he was as visionary and remote as the Chancellor, Richmond and Gordon. Of his successors, Pirie was Boeotian, Geddes dignified. But they were not essential. No one knew them, while John was integral and essential. The question may even be raised, are Principals essential ? We are all convinced that John was and is. I have read in history of Principals and Moderators taking to open bazaars, and even to second a motion of thanks at a sale of ladies' work ! But no sacrist has ever fallen so low. The traditions of the office are high, and the duties are fully detailed in the Foundations of 1505 and 1531.

John and the Mace[51] are inseparable ideas. No academic researcher, I believe, has ventured on its history. I notice with some apprehension a portrait of it in *Meminisse Juvat,* and I cannot but think that this indicates some slackness of custody. I tremble for the ark. No one knew where it was kept. I have seen the St. Andrews mace, and the Scottish Regalia, but John alone was trusted with the honours. I know that on 29th October, 1787, the notorious Deacon Brodie and his gang stole the Edinburgh one. " Having got access at the undergate, they opened the door leading to the Library

with a false key which broke in the lock, and thereafter they broke open the door of the Library with an iron crow, and carried away the College mace." The magistrates in vain offered the reward of ten guineas. It could surely not have been worth much. You can see the new one in the fine Raeburn picture of Principal Robertson, the historian.

*Quid plura?* Has not the College Carolist, Mr. Bulloch, limned John?—

"What need for attempting his picture in prose,
Or why silhouette him in rhyme,
Why sketch you the figure that everyone knows—
Has known for a very long time?
The sacrist of King's! The dunce and the don
Remember each line of his face,
If, minus the surname, you mention but 'John'—
The grandest old Man of the Mace.

"That morning we entered the ven'rable quad.
To start on a College career,
The features of many and many a lad
Unkent—there was sure to appear
The figure of John, as he witnessed the start
Of rivals beginning the race;
Some visions may flit, it will never depart,
The sight of the Man of the Mace."

I have not seen the Chapel since his reign, nor do I favour these restorations and innovations. The plain flagstones and primitive simplicity were better.

"The steps of the pulpit, with bible in hand,
He mounted at dignified pace.
When sermons have vanished, and Lecturers bland,
We see but the Man of the Mace."

This was written in 1889, but Time has not altered the present tense. The faded purple or dark magenta of John's gown, and the grey socks of Johnny—I must protest against that heartless neologism of "sox" in his case—are the only bits of colour that will never fade in the academic memory of the Old Brigade.

## JOHN BARBOUR.

"Still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard."

BURNS.

ABERDEEN, says Sheriff Æneas Mackay, has done more for Scottish history than all the rest of Scotland combined. Outside Robertson, Scott, Tytler, of the moderns this is true, and it is not unfitting that the father of Scottish literature should hail from the Granite City, and bear to this day unmistakable marks of the place of his nativity. His townsman and fellow historian, John Hill Burton, thus describes his work :—

"Scotland is fortunate in the possession of such a memorial. The national hero of a country is seldom thus celebrated until centuries have passed and the manners have utterly changed. The chronicle or romance, whatever it may be called, is then an echo of the manners of its own day, not of the age it professes to commemorate. The whole school of Arthurian romance is an eminent instance of this. Barbour, however, was at his studies at Oxford within thirty years after Bruce's death. The Archdeacon was not a man of bold or luxuriant imagination, whence one is apt to give the more faith to his narrative. It has been accepted pretty freely into history, even by the dry and doubting Lord Hailes."

Barbour was Archdeacon of Aberdeen and held the Parish of Rayne. He can be traced in State papers at Oxford and Paris ; he was clerk of the household of Robert II, and auditor of the exchequer. He was thus a practical man of affairs, in touch with the best sources of the day. He died on March 13, 1396, and up to the Reformation his anniversary was kept in his native town and cathedral church. Witlings have decried him as a royal pensioner, forgetting that his book was composed without any expectation of his modest reward, and there is nothing of the courtier or sycophant about Barbour.

"Who now reads Cowley?" Pope asks, and it may be surmised that Barbour has been forgotten by his countrymen. No greater mistake can be committed, for he is, in the truest sense, the best known of all the historians of Scotland. Consciously, indeed, he may have passed from the familiar acquaintance of men, and how few Englishmen, apart from school book drudgery, know or care to know anything vital about Chaucer! But Barbour has seen his quincentenary, and he is most vitally alive. On the deck of steamers on the West Coast, in Skye and elsewhere, you can hear him with little change quoted by tourists and incorporated into the very texture of the guide-books. Scott, in his *Lord of the Isles*, has followed him closely, and in his Bannockburn scenes he drops into his very words. All the schoolbooks and histories rest upon him. Their most familiar episodes, Bruce and John of Lorn's dog, and the death of Bohun, are known to millions at home and in the colonies that never saw and never knew his native city. There are two standard quotations from his book. One is "Freedom is a noble thing," the other "He lives at ease that freely lives." They are quoted by Quentin Durward to the Countess of Croye.

Barbour wrote in what he called "Inglis" English. His work is the great literary monument of the Northern speech, the old tongue of Northumbria, the English once spoken from York to Aberdeen. With a little practice on the part of strangers it can be read with ease, and to the Aberdonian it is native. It is much closer to the spoken and written English of to-day than Chaucer is, whose French caste and idioms still make him difficult to most. By the *Scottish* tongue, *Scottis*, Barbour means the language of the Scots proper, the Gaelic. Dunbar styled Chaucer the flower of "oure tong," and all the Makars wrote in English. It was not till the estrangement of the two races and hate of the Southron—the

work of that idol of the ignorant English school-books, Edward I—led to the feeling of separate nationality, that the use of the Scottish tongue, in the modern sense, appears. Flodden in 1513 had done its work, and so had another idol of the English, Henry VIII. Gavin Douglas is perhaps the first writer to say he writes in *Scottis*. But he meant by that, all the same, the old literary tongue north of the Humber, the tongue of Bede and Barbour, of the nation and the Court. Barbour's accent is clear; never can he be mistaken for a man of Fife or Lothian, or a Borderer. His speech is heard on the streets to-day. Barbour's aim is double, to tell the deeds of Bruce and Douglas. He ends accordingly with the death of Douglas in Spain and the burial of the heart in Melrose. He is not a mere item-chronicler; in a small way he is a conscious artist, with a distinct beginning, middle, and end. His "buk" is a rounded whole and he claims for it that it is true. He was a Churchman and a man of affairs, and we may safely take him at his word and infer that he was, and meant to be, no mere idle singer of an empty day.

Devoted to the idol- and devil-worship of their sorry fetish, "The English Justinian, Edward I"—the War Lord and Hun whose lifelong aim was to evade Magna Charta, and who died with a brief from the Pope enabling him to treat it as "a scrap of paper"—Freeman and Green set themselves to write Barbour down. To the latter he is "historically worthless," to the former he is "a conscious liar." At most he is declared to be historical only in the outline which he could hardly miss, but always wrong in the details! This contradicts his own plain words; and Bain in his *Calendar of Documents relating to Scotland*, II–IV, an authority of final competence, regards Barbour as of "the highest value for the period," and "in details he is almost always correct, with occasional errors in names." This is crushing to the

historians that speak without book, and who possibly read him like Chinese. What is the charge against Barbour? Does he not stand self-condemned? Did he not call his book a Romance? He certainly did (I. 445-6) and for a perfect reason. There was no other name by which to call it. It was based in metre and form on the French metrical Romaunt, written in the octosyllabic Scott metre, and it shows in a good example the great and long-continued influence of France. The Romaunt gave the technical model to Barbour, but had nothing to do with the facts or matter. His readers were in no danger of being misled. Milton, like Homer, called his work an Epic, but believed every word was a "suth-fast thing." In outward form *The Brus* was simply one of the type recited by the King in crossing Loch Lomond, to keep up the hearts of his followers: in inward conception it was totally different. Lord Hailes was a critical historian, if ever man was; "as well entitled to be called," says Scott, "the restorer of Scottish history, as Bruce the restorer of Scottish monarchy," yet he follows Barbour closely, and regards him as worthy of confidence. For centuries before Barbour wrote, France had given the literary models, and the Romaunt was not made in a day.

There is one sin in Barbour, but it is of omission and not of commission. He makes no mention in the faintest way of Wallace. Bruce had much to forget, and of course his party preferred silence on many things. Wallace is the greatest of the National Heroes, and had rested on the people pure and simple; Bruce, the Anglo-Norman noble, attracted to his standard a very dangerous element, the unnaturalized and unnatural holder of fiefs in both countries—like the German high-placed spy and traitor of to-day—who only followed the victor and spoils. Precisely the same silence has happened in Augustan literature at Rome. Virgil, Horace, and others, knew

nothing, or professed to know nothing, about Julius Cæsar, for Augustus desired the Dictator and his memory to be discreetly cast into the shade. Apart from this grave blot, Barbour cannot be said to pervert history. He is curiously modern in tone, knowing nothing of monkish miracles, legends, or portents. He is totally devoid of Hector Boece's digestion of the marvellous. He is quite unimaginative and that, too, in places where he could easily have embellished. In that respect he was a genuine Aberdonian : the native of the city that in its heart of hearts suspects all poetry, that believes it has a Picture or Art Gallery, but believes it on evidence given, and steadily and contentedly remains outside. His only poetical phrase is in Bruce's reproof to Randolph, about " the rose fallen from his chaplet." It is so out of the Archdeacon's line that it is an argument for its authenticity.

Barbour is a first-rate authority. He gives the men as they were, and not as abstractions. He was mentally in advance of his time. He once quotes Virgil, and once Lucan. He cites the distichs of the late Imperial writer, Cato ; he knows all the medieval cycles and legends dealing with Alexander, Charlemagne, and the Trojan War. He was an Archdeacon ; but he had walked Exchequer Row and the Shiprow, knowing business. The Auditor has suppressed the Churchman, though he quotes the Maccabees and the Vulgate. Think of Chaucer's hopelessly absurd *Parson's Tale*, and much feeble fumbling. Once he raises the question of knowing Gaelic, almost certainly the tongue of most of the county in his day. When Bruce at Glendochart, in August, 1306, turns on the men of John of Lorn, that chief said the King was like Gol Macmorna, when Fingal put his men to flight. This Ossianic allusion is incidental and proves much. He knew that the Macindrossers, who sprang at the king " between the loch side and the brae,"

were *Anglice* Durwards. The wise woman in Arran that prophesied his future fortune to Bruce is a conscious reference to the Second Sight. But the wary Aberdonian expresses his scepticism about it all in a way that would have delighted Dr. Johnson in his 1773 Highland Tour.

Why should successive generations of children in Scotland be condemned to the garrulous fictions of Chaucer, especially his poorer work; to the perennial and worthless Bacon's *Essays;* to the consideration of the battle of Barnet, the tale of Lambert Simnel—never forgetting the essential tag in all the books, that he became "a scullion in the King's kitchen"—and be ignorant of the bare elements of the national history? What has the Church of Scotland got to do with Henry VIII, Anne Boleyn, Nell Gwyn, and other patentees of Episcopacy? It was the hope and wish of our old graduate, Sir James Donaldson, to live till he had seen the dream of his life fulfilled, the restoration of the National Parliament of Scotland in Edinburgh, the sure means and only hope for the salvation of our Nationality and of the Rural Schools, in whose defence he had embarked so many years ago. Mr. Asquith in his Guildhall speech to-day concluded with a quotation that the papers have not noticed. He spoke of Britain to-day having great allies in man's unconquerable mind. He is quoting Wordsworth's lines to Toussaint L'Ouverture :—

> —thou hast great allies;
> Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
> And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

We need the reminder in the preservation of Scottish Nationality from the Prussian Bureaucracy of the Education Department.

*Alma Mater*, 26 May, 1915.

## JAMES MACPHERSON.

"The moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae."

SCOTT.

MACPHERSON has a niche of his own in the history of our literature, while as a pioneer of the Romantic Movement he is both first in time and chief in influence, being like the polestar in the Shakespearian sonnet—a fixed mark that looks on tempests and is not shaken by the war. Apart from him, the movement would have been an army without its park of artillery, a mere hubbub of confused enthusiasts and belated sentimentalists. No book obtained in Europe such a vogue as did Macpherson's,[52] since the New Testament by Erasmus in 1516, nor have the echoes of the book or the controversy died away. Johnson was too near to focus it rightly, and Macaulay in 1824 was beside the mark when he denounced it as "a story without evidence and a book without merit." Its merit is that in its influence it became European, and still remains such.

In literature and in cricket position is everything. What with Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon is a miss, with Macpherson and Ossian ranks as a boundary hit. 1760 is an era of criticism; in that year Rousseau published his *Nouvelle Héloïse* and Macpherson in the *Scots Magazine* began what later on led to his *Fingal* and *Temora*. He is, therefore, about four years in advance of Chatterton and five ahead of Percy's *Reliques*. Mrs. Radcliffe codified him in 1794 by *The Mysteries of Udolpho* before his death, and the immortal Homeric *Prolegomena* by Wolf in 1795 was the result of the controversy. By that time Macpherson was fixed, and the question now is

no longer one of authenticity but of influence. His Ossian is no more genuine than the Book of Mormon or the Koran, but all three are factors of the very first importance.

He had instant recognition, a sign of that " felt want " so necessary for the new writer and for placing new goods on the market. An Italian translation came out in 1763 and was devoured by Napoleon, who raved about " Ocean " and took from him the historic address to the troops, that from the tops of the Pyramids the memories of forty centuries looked down upon them. Goethe met Herder in 1770 at Strasburg and received from him a copy of Macpherson ; he imitated *The Songs of Selma* in *The Sorrows of Werther* with a great effect on Europe. By 1781 Burns had read Ossian, dividing his *Vision* into duans after the manner of Macpherson and calling his dog Luath after the dog of Cuchullin. Two of the greatest episodes in Scottish literary history date from Burns's knowledge of the Aberdeen writer. There is the undated but now undoubted visit to the grave of Highland Mary, revealed by the *Elegy* in the Commonplace Book, a successful mystification for long by its author, who took, as he says, its phrases from " the mournful notes of the voice of Cona." Again, in his letter to the Bailies of the Canongate over the tombstone to the poet Fergusson, he takes the " narrow house "—marked as a quotation in the autograph—and the surrounding phrases from Macpherson's Lament for Morar by Alpin.

Leyden was driven to the East by the exploits of Mungo Park and the recollection of the words " Dark Cuchullin will be renowned or dead." Scott, who as a boy " devoured rather than perused it " and " could repeat whole duans," quoted the same line in his own darkest hour. Ryno, the dog in *The Lord of the Isles*, is from the bards of the song, Grey-haired Ullin, Alpin, and Ryno. Twice he mentions him in *A Legend of Montrose*,

and uses him frequently for Ranald of the Mist there. Byron bade adieu to Newstead Abbey in the words of our alumnus: "Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Yet a few years and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court." Half of the Byronic note and wave was Ossianic; "dark Lochnagar" was not revealed to the lame boy in the box-bed at Dinnet by "the natives," but in later years by Macpherson's book. By the historical tomb of Caecilia Metella in *Childe Harold* he takes a complete line in his moralizing from Home's *Douglas* and many phrases from *Fingal.*

Charles Lamb quotes from Carthon in his essay on the South Sea House: "I have seen the walls of Balclutha but they were desolate." Chateaubriand, who passes in criticism as the true inventor of the primeval forest, really stole wholesale, and never denied it, while all his school to this day in France goes on repeating the well-known imagery. Fenimore Cooper puts into the mouth of the Last of the Mohicans a good deal of Ossianic matter, and Poe in the *House of Usher* shews that he knew him. Longfellow closes *Evangeline* with the note that had never been heard till the world learned it from the West:—

> "Still stands the forest primeval . . . . . .
> While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
> Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

Dear to the sentimental Jacobite is that *Change*, which he thinks so genuine a relic:—

> "Star of the twilight grey,
> What hast thou noted?"

—a theft from *The Songs of Selma*: "Star of the descending night, what dost thou behold, fair light, etc., etc.?"

Achilles, Fingal, Arthur—what a vitality have they not all had, in spite of that extraordinary exhibition and melancholy attack by Mr. Carnegie on the "old barbarians," not the true down-Easters and men of Boston

raising! The historian of the Arthurian Legend, Professor Rhys, told me that he once walked down the streets of Tréguier in Brittany with Renan, a native of the little place, when his attention was struck by a memorial cross which, to judge by its tracing and symbols, seemed very ancient. "Made the other day," said the famous critic, "by a man over the way—good Breton, good Catholic, good pagan. Eh no, no, they don't believe in the Pope; they believe in Arthur." He related to the Welsh scholar an anecdote of Tennyson. The poet, said Renan, had been once at a little Breton inn, and noticed the awe with which he had been received by the people. Peasants peeped at him behind hedges at night in his rambles, and then vanished in the darkness. The laureate took this as a tribute to *milor Anglais* and believed the bill would tell. On his departure, the hamlet was as "one voice around a king returning from the wars." More poetic fears: the thing would be ruinous. But nothing to pay —"No, nothing, have you not sung the praise of OUR Arthur?"—the hero in whose coming the Bretons believe to this hour, the eponymous hero whose murder by John lost Normandy to the Angevins. The Coming of J. P. Morgan, the Return of J. D. Rockefeller—"What time the new moon waxeth and the old one wanes"—seem yet unrealized securities. Oblivion, said Sir Thomas Browne, is not to be hired.

Seven cities contended for the birthplace of Homer, but his race has hardly done justice to James Macpherson. I do not remember that the Celtic Society for the last thirty years has mentioned him or discussed him. Like the Boer generals, the Highlands look askance on that gold carried out of the country and maintain silence. But what has he not done for them and his race? Single handed, the greatest man in the whole Clan Chattan has done what all the Cluny Macphersons, Celtic Revivals, Societies, Mods, and Gaelic Chairs would never have

accomplished. Europe heard *him*—" the West a-callin', and it never heard aught else," but played over the world *Macpherson's Rant.* Of all Aberdeen graduates or alumni, he alone lies in Westminster Abbey, near Poets' Corner. Aberdeen has only three men of letters—Barbour, Macpherson, and Byron—and she has a memorial of none of them. Broad Street frontage and Education Museums exhaust her interest !

Macpherson was a Bajan in 1752, and perhaps had never heard of Lord Rectors, for from 1734 to 1759 they had not been elected. Certainly he could never have expected that a Scoto-Canadian Lord Rector in 1899 would have taken his title—the Strath or Vale of Cona —from his book.

*Alma Mater*, 28 January, 1903

## RABBI DUNCAN.*

It is a great pleasure to come across a new edition of this book, though we believe there are other and subsequent ones. Two of the most conspicuous omissions in the Mitchell Hall window are Clerk Maxwell and Rabbi Duncan. The former, it is true, was not an alumnus but only a professor; but Duncan was a native of Aberdeen, born in 1796 at Gilcomston, and educated at the Grammar School and Marischal College; M.A. 1814. His main work lay outside of the city, yet it is a matter of regret that so few should have heard of the book, one of extraordinary merit, and that his native place should be without some permanent memorial of the greatest linguist and the most acute logician that she has produced.

"During the quarter of a century which ended in 1870, there might have been seen almost daily in the streets of Edinburgh, during the winter months, an old man of singular appearance and mien; short of stature, and spare in figure, with head usually bent, and eye that either drooped or gazed wistfully abroad, as if recognizing a reality behind the illusions of sense; more like an apparition from a medieval cloister, than a man of the nineteenth century. That man was not only a characteristic figure among the celebrities of Edinburgh, but really one of the most noticeable men of his time—the late Professor of Hebrew in the College of the Free Church; the learned, original, profound, yet child-like Rabbi Duncan."

A few quotations from his simpler talk may be given, as opposed to his metaphysical, but the force of the book can be appreciated only by front rank scholars and

* *Colloquia Peripatetica:* Deep-sea Soundings, being Notes of Conversations with the late John Duncan, LL.D., Professor of Hebrew in the New College, Edinburgh: by William Knight, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. Sixth Edition. Edinburgh, 1907.

logicians. It is not for ordinary readers. "There is fine poetry in some of our Scotch Paraphrases.

> 'So days, and years, and ages past,
> Descending down to night,
> Can henceforth never more return
> Back to the gates of light.'

This is very fine poetry. But it was born in Hellas, and never existed in Judea. Now we are to sing the songs of Sion. 'Gates of light!' I begin to think of Aurora, fair daughter of the dawn! On the whole, I prefer the Psalms to the Paraphrases and Hymns." The words are unquestionably Bruce's (Par. viii. 11) and v. 8 seems a link with "The Cuckoo," and an argument for Bruce against Logan's authorship. What would Duncan have said of Heber's "By cool Siloam's shady rill . . . lily grows . . . Sharon's dewy rose?" It is as bad as can be, fit for P.S.A. sentimentalists that corrupt the old Scottish tune. Siloam is not a rill, is not cool nor shady, and the lily never grew there.

On Arianism he is acute. "It is meagre patchwork. If we are to be saved, it must be by God, or by man, and how grandly by the God-man. But that it should be by one, neither God nor man, neither one nor other, nor part of both, nor wholly both, nor wholly one of the two, but wholly neither, and, therefore, with no real affinity with either of them;—that system has no attractions for me. Let who choose go to it. I cannot, and never could."

He seizes Thomas à Kempis and the whole literature of the "Imitatio" school—the long tradition of the Victorines, Bonaventura, Eckhart, Tauler, Ruysbroek and the Mystics—by a happy distinction. "A fine fellow, but hazy, and weak betimes. He and his school tend to make humility and humiliation exchange places." Are we quite sure that Buddhist infusions into Europe have not told on the great book?

He has a remarkable view on angels. "I believe it

is a mercy that our eyes are shut to save us from angel-worship, for I do so believe in the ministry of angels. . . . We must beware, in this matter, of two extremes —of a vulgar credulity and a presumptive incredulity. We live in an age in which we should say, it *may* be so ; and neither that it *must* be so, nor that it *cannot* be so. I'm fond of the caveats. Some subordinate agents between God and man there surely are."

He is striking on image-worship at the root of all the old mythologies. The remark has often been copied, but the source is Duncan. " Protestant as I am, even image-worship does appeal to a part of man's nature. There is an old stone of granite by the roadside, as you wind up the hill at old Buda-Pesth, upon which a worn and defaced image of our Saviour is cut, which I often used to pass. . . . The thorough woe-begoneness of that image used to haunt me. . . . The memory of it comes fresh as when I first looked upon it. . . . The fact, that everywhere man makes for himself a God after his own image, is a suggestive hint of the counter-truth that God made man in his image. Idolatry is but man's helpless effort to get back to God, in whose image he was made ; a proof of that which Augustine says so well—'*Fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te.*'"

When Carlyle was at his zenith, with his Gospel of the Superman, Duncan was not taken in. This War will dethrone many a reputation. " I am no admirer of Force. I see nothing to admire in mere power, in its quantity apart from its quality. It seems to me that, according to his teaching, if you could conceive an omnipotent devil, you ought to worship him as much as Israel's Jehovah. [So that in one sense he is a modern Manichee ?] I suspect so. And an omnipotent militia of darkness would be the very horror of horrors. The connexion between Carlylism and despotism I see, but

the link is nowhere explicitly avowed. . . . Carlyle has great faith in the devil, but I suspect he always appreciates quantity of being and of power more than quality."

His enormous range of reading and linguistic enabled him to speak with authority in matters of style. "The Elizabethan English is largely founded on the Italian of the sixteenth century. The *Decameron* was a good deal read in England at that time. Hobbes founded his excellently terse style, to a great degree, upon the Italian of the sixteenth century." Perhaps the War will set us free from the German superstitions and lead to a return to the "auld alliance." "I am fond of the French writers for their clearness. They are not always profound, but you always know what they mean. French literature has not originated much, but it is admirable as a means of popularization, and good as a vehicle for humour. Voltaire is perhaps the greatest master of wit that ever lived. His style, too, is the finest in French literature. He grounded it, I think, on Pascal's, who wrote most noble French." The famous adage "not deep, but drumlie" is by Duncan. "There is no writer like Aristotle for using no more words than he had thoughts. He is the very model of the precise and the full together. The Schoolmen lost this."

He could not tolerate the vulgar Utilitarians: "I don't much care for all the world becoming next-door neighbours. We are drifting into an awfully materialistic and utilitarian age. I do not like to think of railways in the heart of mountains. They are taking them into Greece, and tunnelling Olympus! What a strange thought for a man with any classic reverence in him! They'll be watering the engines at Hippocrene."

His range of reading was unique. "I am going to read Origen again, carefully, for I don't think justice is done to him. Philo-Judæus, Clemens Alexandrinus, and

Origen were three remarkable Alexandrines. I'm particularly fond of the miscellaneous thinking of Clement and of Tertullian. Excellent things in Tertullian but terribly crabbed African Latin. This is an age of superficiality. It is an age of diffusion, but we must always have a few who take care of the folios."

Some of us will never waste our time on Pantheism. Some are historically built, others are hyper-metaphysical. Duncan puts it in a nutshell. "My answer to Pantheism is a moral one. I ask the Pantheist, first, is sin real? Is it a moral antithesis and discord in man's life? And then I ask him, is that which involves a discord the outcome of the infinite *One?* The forthflow of the one life of the universe must contain no ultimately and irreconcilably jarring elements. Now sin and holiness are antithetic, and you cannot connect them by tracing them back to a common fountain-head. Therefore, I say, the universe has not been evolved."

The two radically opposed types of mind, the Aristotelian and the Platonic, he thus states: "The architectonic intellect is a magnificent endowment. Its function is to arrange the materials of knowledge; but it cannot quarry the stones. This the Intuitionalist must do."

He would have sympathized with Professor W. Robertson Smith in the belief that Latin was absolute. "Bengel's short *Scholia* are among the very best on the New Testament. But why is that book translated? It is a *loss* to our ministers to have it translated." . . . "Matthew Henry is not deep but broad, because he cast himself with equal reverence upon the whole of the Bible, and *had no favourite texts.*"

He sums up Richard Baxter. "Baxter was in my eyes a great muddler; but the whole Church cannot help liking Richard Baxter for all his muddling. He was a singularly great man." The late Dr. Grosart, who

knew the field as no other specialist ever did, told me that Gladstone said to him, "Of all the men that have ever lived, I believe I love in my heart of hearts Richard Baxter." He assured me Gladstone's knowledge of the field, Patristic and Puritan, was enormous, and that when he satisfied Gladstone that Lord Bacon did not write "The Christian Paradoxes," but Palmer did, the reply was such a biographical and bibliographical contribution as would have made a man's reputation. One of Grosart's many happy discoveries was the writer of the lines worked up by Ben Jonson in his Shakespeare tribute: "I will not lodge thee by Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie a little further," etc. They are still attributed to Donne, who never could have reached them. The original was by William Basse:—

> "Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
> To learnèd Chaucer; and rare Beaumont, lie
> A little nearer Spenser, to make room
> For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
> To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
> Until Doomsday; for hardly will a fifth,
> Betwixt this day and that, by Fate be slain,
> For whom your curtains may be drawn again."

*Alma Mater*, 13 January, 1915.

## DAVID MASSON.

"From Love's shining circle
The gems drop away."
*The Last Rose of Summer.*

THE death of Professor Masson removes from our midst not only the most distinguished Scotsman of his time but the last, with one exception, of the band of Aberdonian Augustans who shed fame and lustre on their native city and the Grammar School. John Hill Burton, Professor Blackie, Professor Bain, Professor W. Garden Blaikie, Professor Masson, have passed away. Dr. Walter Smith, born 5th December, 1824, in 16 Blackfriars Street, alone remains.

So many changes have taken place in the streets of Aberdeen in recent years that it takes a really strong effort of memory, even with those not yet arrived at grey hairs, to picture to themselves the exact surroundings and position of the Grammar School as these men knew it. The old building in the Schoolhill, whose unbroken site, at least, went back to the oldest days of the city—older than the battle of Largs, in 1263, and old in years and history when Provost Robert Davidson left his shop in the Shiprow to fall at Harlaw—had been rebuilt in 1757 for the moderate sum of £400. The whole school and playground might have been almost held inside the present hall, yet this was the place that had such an abiding hold on the memories and affections of all these men. There is no need here to remind the reader of what Masson has done for the School. His memories of it remain a cherished possession of all Old Boys, and, indeed, of all Aberdonians. It is peculiarly fitting, accordingly, that

DAVID MASSON.

*(Reproduced from "Quasi Cursores," 1884.)*

the features of Melvin and Masson are both preserved in the Mitchell Window in Marischal College.

Masson's eulogy of Melvin has been incorporated by the present Rector in his admirable volume, *Bon Record*, issued last year, and to that source all with confidence can be recommended who desire a memorial of our School and its great Latinist. The portrait of the man and his surroundings is there drawn with loving care, and shows how deep and lasting had been his memory for the past. Nothing can be added to it ; the thing has simply been done for all time. Only after long reflection and brooding on the subject could such a thing be done. " It is long," he said, " since I determined one day to say something in public on Melvin." When it came, it was seen to have been worth the waiting for. It goes to the root of the matter, and the result is like his friend Dr. John Brown's *Letter to John Cairns, D.D.* " Brown," as one of his friends said at the time, " was long in getting wound up and letting himself go, but when he did it, the last word was said." Both portraits are very Scotch : the one of the Northern, the other of the Southern type. So matterful are they, that many readings do not exhaust the charm of either.

" Great teachers," writes Dr. Cantlie of another Aberdonian, Dr. William Pirrie, " leave with their pupils an impression, a picturesque presence, wellnigh impossible to convey in writing. The greatest teachers are those of the various religious beliefs, and they taught, not by writing, but by the influence of personality and by the power of speech. A real teacher implants in his pupils' memories words, sentences, principles, modes of action, groundwork of beliefs, and beliefs themselves, which are carried into the daily life of the individual, and, maybe, handed down to posterity." Eminently true of Melvin, it is equally true of Masson in Edinburgh, where some critics have already not failed to notice that the Melvinian

instincts, habits, and ideals of work and accuracy abode with him and influenced him all through life. "Had Melvin," he said, "taught nothing, the very sight and the moral influence of the man were a priceless education in themselves." Yet all this was done in a mean building in the Schoolhill. There Melvin formed the characters of thousands of Aberdonians, as Masson, in turn, handed on the influence and tradition to thirty Arts classes of Edinburgh students.

He was first bursar, out of 76 competitors, at Marischal College in 1835, entering in his twelfth year. By a curious coincidence, one of his class in Arts bore my own name. Marischal College then was pre-eminently for "toon's bairns," King's College drawing on the county and North generally. The names of the successful competitors were then declared from the windows of the Town House. The crowd of expectant schoolboys had hung about Broad Street all night, till in the grey of the morning the Rev. John Murray, one of the city ministers who sat in conclave over the Latin Version, at that time the entire test of the Bursary Competition, descended the stairs, eager, no doubt, for his breakfast, and informally announced that David Masson was the first bursar. I remember how, in 1871, in the present School, the City Fathers and clergy sat late into the night over the Visitation Exercise—something about Cadmus and the founding of Thebes—and how Dr. Spence, of Footdee, came out to betray the "Cabinet secret" that my version, after long and heated discussion, had been declared *sine errore*.

I have not seen it noted, but I believe Masson himself used to declare his great indebtedness, both at school and college, to an almost forgotten Aberdeen worthy. There was no Debating Society at either. I fancy such a thing in the thirties would have seemed revolutionary, and a direct attack on the Fifth Commandment. Ideas on

literature and poets—Tennyson began about that time to be mentioned in Aberdeen—were then discussed in the shop of " Tea Willie Smith," 106 Union Street, mentioned by Dr. Walter Smith in his " Raban " as one for whom

> "Nor sun nor moon nor star nor chime
> Set punctual tide for him or time,
> For all his habits were at strife
> With orderly mechanic life."

They used to spend hours rambling at night in Union Street, especially about the façade of St. Nicholas, discussing the new stars beginning to appear on the literary horizon, stars like those which, in another firmament, he said he used to see from the top of the old observatory of Marischal College.

After graduation in 1839, he studied Divinity for one year under Dr. Chalmers at Edinburgh. Chalmers, Carlyle, Melvin, were the three ideals of his life. Of Chalmers long after he said he was the man of men given to him in his youth to know, " the man I fondly think I see in my dreams." His friend, Professor W. G. Blaikie, dux of the Grammar School in 1833, has also expressed the same feeling : " During the thirty years in which I lived in 9 Palmerston Road, I felt it a distinct source of pleasure that my house was a few yards from the grave of Chalmers. I never passed it without a sense of elevation, a feeling of being lifted up to a higher level of thought and feeling."

The chief events in his life may be briefly chronicled here. In 1853 he succeeded A. H. Clough as Professor of English Literature in University College, London. In 1865 he returned to Edinburgh, as successor of Aytoun in the English Chair, and this he held till his retirement in 1895. He was for thirty years one of the most successful men in a Scottish University Chair, producing a long train of students on whom he left his mark. What he himself had said of Melvin, others, in turn, had come to apply to

himself. He enjoyed what the French call a *postérité contemporaine*, and was regarded by all men as peculiarly associated with the capital of Scotland. When he first knew it, Wilson was the best-known figure on its streets; ere he died, Professor Blackie filled the place vacated, to be succeeded by Masson, "the grand old man of Edinburgh," as Lord Rosebery styled him.

During his long career he had come to know all his great contemporaries in civil and literary life, both at home and on the Continent. The Edinburgh of his early days still remembered the traditions of Scott and his predecessors. Chalmers was living in Inverleith Row, Sir William Hamilton in Great King Street, the leonine figure of Christopher North was an everyday vision, De Quincey was at Lasswade waiting his subsequent biographer and editor, Cockburn and Jeffrey upheld the name of the *Edinburgh Review*. Of this band Masson was practically the last. Honours came upon him. Aberdeen made him a Doctor of Laws in 1864, Dublin in 1892, Edinburgh in 1896, St. Andrews in 1905. In 1893 he became Historiographer Royal for Scotland, an honour twice conferred on a pupil of the Grammar School—on Masson and on John Hill Burton.

At the time of his death, he had reached his 85th year, having been born on 2nd December, 1822. His last two letters to Aberdeen practically bore on his early days. On the death of Dr. Bain he wrote, on 5th October, 1903, to say that his present state of health prevented him from expressing "in any adequate manner the feeling with which I look back on my lifelong comradeship with Dr. Bain, and the strength of my affection for his memory." The Quatercentenary of the University found him unable to be present, but ready to testify his "unabated affection" for his native city and the Grammar School.

He was a sound Scotsman, and a genuine Aberdonian. Like all really strong natures, he clung to the

ways of his youth and the accents of his birthplace. He stood for the town, the University, and the School, betraying a rooted dislike of all weak, denationalized snobs, who, after being exposed to the corrupting ways of the alien, return with a relaxed speech and a cosmopolitan affectation. He knew perfectly the history and traditions of Bon-Accord, leaving with all the impression of a deep pride in, and affection for, the city. He was never taken for anything else. In this he was scarcely like Professor Blackie. " I'm an Aberdonian like yourself," he said to me, " but I keep it dark. I can get none to believe me." Certainly, he had little of the type associated with us. But Masson had it, and gloried in it. As the apostle boasted of his " no mean city," and as the chief captain declared that he had bought with " a great sum " the Roman citizenship, he had come to believe that the *civitas Aberdonensis* was not in the market even for millionaires, but could be acquired only by birth or by education at the Grammar School.

He retained strong to the close his native tongue, the best in Scotland, if not, indeed, the best in the island. He would recall how, long ago, he had seen a policeman in London running along a dark street at night with a lantern. Out of the darkness came an unknown voice with an Aberdeen accent : " Hey, man, faur are ye rinnin' wi' that bowat ? " The policeman stopped and cursed the man for his " Portugee lingo." The word had fled the Broadgate to die in London. How many men in Aberdeen have heard the word ? Not ten, I believe. Yet, in 1566, the Town Council decided on the erection of " ane gryt bowat or lamp on the east gable of Sanct Ninian's Cheppell, upon the Castlehill," and in 1627, in view of an expected descent of fourteen Spanish ships on the town, erected a " fyir bitt " on the Hill of Brimmond.

He retained also the simplicity of manner of his early days. He loved to recall how, nearly seventy-five years

ago, he and the now last survivor of the Grammar School class, together with " Eddy Fiddes " (Edward Fiddes, deceased manager of the North of Scotland Bank), on the school holiday of the first of May, each with a penny in their hands, spent the livelong day at Torry, expending their pence on milk at a farm, which still exists, on the road descending from the tramway terminus to the Bay of Nigg. That survivor of the class, the oldest alumnus of Marischal College in the Quatercentenary procession, I met—he is a relation of mine—under the Mitchell Window last year. He was vigorous and erect at eighty-eight. I pointed to Melvin and Masson in the window, and, knowing the class pronunciation of his name, said, " Saw ye Davie Messan onywye aboot ? " " No," said the veteran " Davie tell't me he couldna come. I am the Class."

I believe it was whispered some time ago he was engaged on the production of his *Autobiography*. I hope the belief is correct. Meanwhile, the suggestion of a " Masson Medal " for the Grammar School seems a fitting memorial of one so long a tower of strength and source of legitimate pride to all concerned in its welfare. I am sure the idea will not be lost sight of.

*Grammar School Magazine*, October, 1907.

[Masson in his will expressed the earnest wish that no *Autobiography* or *Life* should be issued.—W.K.L.]

## SIR JAMES DONALDSON.

"Next to the Grammar School stood the convent of the Blackfriars, founded early in the thirteenth century by Alexander II, dedicated to Saint John the Baptist."

*Book of Bon-Accord*, p. 124.

THE death of Principal Sir James Donaldson, of St. Andrews, removes one of our outstanding Old Boys, and calls for more than a mere obituary notice in the *Magazine*. I have been intimately acquainted with him since 1882, and in one sense the connexion dates much earlier, for in 1868, in the first class of the School, we had used his edition of *Jacobs' Latin Reader*.

Sir James had reached the age of 84, and was born in 1831, I believe in Blackfriars Street, near the house where another distinguished alumnus of the School, Walter C. Smith, saw the light. He attended the Grammar School in Classes I–IV during the years 1842–46, and I have been told that in the Blackfriars Street Congregational Church, of which the Rev. Dr. John Kennedy was minister, he was held up to others, such as Mr. Kellas Johnstone and the Rev. Dr. P. T. Forsyth, as the Model Boy. To those far-off days he looked back with affectionate memory, and he referred to them in an article he contributed to the first number of *The Aberdeen University Review*. "Kennedy, minister of Blackfriars Church, had been a student at King's College. He got hold of every young man of ability whom he could attract to himself. He inspired them with a love of literature, and a number of these men exhibited, when at College, remarkable powers of literary work. Two of these were Walter Smith (*Olrig Grange*) and George MacDonald, who are now known to all the world. With both of these I was associated for some

time, though they were about seven years older than I was. I heard George MacDonald deliver his first sermon in the vestry of Blackfriars Street Chapel. Whatever else might have been thought of it, it was a flow of exquisite English and of beautiful thought. It is pleasant to go back to these old times, and it is pleasant for me to record that Dr. Kennedy was the best and wisest friend I had in these early days."

In the Quatercentenary issue of *Alma Mater* he described the change from the Grammar School to Marischal College, and his experience of the Bursary Competition. For centuries the Version alone had been the test at both Colleges. A passage for translation from Latin into English had become part of the Competition at King's College in 1847, up to which date such a passage had been previously taken into account only to decide between competitors made equal by the Version test. This innovation had been introduced by Professor George Ferguson, so that both tests counted equally. At Marischal College the change had been made the year before, when Donaldson entered. Greek was introduced at both in 1849. The mention of John Colvin will appeal to many.

"We were familiar with every corner of the old Grammar School. It was to us a nice, cosy, small place. But when we passed through the narrow gate in Broad Street and stood in front of Simpson's splendid granite building a chill came over us, and we wondered whether we should ever feel at home in what seemed to us palatial spaces and classrooms and hall. Besides this we had already had experience that matters did not proceed in the same uniform way as under Dr. Melvin. At the Bursary Competition we had for the first time to render a passage in Latin into English, and no instruction had been given us whether we were to translate literally or make good English of it. This was to us a great

innovation, for nearly all our labour had been spent on translating English into Latin, and in our reading of Latin prose authors our attention was turned to gathering phrases for our Version from English into Latin. It seemed as if with new buildings we were surrounded by a new atmosphere, and indeed, by a kind of new world. But the chill was soon dispersed. The kindly sacrist, John Colvin, took us in hand, and put us up to all the ways of the place. Throughout our whole career he was ready to help us, told us about various things that went on within the circle of the professors which it was advantageous for us to know, and kept us out of mischief, or if we did get into mischief, opened up for us the easiest exit. When I returned to Aberdeen as Professor after a long absence, John gave me the heartiest welcome, patting me on the back as one of his old boys."

He graduated in 1850, and seems to have had a narrow shave for it through some extraordinary qualms of conscience about the graduation oath. Readers of *A Legend of Montrose* will remember how the old Marischal College oath caused Dugald Dalgetty similar difficulties when in the Spanish service. "I found, in short, that although my being a Protestant might be winked at, in respect that I was a man of action, and had more experience than all the Dons in our *tertia* put together, yet, when in garrison, it was expected that I should go to mass with the regiment. Now, my lord, as a true Scottish man, and educated at the Mareschal College of Aberdeen, I was bound to uphold the mass to be an act of blinded papistry and utter idolatry, whilk I was altogether unwilling to homologate by my presence. True it is, that I consulted on the point with a worthy countryman of my own, one Father Fatsides, of the Scottish Convent in Würtzburg . . ." Those who remember Longfellow's Vogelweide the Minnesinger, buried "under Würtzburg's minster towers," may know this foundation

in Bavaria commemorated the old Scottish Saint Kilian. What Dalgetty was told by various casuists may be found in the novel. In Donaldson's case, Professor Cruickshank managed to save the situation.

" I was told that before being capped I had to swear and vow that I would profess the one and only orthodox religion and faith publicly set forth in the Scotch Church, and widely differing from all heresies of papists or of any other persons whatsoever. It was not very clear whether the Latin word meaning ' differing ' (*longe abhorrentem*) agreed with the swearer or the faith. In the oath administered to the graduands of St. Andrews there was no doubt. They had to take an oath that they would remain till their last breath in the profession of the purer religion which had been reformed from all the errors of the papists. I felt that I could not promise to reject all the heresies of every one whatsoever, or even of the Roman Catholics for all time to come, and I was not sure whether I had not already adopted some of the heresies denounced in the Westminster Confession of Faith, which was the standard of the Scotch Church. Professor Cruickshank took me to a private room in the College, and tried to show me that my scruples were unnecessary, that the oath was a mere form and that I was quite free to believe anything I liked. I could not see this, and then he told me that it did not matter whether I took the oath or not, that I would get my degree all the same."

He speaks very highly in that article of the old Marischal College staff, and deals fully with Blackie in Latin, Robert Brown in Greek, Cruickshank for Mathematics, Gray for Natural Philosophy, Macgillivray for Natural History ; and less favourably of Martin and Dewar for Moral Philosophy and Church History. Blackie had studied in Germany under Boeckh, Gerhard, K. O. Müller, and Bunsen ; and to Berlin, no doubt under the advice of Blackie, he proceeded after graduation. I have had at

various times to read the works of all four, and I had the *Greek Literature* of Müller as the first prize in the Bajan Class, being impressed by the fact that he was buried at Colonus, near the hill with the nightingales in the well-known chorus of the *Œdipus Coloneus*. Of Gerhard he speaks highly. "He stands out as perhaps the greatest scholar that applied his energies to show how much light could be thrown on the life of the ancients by an examination and interpretation of vases, statues, and other works of art. He knew almost every vase that had been unearthed. And he directed attention to the important information that could be derived from them in regard to the religion of the Greeks, such as on the Eleusinian mysteries and on the whole range of mythology. His book on Greek mythology is an extraordinary accumulation of well-arranged facts, and he has directed the minds of scholars to some regions of inquiry which have been hitherto neglected, but are now beginning to attract attention." My own memory is only a confused chaos of vague impressions derived from George Dennis's great work on the *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, that strange field in which one of the first workers was our famous F.P. Thomas Dempster (1579–1625), in his *Etruria Regalis*, when he held the Chair of Latin at Bologna, rendered illustrious by his predecessors Manutius, Sigonius, and Robortellus.

During his Marischal College course Donaldson acted as one of the editors of the *Aberdeen Universities' Magazine* in 1849–50, conducted by a joint staff from both the Colleges, and it is curious to reflect that the Grammar School was later associated with other two members, for of the mathematical masters in my time, the Rev. George Macarthur and Mr. Charles Sleigh, the first was secretary and the second was treasurer. The year 1848 during his course stands out yet as one of the great political landmarks in Europe, and such another we shall

not see till the close of the present War. France, under Lamartine and General Cavaignac, led the way to the deposition and flight of Louis Philippe. The German princelings hastened to grant constitutions. Frederick William IV of Prussia, brother of William I, who succeeded in 1861 and became Emperor in 1871, was involved and the present Junker Constitution was established. Lombardy and Venetia rose in revolt, Hungary declared for independence ; the Slavs of Bohemia and Silesia took arms. The swelter ended in the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand and the accession of his nephew, in his eighteenth year, Francis Joseph, destined to witness this last cataclysm. The Italian exiles crowded home, with Mazzini from London and Garibaldi from Monte Video. The fervour spread to Marischal College, and to show their appreciation of their Continental brethren in their struggles for liberty, Donaldson and other ardent spirits came out in "wide-a-wake" hats, the then accepted badge of political disaffection. I believe that up to that time even straw-hats had been viewed with disfavour, being regarded as the mark of Americans or West India planters. The class of 1846–50 maintained an active existence, and he told me that they wrote and acted their own plays and songs. A select band met at Seaton Cottage on the Don, the house of John Forbes White, and discussed freely classical and literary subjects. Blackie was greatly excited by the Continental risings. "In 1848, when the news came that Louis Philippe had to surrender his crown and a French Republic had been established, he came to his class in a state of great excitement, exhibited the pictures of *The Illustrated London News* to us, expatiated on the reasons for the revolution, and led us to understand that we can never know antiquity properly unless we first know the motives and laws that regulate the movements of our own and other modern states and kingdoms."

Donaldson was, on his return, elected Greek Tutor at Edinburgh in 1852, Rector of the Stirling High School in 1854, and of the Edinburgh High School in 1856. In 1855 he had been a candidate for the Rectorship of the Aberdeen Grammar School, when Evans was elected. On the death of Professor Black he succeeded to the Latin Chair in Aberdeen in 1882, leaving for St. Andrews in 1886. Mr. George Middleton, Classical Master in the School, thus refers to his work, in the Arts Class Record of 1881–85: "We read with Dr. Donaldson part of Horace's *Satires* and the whole of Plautus' *Rudens*. The Professor did not confine himself to the grammatical observations, as was so often the case at that time in the Scotch Universities. His aim was to bring before his students the living reality of the old writers of the past, and he therefore succeeded in making his class thoroughly interesting. I have before me now the notes of the lectures, and have been turning them over in the light of the experience of the last twenty-five years as student and teacher. What strikes one most in them is the fullness and variety of the information. The lecturer is equally at home whether he is discussing literature, or syntax, or Plautine scansion, or telling us about the MSS. in Continental libraries, or dwelling on the value of inscriptions. Here we had an able, broad-minded man, and one who, in spite of his learning, was no pedant. Dr. Donaldson was most approachable and humble-minded, and was, I am sure, a universal favourite with the class. Many of my classfellows will recall what an excellent chairman he made at our Semi class supper. I remember walking to the Old Town in his company at the close of that function; he told me my place in the class, and how I had done in my class examination, and had a word of good counsel for my future course. Dr. Donaldson had a wonderful memory for people, and kept himself informed about his old pupils. It was my fortune

to be Lecturer in St. Andrews for two years, and I had many opportunities of meeting the venerable Principal, and received much kindness from his hands. I found he had still kept up his old interest in Aberdeen, and he inquired about several of my classfellows in a way which showed that he had followed their careers."

In 1878 he acted as one of the Commissioners of Endowed Institutions in Scotland, and, along with the late Professor Fuller, he reconstructed the curriculum of the Grammar School. He promoted the University Commission of 1889–92, to which he largely contributed.

Throughout all his life he retained strongly his Aberdeen ways and traditions. His accent remained clear and defined, really the best accent in the Empire—the negation of all accent and intonation—when associated with all its native purity and vigour. He regarded with aversion all Scottish snobs, renegades, and affected creatures. This point, I believe, has been singled out by Lord Rosebery for special notice of his appearances at the Quincentenary celebrations of St. Andrews, his native accent and tact in effacing himself to bring others forward. He was ever an excellent chairman and after-dinner speaker, in striking contrast with many of his colleagues, who should have been shipped to man German submarines, from their preternatural instinct for the torpedo and sinking everything with which they were associated. Politically, he hoped to live long enough to see the dream of his later years, the restored National Parliament of Scotland in Edinburgh, with the Stone of Destiny, of which we were robbed by that Hun, Edward I, under the Speaker's Chair. His death brings to me the sad reflection that, of the band formed over thirty years ago to promote this object, now within sight and with powerful auxiliaries working at home and in the Colonies, only two remain—myself being one, and the other a distinguished Colonial patriot of the same age as Donaldson.

That Parliament, he felt assured, would save the rural schools, in whose defence we embarked so long ago, and would seal for ever the fate of all Departmental Bureaucracies, which have of late been indulging in wild schemes that can only endanger the prosperity of the Grammar School and the best traditions of the North of Scotland.

*Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine*, June, 1915.

## ALEXANDER MACINTYRE.

THE following curious fact may shew the strong interest that some few—alas, too few—graduates still take in the records of their Classes.

The Secretary of the 1856–60 Class of King's College and University had noted in far-off South Africa a statement about Alexander Macintyre, the strong rascal in Sir Walter Besant's novel of *My Little Girl*, which was given to the writer of the article in *Aurora Borealis*, p. 110, on my authority. Believing that out of the 40 Magistrands, 23 yet alive, from their Bajan year of 100 members none bore that name, he thinks a mistake has been made. To-day, one of their class has called to clear up the mystery, more eager to track Macintyre than Steyn !

The paragraph in *Aurora* is correct to a comma. Naturally, Macintyre was not his real name. To have disclosed both that and his town would have been too risky in consequences to a novelist.

When Sir Walter was in Aberdeen about five years ago [1896], he visited King's College, and stated that "Macintyre" was still alive. Later on, I put before him a tabulated scheme of clues that convinced me that "Alexander Macintyre" had been a Magistrand there between 1850–60 who had drifted to Port Louis in the island of Mauritius. There he had met Besant, then Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College.

Besant admitted it, but would reveal no more beyond the fact that "I believe my old friend to have now gone under, as I have heard nothing about him for more than

twenty years." The late Charles Meldrum—LL.D. 1876; M.A., Marischal College, 1844—of the Observatory in Mauritius, also kept strict silence over this distinguished Aberdonian.

Such a character as Macintyre, where the dialect, the tone, the characteristics, are so perfectly caught, photographed in fact by an Englishman beyond all the reach of Dr. George MacDonald's rubbish and jargon, must have attracted the attention of many. The steady, cool, unrepenting sinner is a perfect piece of work, drawn from life. Some secretaries of Arts Classes silently pride themselves on their Class having the highest number of jail-birds, of lunatics, parliamentary or public men, in it! None would disown Macintyre. He is too able for anything but respectful admiration.

It is possible that some old graduates between 1850 and 1860, reading Besant's book with a perfect memory for the past, a close touch on the phrase and the characteristic feature, may see much in the drawing that necessarily was lost to me, and so lead them to a final identification of the secret that died with Besant and Meldrum. If so, I should be glad to hear from such, in confidence, their reasons for their belief.

[The above Note in *Alma Mater*, 27th November, 1901, called forth a reply from Mr. Alexander Kemlo in the number for 29th January, 1902.]

GENTLEMEN,—Will you kindly allow me, as the person referred to as Secretary of the 1856–60 Class of King's College and University, who noted in far-off South Africa the statement about Alexander M'Intyre, to make a few remarks on Mr. Wm. Keith Leask's letter in *Alma Mater* of 27th November, 1901?

I certainly never thought that some mistake had been made for the reason assigned, viz.:—that I believed that out of the 40 Magistrands in that Class none bore that name. *I know* that no one of the 40 bore that name, and I would never have imagined that Sir Walter Besant would have given the character, if "drawn from life," his real name. Had I had any such idea, I might have feared that I myself, as one of the two or three "Alexanders" in the Class, might have been suspected to be the prototype of Alexander M'Intyre; but the fact of my name

being Alexander sets my mind at rest on that point. My complaint is founded on much more precise and definite grounds, viz., that in the appreciation in *Aurora Borealis Academica* the suggestion is made that the original of Alexander M'Intyre is actually one of the 40.

If the appreciation had said, as Mr. Leask seems to insinuate that it does, that Alexander M'Intyre had been a Magistrand at King's College between 1854–60, I would have let the matter alone. But this is not so. The paragraph in *Aurora* which Mr. Leask assures you is correct to a comma, says :—" ' This morning,' he (Professor Fyfe) said, ' I happened to look over the portraits of the last class I conducted for Professor Scott, and as a parting wish I cannot do better than utter the prayer—God grant none of you may have a career like some of them.' Query :—Was he thinking of the original of M'Intyre ? " Now, the last class which Professor Fyfe conducted for Professor Scott (and the one to whose portraits he referred, if he made such a statement about it, which I am sure he never did) was the 1856–60 Class of King's College. This distinctly suggests that the original of M'Intyre was a member of that Class, and not only so, but that other members of it bore a similar character.

*I*, certainly, am in no way eager to track M'Intyre, whatever the gentleman who called on Mr. Leask may be. My sole object is, as ex-Secretary of that Class, and as a member of it, to vindicate its character. Notwithstanding Mr. Leask's assertion that no Secretary of an Arts Class would disown M'Intyre, I, as ex-Secretary of the Class in question, most emphatically do so, and beg leave to assure Mr. Leask, not in confidence, that in *his* endeavours to track that worthy, he may at once eliminate that Class from the field of his researches. I have never heard of any one of the 40 ever being in Mauritius and I think I may say with certainty that no one of them ever set foot upon that island.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
ALEXANDER KEMLO.

Butterworth, Cape Colony,
21*st December*, 1901.

## MR. KEMLO AND THE 1856–60 ARTS CLASS.

[*Alma Mater*, 5th February, 1902.]

GENTLEMEN,—Mr. Kemlo's letter calls for a brief reply. His conception of evidence is strange in a legal man. He thinks that he, ten thousand miles away, is a better judge of *actual* words than the hearers. He will fail to convince the 1876–77 Magistrand Class.

On the last day of the session the presentation to Professor Fyfe was made by the Rev. Charles Mackie, M.A., Drumoak. As he rose, I stood right under the old pulpit, within a few feet of the Professor's face. When he saw what was coming, he buried his face in his hands, raised it with his features working, and listened, looking straight at the speaker.

When Mr. Mackie ended, the old man hurriedly wiped away a tear and began. He referred to the coincidence that on the very morning of the day, as he came out, " I looked to the faces of the last Magistrand Class I taught for Hercules Scott "—*Mr. Kemlo's class, therefore, and there is no escape for the* 40. He proceeded that, go where we might, we should be to him " though lost to sight to memory dear," and that the wind of the Æolian harp in the air would carry our voices to him.

I drew the attention of my old classfellow to Mr. Kemlo's letter. His post card combines point and brevity : " Drumoak, 30/1/02. I have no doubt your retentive memory serves you right. C.M." It does. I see him to-night as clearly as on that morning, and for the last twenty years I have often referred in public and private to the scene.

With what prompted the memories, visions, and associations from a long past day to the old moralist, we, his auditors, have and had nothing to do. I believe some of Mr. Kemlo's classfellows who, like himself, find it a hard saying, derive some comfort from the local press at the time containing no notice of the words. With that we have still less to do.

Professor Fyfe may have been mistaken. Mr. Kemlo is sure he was. I am willing to believe it, but that is not the point. I deal with the *actual* words. I reiterate them, and most firmly decline to continue an unprofitable dispute.—I am, etc.,

Wm. Keith Leask.

## SIR WALTER BESANT'S ABERDEEN GRADUATE.

[*Alma Mater*, 22nd October, 1902.]

THE recently published *Autobiography* of Sir Walter Besant contains a passage which throws light on the subject in dispute with Mr. Kemlo. Describing his life in Mauritius (1861–67), as a Professor in the College at Port Louis, Sir Walter writes :—

"To return to the college staff; there was on it a man of curious antecedents and somewhat singular personality. To begin with, he never concerned himself in the least about money. He was a Scot of Aberdeen University; a scholar in his own way, which was not the way of Cambridge; a man of large reading in one Book. He was at this time—the sixties—about forty years of age. He never told me of his beginnings, which were, however, as I gathered from his knowledge of the shifts by which the poorer undergraduates of Aberdeen contrived to live, of a humble character. His first important post was that of missionary for some Scotch society to Constantinople, or Asia Minor —somewhere among the Turks. This post he held for a few years, during which he travelled about among the islands and had a very good time. He made no converts, but he argued from the Book with anyone who would listen to him, either among Greeks or Mohammedans. Then two things happened unto him: first, his conscience smote him for drawing pay and writing reports about promising cases, days of enlargement, and signs of encouragement; second, he found that he no longer believed in the letter of his creed or in the letter of the Book. Therefore he resigned his post and set forth on his travels about the world armed with his Book and nothing else. A Scotchman finds friends in every colony. This man had no fear; he cast himself upon a place, stayed there till he was tired, and then went on somewhere else. He always had the Book in his hand; he was principally engaged, as he himself said, 'among the minor prophets.' I wish I could remember all the things he told me, but I know that according to his own account he was always making discoveries to the prejudice of Verbal Inspiration. 'Obsairve,' he said to me once, 'Micah'—or was it Habakkuk?— 'begins by saying, "the Lord spoke to me saying" . . . Now, look here; later on he says, "And then I knew that it was the Lord who spake to me." So that the first words were only a formula.' He grew tired of the place and shifted on. When I last heard of him he was running a school in some town near Melbourne. If he is still living, he must be eighty years of age. Heaven knows what discoveries he has made among the minor prophets."

The same personage plays a prominent part in

Besant's novel, *My Little Girl* (1873), where his portrait is painted in somewhat darker colours :

" Mr. Alexander Macintyre used to describe himself as Professor of the Classics and Mathematics, Instructor in Foreign Languages, Fencing, Fortification, Hindustani, and the Fine Arts. He was a most accomplished man. With the exception of the last-named department of learning—which, I fancy, he inserted rather with a view to the effect and roundness of the sentence than with any intention of instructing in the Fine Arts—he really knew and could teach the things he professed. He was not a Porson in Greek, but he made boys fairly good in Greek scholarship. He would not have become Senior Wrangler, but he knew a good lot of school mathematics. He could really fence ; he could talk Italian, or French, or German, with equal fluency ; and he could and did swear horribly in Hindustani. Finally, on occasion, he talked about Fortification as glibly as Captain Shandy.

" He was a small, spare man, in glasses, with sandy hair, a pale face, and a red nose. The voice of rumour, which aggravates a man's vices and subtracts from his virtues, said that he went drunk to bed every night. As to his antecedents, there were many reports. Some said that he had been in the army, but was cashiered for embezzlement while he was adjutant ; others that he had been a courier, a billiard-marker, all sorts of things. Rumour lied of course. He had been none of those things. He had, after a laborious and meritorious career at Aberdeen, ' gone in ' for Scotch mission work in Constantinople. Here he preached the Gospel to the Jews, till he preached his belief away. This becoming known to his employers, he was turned out with ignominy. Then he wandered about the Levant, living no one knew how. After a few years, he turned up again in England, and became a lecturer to some society. Difficulties about money ensued, and Mr. Macintyre once more left his native shores. This time he came to Palmiste [Mauritius] and set up as a public teacher of everything in the principal town. He had no morals, no principles, no self-will, no self-control. All his better qualities were wrecked on the quicksand of drink ; and of the hard-working, hopeful days in Aberdeen nothing was left but the knowledge he had acquired, and a habit of industry which never deserted him. He was sententious and deferent. When he was not too far gone, he would make use of a regular and invariable formula. He would say, quite clearly and distinctly, ' Obsairve ! I am a Master of Arts of an ancient and honourable Univairsity, the Univairsity of Aberdeen. I'm the Macintyre.' Then he would become speechless ; and the boys, with a huge delight, would carry him neck and heels to bed. In the morning he would rise at six, and emerge with unclouded brow. Perhaps in the course of the day he would find occasion for a few remarks on temperance, with an excursus on his own moderation in spirituous liquors."

Sir John Anderson, of the Colonial Office (M.A. 1877, K.C.M.G.), is of opinion that the original of Macintyre is to be found in Robert Scott (a native of Dufftown; M.A., King's College, 1852), who held a post in the Port Louis College in the early sixties. It is a somewhat significant circumstance that one of Scott's classfellows was an "Alexander Macintyre," son of the Minister of Kilmonivaig, who also graduated in 1852, took a session of Divinity at King's College in 1852–53, and other two sessions in 1869–71; was duly licensed, and in 1874 was ordained to the parish of Shieldaig, where he still [1902] is. It is not improbable that the Minister of Shieldaig could do something towards the identification of his namesake.

*Alma Mater*, 1901–02.

## THE OLDEST CLASS RECORD: 1787–91.[52]

"There will be tartan, dragen, and brachen,
And fouth of good gappocks of *skate*."

FRANCIS SEMPILL of Beltrees (1616 ?–82),
*The Blythsome Bridal.*

THE antiquity of the Class Record has been unexpectedly proved, and now seems assured of a respectable history. The oldest extant, and almost certainly the oldest in every way, is the manuscript record of the 1787–91 Class of Marischal College. The list of the Class may be seen in the *Fasti*, vol. ii, pp. 367–368, but the Record adds many new identifications of the members. The statement of its origin may be given in the opening minute :—

" During the summer of 1803, several who had been Students in the class which commenced their academical course at Marischal College, Session 1787–88, having been settled in Aberdeen, and others having resided there and in the neighbourhood before, it was considered as a very uncommon circumstance that so many of one class should be settled in one place. The gentlemen composing the class, happy at this occurrence, and desirous of again renewing their former acquaintance and familiarity, agreed to hold a convivial meeting for that purpose. Accordingly, on Saturday, Nov. 5, 1803, the following members of the class met, viz. : Dr. Neil Sutherland, Surgeon to the Aberdeen Militia ; Thomas Burnett, Duncan Davidson, Robert Morice, and Francis Gordon, Esqrs, Advocates in Aberdeen ; Messrs. Alexander Morice, 1st officer of the *Asia*, East Indiaman ; James Bentley, Professor of Oriental Languages, King's College ; John Scott, at Drumside, Belhelvie ; James Simpson, merchant, Aberdeen ; the Rev. George Mitchell, schoolmaster, Clunie ; Gilbert Falconer, Master of the English School ; George Cruden, Master of the Writing School ; and James Watt, one of the Masters of the Grammar School. They were favoured with the company of Professor Stuart, their former respected preceptor, under whose auspices they began their academical studies, and dined altogether at the Lemon Tree Tavern, Mr. Burnett in the chair. The evening was spent with the greatest harmony, and the meeting was so highly gratified with that day's proceedings that they unanimously

resolved to meet again at the same place on the first Saturday of November next year. The meeting further appointed Thos. Burnett, Esq., Advocate, their Preses, and James Watt, their Secretary, to insert the minutes of the meeting in a book to be procured for that purpose, and for managing any other business relating to the class. In obedience to which appointment the above is drawn up."

On November 3, 1804, they met in the Lemon Tree, with Mr. Davidson in the chair, and Professor Stuart as guest. A speech addressed to Stuart was delivered by the Rev. John Gerard, schoolmaster, Banchory-Ternan, and engrossed in the minutes. It is composed in a lofty vein, and compares the members present to "Aeneas' select seven that first escaped the rage of Juno and the Ocean. . . . We, Sir, have been the scattered adventurers, and in the kindness of Providence are now blessed in the full enjoyment of that happy moment. Each of us now feels in the midst of true friends, and everything has contributed to render us so. . . . And while we look back on past dangers, we hope that in them our virtuous and religious principles have not been eradicated, but tried, strengthened and confirmed. Those dangers of youth being past, we shall look forward to the remainder of life with composure, determined by the grace of God to persevere in the practice of our religion, and repose an entire confidence in the divine protection it promised and the animating hope it inspires, till the calamities of the world are for ever past." Verses were recited by Mr. Cruden (minister of Logie-Buchan, and grandfather of George Cruden, advocate, M.A. 1873) to "Friends of my youth," addressing Professor Stuart and those under whom the Class studied—Dr. George Campbell, Dr. James Beattie, Mr. Jas. Hay Beattie, assistant; Dr. George Skene, Dr. A. Donaldson, Dr. R. Hamilton, Mr. Patrick Copland, Mr. John Stuart, Mr. Jas. Beattie—with a reference to one of the class, George Rose, son of the Rev. Mr. Rose, Udny, surgeon to the Coldstream Guards, who fell at

Aboukir, at the landing of the British troops under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, 8th March, 1801. I quote a few lines :—

"Fond Parents ! cease ; lay anxious cares aside ;
Let youth deserve and Heav'n will friends provide.
While some undaunted plough the stormy main,
And some prepare them for th' embattled plain ;
With humble joys while some their wishes crown,
And others pant, not vainly, for renown ;
In sultry climes while some incessant toil,
And dear-bought wealth transmit to Britain's Isle ;
While pale Disease the fairest form invades,
And Death not few hath hurried to the shades.
Ah ! Rose, our friend ! good-natur'd, learned, brave !
Forget we not to mourn thy distant grave,
And soothe a father who thy loss deplores
(For worthier blood stain'd not th' Egyptian shores).
How happy we ! who thus convivial meet,
In health, peace, competence, and friendship sweet ! "

Among the members are found Robert Brown, F.R.S., the first botanist of his day in Europe, and naturalist of H.M.S. *Investigator*, spending four years in a survey of the Australian coast, and returning with nearly 4,000 species of plants, many new to science. He was President of the Linnæan Society. Professor James Bentley, of the Hebrew Chair in King's College, was a faithful member. Duncan Davidson, of Inchmarlo, the "doctor" or "D.D." of the Class, was Dean of Faculty, Marischal College, 1827–34. James Watt, Fintray, master in the Grammar School, was the first and last Secretary of the Class. Dr. John Milne,[54] of Gilcomston, was the founder of the Milne Educational Bequest, and of the Milne Medical Bursary in 1808, being President of the Bombay Board in 1827. John Gordon of Wardhouse—"Merchant, Cadiz, married to a Spanish lady"—belongs to the family that is hereditary wine merchant to the Kings of Spain. I find this Gordon in the well-known book of travels, *Gatherings from Spain*, by Richard Ford (1846):—

"Sherry was restored at the end of last century by the family of Gordon, whose houses at Xeres and the Puerto most deservedly rank

among the first in the country. The improved quality of the wines was their own recommendation ; but as fashion influences everything, their vogue was finally established by Lord Holland, who, on his return from Spain, introduced superlative sherry at his undeniable table. . . . The first establishments are those of Domecq and John David Gordon, and nothing can exceed the cordial hospitality of these princely merchants ; whoever comes provided with a letter of introduction is carried off bodily—bags, baggage and all—to their houses."

Robert Morice, advocate, returned from Gibraltar in 1829, and was President of the Society of Advocates. It is curious to note how many were surgeons abroad, and how the West Indies seem to have absorbed all the Class.

They met in various hotels. They began with the Lemon Tree, the recognized head centre of all civic banquets, Presbytery dinners and convivial meetings. It was situated in Huxter Row, the narrow lane or street running at the back of the Town House from Broad Street. Class suppers were nearly all held there, down to the time of Professor Minto (M.A. 1865), who used to deprecate the present expensive style, where the little armoury of cutlery threatens a most distressing reversion to atavism and savagery, and sigh for the days " when we had a plain leg of mutton and a puddin', for half-a-crown, in the Lemon Tree." On the death of the landlord, George Ronald, they migrated to Anderson's New Inn, the place familiar to Aberdonians in Seaton's View of Castle Street in 1806, shewing the Market Cross in its original position, and the Town House with the fore-stairs. The Inn, at which Dr. Johnson and Boswell put up in 1773 on their Tour, occupied the site of the North Bank. Other places of meeting were Dempster's Hotel, Melvin's Hotel, the Aberdeen Hotel—all mere names to me.

The bills for each and the bottles of wine drunk are regularly entered. The songs are occasionally mentioned. In 1810 Mr. Gerard gave *The Scottish Kail Brose*, in ideal local surroundings. During the American

Civil War a regiment stationed in Aberdeen had played *The Roast Beef of Old England* with such frequency that Alexander Watson (1744–1831), a tailor in the town, and Deacon of the Incorporated Trades, who made "Byron's first pair o' breeks," was incited to reply with the song. Watson is also unquestionably the author of *The Wee Wifickie* erroneously attributed to the Catholic, Rev. Dr. Geddes. Professor Bentley gave *Life let us cherish*, and Mr. Gilbert Falconer "in his best style" had some account of Abraham Newland, doubtless a comic song of the time about the difficulty of forging the signature of Newland, who as cashier signed the notes of the Bank of England. Mr. Gerard's *Tom Tough* is no doubt *Tom Tug*, in a burletta of Dibdin, in which Sims Reeves used to appear—*The Waterman*, I think. Dr. Milne, of Bombay, has *In the Garb of Old Gaul*, with the tune by General Reid, the founder of the Edinburgh Chair of Music, and also sang something about the British Fleet, beginning with "Thursday on the morning, the nineteenth of May." Mr. Cruden has *Green grow the Rashes*. Mr. Gerard also gave *The Soldier's Return*, by Burns, the secretary adding gravely but significantly, a note of protest in the minutes, that it was sung to the tune of *Corn Rigs are Bonie*, "and not" (and rightly, too) "to the correct one of *Mill, Mill, O.*" They had begun with a glass, "drunk in silence," to the memory of Professor Beattie, who had died 5th October, 1810, and the writing gets illegible at the end. "The Bill was here called, and this history breaketh off" —in time, I fear.

A few of the minutes must be noted, where much moral sentiment is entwined with allusions to "the chearful Glass cementing affection" and "the usual stile of conviviality which has ever marked their festivities."

On Nov. 11, 1809, at their seventh anniversary, with Professor Bentley in the chair and Professor Stuart as guest, "they had to

congratulate themselves on the return of two friends from foreign stations, Dr. Milne and Mr. Ro. Morice. The former had resided several years in India, and deservedly acquired great celebrity in his professional capacity, he being instrumental in introducing the Vaccine Inoculation into that country, and thereby rendering important services to the Inhabitants thereof."

On Nov. 16, 1811, "The Gentlemen were highly gratified at having this additional opportunity of enjoying the pleasing society of their worthy Teacher and of each other, now so long connected by the lasting ties of early friendship and congenial youthful pursuits." A snuff-box, of the value of five or six guineas with a suitable inscription, was given to Professor Stuart. "The meeting rejoiced at seeing again their much respected classfellow Mr. Al. Morice, who has lately returned from Rio Janeiro. It was further resolved that Skate shall hereafter be a standing dish at the annual entertainments."

On Nov. 14, 1812, "It was resolved *Nem. Con.* that the following be a never failing toast at all future meetings: 'May the Companions of our youth be the Friends of our old age.'[55] The evening was spent as usual with great hilarity. Some of the company kept it up to a late hour, being better able to hold out than their weaker Brethren. But of their proceedings no memorial was preserved, the official reporter having previously retired *ut conviva satur*."

On Nov. 13, 1813, "the satisfaction commonly felt was heightened by the contemplation of the present auspicious prospect of public affairs, and they had the pleasure to drink a toast to the British Army in France." "As a proof of the increased domestic comforts of the company," "Rob, sometimes called Bob, Morice," was singled out as the only bachelor. He was admonished, and promised entire submission.

On Nov. 12, 1814, "Professor Stuart produced a letter from our Friend Dr. Milne, dated 22nd Feb., 1814, in which it was evident that the Dr. still dwelt with pleasing emotions on the recollection of this festive anniversary, and it was with the highest satisfaction that the Club received this mark of esteem from their worthy and distinguished classfellow. This proves that our fair fame has spread over several Quarters of the Globe, and that the good cheer of the Lemon Tree gladdens the hearts even of those who inhabit the plains of Hindostan." This is quite an improvement on that Young Men's Philosophical Society of New York, who wrote to Macaulay, as he notes in his Diary for Feb. 14, 1852—"Possibly our fame has not pinioned the Atlantic." A droll sentence follows. "During the evening Mr. Deputy D. Davidson withdrew for some time to witness a grand sparring match between Cooper and the Black Champion Molyneux, and on his return regaled the company with an elegant description of the noble appearance of the Combatants."

On Nov. 9, 1816, Bob Morice's submission to the will of the Class was practically announced, and Mrs. Morice's child, the parent of a long line of academic Morices, was enthusiastically toasted.

In 1817 Dr. Milne remitted from Bombay a sum to array the

Secretary, Mr. Watt, in a suit of " velvet breeks," to be officially worn at every meeting. Mr. Watt appeared in splendour, and the Class, " admiring the man and the suit," drank to " their Oriental Friend " in a bumper.

In 1822 " their venerable instructor," Professor Stuart, was absent.

On Oct. 27, 1826, " the thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to Mr. Dickson (of Montrose) for his excellent Poetical Translation of the Ancient Greek Poets, Bion and Moschus, a handsome copy of which had been transmitted to them thro' their Secretary. They deem it highly honourable in Mr. Dickson that he has devoted a large portion of his time to the study and cultivation of polite literature in a country [Demerara] so little famed for literary exertions, and that he has laboured so successfully in a walk so little frequented even in more enlightened regions, namely, in the elucidation of these elegant ancient Grecian Authors." Charles Dickson's Translation of the Idylls of Bion and Moschus was of date 1824–25. He returned from Demerara, and died at Montrose in April, 1828.

On Oct. 26, 1827, they had to regret the death of Professor Stuart, on Monday, Aug. 27, " whose memory they deem it their duty to cherish and revere." The Class attended the funeral, on Saturday, Sept. 1, Duncan Davidson, as Dean of Faculty in Marischal College, wearing the Insignia of his office.

On Oct. 23, 1829, they had to chronicle the death of Professor Robert Hamilton, whose monument can be seen through the Union Street façade of the Town Church, and whose memory is preserved in Hamilton Place. " It must be deemed a distinguished honour to have studied under a person whose opinions have guided and directed the British Senate, and who by the force of his genius and the acuteness of his calculations detected and exposed the fallacy of a popular system of finance which had deceived the nation for so many years." This refers to Hamilton's Book on *The National Debt*, 1813, and the exposure of the Sinking Fund, which gave him a European reputation.

" It being intimated that our worthy friend Mr. Burnett had become a grandfather since last meeting, this gave occasion to the introduction of a New Toast—' To the Grandchildren of the Class.' "

On Oct. 24, 1834, the thirty-first anniversary had five members present. The minute deserves full quotation :

" At the advanced period of life to which the Individuals of this class have now arrived, it is natural to expect that some of them will now and then be dropping into the grave. The memories of these ought to be cherished and respected by the Survivors, especially by those who have so long enjoyed their society and friendship, that they, in their turn, may have the satisfaction and mournful consolation of looking forward to similar posthumous esteem, when they themselves shall be no more. At the last meeting the company had to regret the loss of their oldest classfellow, Mr. Falconer ; now it is with regret that they have to notice the decease of their youngest member, Mr. Robert Morice, which took place at his house, Union Street West, on the 29th of April

last. Mr. Morice died with the respect and esteem of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. They had to remark likewise the increase of sober and temperate habits in the Class, which is so commendable among persons venerable for age and wisdom. They regaled themselves with Tea after their Wine, which is rather an unusual circumstance at their meetings."

"Bill 8s. Two bottles of Wine with Brandy Punch and Tea."

The last entry is for 27th October, 1837 :

"Present—Dr. Sutherland, P.; Mr. Gordon, V.P.; Mr. Burnett, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Watt, Mr. Cruden, Mr. Davidson.

"Fifty years having now elapsed since the fellows of this Class entered as Bajans at Marischal College, the Gentlemen congratulated each other on the circumstance, and drank a toast to 'Continuance of health and happiness' to themselves, and then to the prosperity of their Alma Mater now about to be rebuilt. Tea.

"Deputation from Grammar School Class of 1807, consisting of Dr. Robert Dyce,* and John Angus, Esq., Deputy Town Clerk, who, to the number of twelve, had dined in the same house. A deputation was sent to them. Carriage. Bill 10s. Four bottles of wine. Meeting to be held next year at Aberdeen Hotel."

. . . . . .

The Minutes of the Class, now in the University Library, have been generously presented by George Cruden, M.A. It is to be hoped his example will be followed. A wish has been expressed that a search should be made, in Montrose, or among the families of the deceased members, for Dickson's Translation of Bion and Moschus.[56] Such a performance is highly meritorious, and no copy has hitherto been found. He was a Bajan only with the Class.

* M.A., Mar. Coll., 1816; M.D. 1821; Lecturer on Midwifery, 1841–60; Prof. of, 1860–69. Article on Dyce by Dr. Angus Fraser in *Aurora Borealis*, 1899.

*Alma Mater*, 1 February, 1911.

## THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL CLASS OF 1807.

Urbs nova piscosi quam ditant ostia Devae
Urbibus antiquis praeripit omne decus.
Hanc delubra beant totum cantata per orbem,
Templaque mortali non fabricata manu.
Haec prope, Romuleis aedes sacrata Camenis
Surgit, Athenaeum non procul inde vides.

ARTHUR JOHNSTON, *Poemata*, p. 439.
Middelb., Zeland, 1642.

THE antiquity of the University Class Record has been shewn to reach far back, and the oldest record of a School Class is no doubt that of the year 1807. It is curious to reflect on the greater sociability and unity prevailing in the older days, and those who have been behind the scenes in this matter for nearly forty years have sorrowfully to confess that the difficulties attending the Class Record and the preservation of anything like corporate unity are increasing. The Aberdonian is not amenable to the famous dictum of Aristotle, that man is a social animal and loves the fellowship of his kind. What a different story could be told about the disruptive tendencies and feuds which, since 1860, have split the Classes! This, of course, is not the proper place or time to dwell in detail on this unhappy feature in our midst, or to indicate the increasingly hopeless nature of any solution. The reasons lie deep, and are of old standing. I note that the editors of *Alma Mater* are becoming alive to the question in another form, for the trouble that besets them is only a new statement of the problem. I shall not touch upon it here, but I observe they are calling for the production of a Personality, the Man, the academic Poet who is to sing the Song of the Crown. I could

heartily wish the advent of such a person were possible, for in our time some of us waited for him as eagerly as ever did the Maid of Neidpath for the returning footfall of young Tushielaw's horse. But, having studied the question longer and more widely than any other living graduate, and having come to know a few cardinal facts, I have also come, reluctantly enough, to abandon all hope of such a person. "Nature," says Tennyson, "brings not back the Mastodon, nor we those times." It would remove much disillusion were the question not even debated.

The formation of the Class of 1807 as a corporate body was made by the issue of a printed letter, pasted on the cover of the book, which ran thus :—

"SIR,—A General Meeting of the Class which commenced its Literary Career under Mr. Nicol, on the 26th Day of October, 1807, will be held in the Grammar School, on Tuesday the 28th current, at Two o'clock, P.M., to consider the Propriety of establishing an Anniversary Supper ; when your Attendance as a Member is particularly requested.

Aberdeen, October 25, 1817."

The long association of the Grammar School with Marischal College is seen in the fact that only two members of the Class are found on the roll of King's College. Arthur Johnston, though himself educated at Kintore, had long ago seen the mental picture and the line of view ; the Schoolhill, the Upperkirkgate and Broad Street, which was the natural resort of the "toun's bairns." The Class will therefore be seen best in the 1812–16 list of the Marischal College *Fasti*. In the Class are found the names of the Rev. Dr. Adam Corbet of Drumoak, founder of Divinity Bursaries in 1876 ; Alexander Morrice, of the firm, M'Kinnon & Co., ironfounders, Spring Garden ; Alexander Ogston, candlemaker, Loch Street ; Alexander Robertson, merchant, Macao, China, and of Balgownie Lodge, Aberdeen ; Alexander Rogers, Sheriff of London, 1841 ; Alexander Thomson, Esq., of Banchory ; Arthur Thomson, Norwegian, Spanish and French Consul, Bank of Scotland, Castle Street ;

Benjamin Franklin Rush Kidd,[57] son of Dr. Kidd of Gilcomston ; George Hogarth, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 26th, or Cameronians ; George Melvin, head master of Gordon's Hospital and schoolmaster of Tarves ; George Moir, translator of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, son of George Moir, of the Old Ship Inn, Sheriff of Ross and of Stirling, Professor of Rhetoric, Edinburgh ; George Russell, of Aden ; James Logan, antiquary, author of *The Scottish Gael*, 2 vols., London, 1831, elected in 1834 " Historiographer of the Class " ; John Angus, Town Clerk of Aberdeen, Secretary of the 1832 Reform Bill Committee ; John Cadenhead, Surgeon to the Infirmary and the Blind Asylum ; John Forbes, Colonel of the 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders ; Maxwell Dun, son of the Rector, Andrew Dun ; Professor Robert Dyce ; William Black, of Black & Ferguson, wine merchants ; William Burnett, Crathes Castle, Post-Captain, R.N., who died in Portsmouth Harbour, 1840, in command of the " Magicienne " ; Lieutenant William Gordon, R.N. ; Dr. William Mortimer, of Madras ; William Sim, Member of Congress, U.S.A., " alive and wealthy, 1855 " ; and others.

The roving propensities of the Aberdonian are well represented in the Class, which is found at Valparaiso, Lima, Java, Montreal, Charleston, China, and Jersey, etc. The list is kept after the academic precedent of both Colleges, from Adam to William, by the Christian names. A pencil or ink jotting is appended to the members, and the families of each are carefully entered. In 1853 Corbet is " deaf as a post " ; Alexander Black, wine merchant, London, " was in Aberdeen, September 22, 1864, and recognised John Ramsay in Union Street," Ramsay being in the Class and editor of *Aberdeen Journal;* Alexander Crombie, seaman, was " seen by Dr. John Campbell, H.E.I.C.S. (in the Class), in China, 1832 " (a later pencil entry adds—" died in the General Hospital, Calcutta ") ; Alexander Davidson, surgeon at Cabul,

is reported in 1838 as "married, and has half a dozen bairns at least"; while Mr. Ogston, of Ardoe, in 1850, has "five of a family." Alexander Robertson, of Balgownie Lodge, "died on a visit north, in Douglas Hotel, 28th Dec., 1856," and his daughter's marriage in 1868 is noted. The latest entry is the death of Andrew Pirie, merchant, aged 74, at St. John's, Antigua, 22nd June, 1871. Against the name of Benjamin Franklin Kidd—whose name commemorates the fact that his father was an alumnus of the University of Pennsylvania, and had a touch with the American leader, while the first Provost and founder of that University, William Smith, was at the Grammar School, Aberdeen, and in the 1743-47 King's College Class—is set the note, approving or reproving, "reported to be a teetotaller." Lieutenant-Colonel George Hogarth, "died of cholera in Montreal, 1854." By 1850 George Melvin "keeps a curricle and pair of ponies," and next year "visits the Exhibition in London and Paris, *via* Dieppe." Many sailors in the Class are reported "drowned," one as "dead—long ago," quite in the pathetic brevity of *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington:* "she died, sir, long ago."

John Forbes, Commander of the 92nd Regiment, deserves a paragraph to himself, and it is a newspaper advertisement:—

> FIFTY POUNDS REWARD.—ABSCONDED, from Bath, Somerset, charged with publishing an indecent libel, and for whom a Judge's warrant has been issued for his apprehension, having neglected to appear at the Assizes, held at Wells, on the 10th inst., JOHN ALEXANDER FORBES, known as Colonel Forbes, late of Her Majesty's 92nd Highlanders. He is about 64 years of age, 5 feet 9 or 10 high, florid complexion, stout made, grey hair, thick bushy whiskers (which he sometimes dyes), walks very erect, with a short quick step, usually wears a silk hat with flat brim, placed much over his eyes. The above reward will be paid to any person or persons who shall give such information as shall lead to the apprehension of the said John Alexander Forbes. Information to be given to Mr. Alfred Hughes, Chief of Police, Central Station, Bath, who holds a warrant for his apprehension.

Perhaps never had such a comprehensive description been given to an alumnus since the Proclamation issued by Government for the arrest of Brigadier William Mackintosh of Borlum, M.A., King's College, 1677: "a tall, raw-boned man of about 60, fair complexioned, beetle browed, speaks broad Scotch," etc., etc. Borlum was taken at Preston, broke from Newgate, and was at Glenshiel, 1719. He died a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle in 1743, aged 85. Scott, *Tales of a Grandfather*, ch. 68-71, is full of him; so is John Hill Burton, *History*, vol. viii, who did not know the academic connexion.

John Ramsay one year sings "in capital style" the *Vale of Avoca*, by Moore. John Sheed, shipowner, Marischal Street, as a mark of respectability and Carlylean "gigmanity," is noted in 1843 as "keeping a gig," and in 1844 as "Deacon in the Free West." In 1850 it is noted that Professor Dyce's son has "got a bursary," while Dr. William Leslie in Aberdeen has his family minutely entered and his own "set of new teeth" in 1853!

The places of meeting are carefully entered, the bills for each, and the waiters, with the bottles of wine they drank. The hotels are Melvin's Aberdeen Hotel, Machray's Royal, Molison's Hotel, Union Street; and at their thirtieth anniversary, 27th October, 1837, they send greetings to the Marischal College Class of 1787, which celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in the same hotel. In 1849 and ever after they remained faithful to the Douglas Hotel. The bills of fare are carefully pasted in, and, though a trencherman personally of the most moderate dimensions, I feel a sort of Barmecide Feast pleasure in their study. They were lithographed, and the items given in good plain English, and not in that abominable French jargon which no man yet, "no mere man since the Fall," as the Shorter Catechism says, "has been able in this life" to follow or understand. I remarked on this

to the successor in my Class of Rev. Dr. Adam Corbet of Drumoak in this Class, who was on my right hand at the Strathcona Quatercentenary Banquet, and referred to Elisha at Gilgal and his ignorance of what was in the pot. "For my part," replied the divine with equanimity, "whatever I do in the pulpit, when I come here, I walk by faith and ask no questions." The dinners then compare well with those now.

In 1844 the President for 1845 was William Lumsden, farmer, "Nebro Willie." A minute records that

"it was resolved unanimously that our old Teacher, the Rev. Mr. Cruden of Logie, shall be invited to dine with the Class on the next Annual Meeting. Mr. Melvin invited the party to dine with him on Tuesday, 26th August, 1845, at Tarves. *Mem.* 'Whisky Punch.' Accordingly, the following members of the Class, availing themselves of Mr. Melvin's kind invitation, proceeded to Tarves in an Omnibus drawn by four horses, in time for a glorious breakfast, after which they inspected Haddo House, etc., and returned to a most sumptuous dinner, having been joined by Mr. Knox, Minister of the Parish [Rev. Francis Knox, M.A., King's College, 1822], and Mr. Brebner, the Factor. After an Evening spent in the happiest manner, the party reached home in safety, notwithstanding the 'wetness' of the day, from which the postboys, particularly, appeared to suffer considerably."

In 1847 Mr. Thomson [Arthur Thomson] and Mr. John Angus were

"to forfeit 1 Bottle Champagne each for being absent after accepting or agreeing to dine with the Class. *Inter alia*, Resolved that at next meeting, to testify the respect for Dr. Melvin on his own account, as well as being the near relative of our present much-respected Chairman, that he in conjunction with our alike much-respected friend Mr. Knox, Minister of Tarves, be invited as guests."

Accordingly, on 3rd November, 1848, in Macgregor's Aberdeen Hotel, both guests were present, Dr. Melvin signing the roll in his well-known signature.

On 17th August, 1855, Arthur Thomson issues from Bank of Scotland Court, Castle Street, the following letter to the Class :—

"My Dear Sir,—Mr. Ogston of Ardoe has requested me to invite the Members of 'Our Class' to spend a day with him there, with the view of commencing an Annual Summer Meeting in the Country, and

has named Friday next, 24th inst., on which day he hopes you will give him the pleasure of your Company at Dinner, at half-past Four o'clock, after the enjoyment of a '*Daunder*' on the Banks of the Dee."

The guests were Rev. William Paul of Banchory-Devenick and Professor Francis Ogston, and all present signed the roll.

Many of the members I have seen, but one in particular I remember seeing in Bon-Accord Street, at an advanced age, when he probably was the sole survivor of the Class. This was William Black, wine merchant, who has a biographical analysis given with fair fullness. In 1837 he was "Candidate for Town Councillor, and had 25 votes." In my mind he is associated with the visit to Aberdeen of the notorious American pioneer of the Suffragettes and the Divided Skirt, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, the inventor and lecturer on the costume, as related to me long after by a sure hand. This misguided female put up at the Douglas Hotel, but had reason to infer Aberdeen was not an admirer of the dress, or of remarks about which, Miss Griselda Oldbuck, Jonathan's sister in *The Antiquary*, says, "it does not become a leddy to particulareeze." To secure the protection of one woman at least at a meeting, she implored the support of Mrs. Douglas, whose heart failed her on entrance, seeing obvious signs, as Burns would have said, that the Gloomy Night was gathering fast! The lecture resolved itself into a long dialogue between Mrs. Bloomer and Mr. Black, and the climax came when she delivered an attack on the kilt. But I must draw a veil on the facetious repartees. "Seek not, Mrs. Harris," as Mrs. Gamp says, "for to diskiver; we know not what is hidden in our own hearts, and the tortures of the Imposition should not make me diwulge." Mrs. Bloomer died some five years or so ago in America, having returned there to sanity, petticoats, and an unfeigned repentance.

*Alma Mater*, 22 February, 1911.

## MEMINISSE JUVAT.*

"I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells."

F. S. MAHONY.

THIS is one of the now numerous Arts Class Records that have been issued in recent years from the press to preserve among their members the recollection of their golden prime. This volume is particularly well done, written with a verve and a gusto quite refreshing to see, and is totally free, as we are glad to note, from any mere perfunctory and official tone which some editors affect, or that depressing air of conventional respectability adopted by others. It has been a real pleasure to read and re-read Mr. Shewan's work, for he shews a perfect eye for the past and a fine mellowed style of humour and description, touching a note here and there of really supreme excellence in ready allusiveness of quotation and graceful feeling. "I remember," he writes, "that it was impressed on us by Bain—you will see with what little effect in my case—that brevity and clearness were together the soul of composition." Bain's classfellows, if ever they did read that weary and dreary *Autobiography*, must have rejoiced that he at least did not write their Class Record.

* *Meminisse Juvat:* being the Autobiography of a Class at King's College in the Sixties [1866–70], with other Reminiscences of that Period. Compiled by Alexander Shewan [M.A. 1870, Indian Civil Service 1871–1897, Bombay]. 279 pp. Aberdeen University Press, 1905.

We are pleased to see that Mr. Shewan is under no illusion about the education in his time. It was as vicious and foolish as could be imagined ; though on the whole, when he compares it with the chaos of the present, he is " old fashioned enough to give my preference to ours. Nowadays, as I read the scheme, a man need not take Logic. He need not take Greek." To a past generation the Editor's opening words will recall many memories :—

" Trail, to whom I am indebted for much useful information from the University records, particularly one vast tome called ' The Album,' tells me that it was on the 6th November, 1866, at 9 a.m., that we commenced our University course. The place was the classroom in King's College sacred to ' Hellenic studies,' and the Professor was Geddes. In number 118, we were nearly all Scotchmen from Aberdeenshire and the counties adjoining it. In origin and training we were much of a type. In age there was considerable diversity, bearded men sitting down with boys that were still in their earliest teens. Let me recall some of the features of the scene in that great gaunt hall, as we knew it for two long winter sessions. And may Mnemosyné, mother of all the Muses, help me, for it is a gap of nearly forty years that I have to look across. But if memories are becoming dim, the freshness of my interest remains unaffected by time, and may prove a useful stimulus as I proceed.

'My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry,
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by.'

The centre of all that revives in my recollection is the Hierarch himself, standing at his desk, stately and grave. When our rush and tumble into our seats are done, he notes absentees, roll and pencil in hand, by running his eye along the benches. Then, the chapter from the Bible reverently read, we commence the morning's work and pursue it for a solid hour. A ' man ' is called up and scrambles through a few lines of the passage prescribed. The *Orestes*, Arrian's *Anabasis*, fragments of Theognis and Solon, and of course the *Iliad*, were some of the works we read. As the translation proceeds, Geddes corrects and helps, kindly and sympathetically, and often reproduces the text in his own, his very own, English, which he mouths in his efforts to fit it to the original. If sibilants predominate in a sentence, the English must also hiss. If alliteration is detected, it must not be lost in the reproduction. A spade is to be called a spade. The moisture induced by the Homeric hero's toil ' along the highways of the battle ' was sweat, not perspiration. Buttocks were buttocks, naked and unashamed. Onomatopœia must *never* be neglected. Heavens ! what contortions of the Professor's

visage the fights of the *Iliad* produce, as he travails to bring forth something worthy of the original! He matches δούπησεν δὲ πεσών with 'he came down with a THUD,' and ἄσπις ἄρ' ἄσπιδ' ἔρειδε with 'buckler GRIDED on buckler.' The πότνια, πότνια νύξ of the *Orestes* beats him utterly, and he gasps for something of adequate solemnity. He sways slowly and heavily the while, like a liner lying to; his brows drawn down recall the Olympian Zeus. The passage completed, we read it again, and sometimes yet again, till the bell releases us. It was a simple and humdrum routine,—school continued, and with but little of the lecture proper to satisfy the yearnings that promotion to 'College' might have developed within us."

"Cocky" Maclure in the Latin Class is thus sketched:—

"For Maclure and his Humanity we had but a subdued admiration. His scholarship we admitted to be not without elegance, but his teaching was of a very easy-going, Capuan description. His classroom was a Lotus-land, where it 'seemed always afternoon,' and 'where slumber surely was more sweet than toil.' Maclure's fitness for the chair was freely questioned, and there was a mystery as to his antecedents and the qualifications which had justified his appointment, that was often discussed by us, but never satisfactorily cleared. Our work there was as in the Greek classroom, but even drearier, a fragment of an ode of Horace, a few lines of Virgil or Lucretius, or of Plautus or Tacitus, read and re-read till we were sick of it, and till no one but the individual who happened to be on his legs, and who droned along 'like John-a-dreams unpregnant of his cause,' was paying any attention. The Professor's comments on the text were few and short. I cannot remember that even a brief lecture on any subject was ever given us. The only relief from the *ennui* and depression that we experienced was an occasional reading by the Professor from Macaulay's 'Lays.' He was proud of his elocution, and we enjoyed the little diversion, but it was chiefly because it helped to pass the time that we were wasting. When the hour was up, we shut our books with a bang at the first stroke of the bell, even if Maclure or his victim for the time being were in the middle of a sentence, and were out in the quadrangle in a twinkling."

We particularly commend the Editor for the insight and grace with which he touches the glamour of a day spent in the vicinity of the College, before the final lists were issued and the classes dispersed for another year. It must make many feel younger to feel that air again as it was then and, perhaps, has never quite been since.

"Humid the air. Leafless, yet soft as spring,
The tender purple spray on copse and briers;
And that old city with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening."

He thus reproduces Professor Pirie, then of Church History and afterwards Principal :—

"We knew him well in the Chapel pulpit. His great theme there was HAPPINESS, which he declared to be 'the end and object of every one of us from the cradle to the grave.' 'Ye can't be happy,' he was said to have once declared, 'so ye needn't think ye can!' Whatever the text and however unpromising—for it was once, I remember, taken from Revelation iii. 16—the argument was invariably a development of the one great principle, which seemed to be the basis of Pirie's theory of all human action. . . . Pirie's prayers, too, were as characteristic as his sermons. Those that came early in the service could hardly be called supplications. They were rather pieces of argument with the Unseen, not altogether complimentary or wholly acquiescent in the perfect wisdom of the scheme of the Universe, and dealing with various phases of his favourite thesis. The latter portion of the closing prayer was always the same, and contained many periods that were both elegant in diction and impressive in effect. The whole clung to my memory long after I had left College, but only two fragments now remain and may be quoted here. I think they are given *verbatim*. 'Be with those who are tossed upon a stormy sea, and with those who are in a foreign land, and who want that social and friendly intercourse which we so *happily* enjoy.' 'Our friends and benefactors we commend to Thy kind care and keeping; may they be wise, may they be virtuous, may they be *happy*.' Trail adds another fragment, 'the flowers budding in their loveliness, the planets rolling in their majesty proclaim Thy glory.*'"

The memory of the third or Tertian year, said to have been pressed on the Fusion Commission by Bain and his party, must awaken in the mind of every graduate a feeling of most passionate protest against time wasted, opportunities missed, and strength lost. We shall carry that year to our grave. The present generation, when classes and standards have alike shrunk to a mere shadow of their former selves, and who can avoid the whole

* This favourite tag of Pirie, used at birth, death, and baptism, at bazaars or church openings, ran, an old and intimate friend of his told me, as follows: "When I look up into the sky and see the planets rolling in their spheres, when I see the simmer floo'er jist buddin' at my fit, then am I forced to say, what is man, or the son of man, that Thou should'st remember him?" The audacious explanation of the Trinity in a prayer as "in similitude of the Three-Headed Nightingale [a music hall "freak" like the Siamese Twins], now or lately sojourning in these boreal latitudes," was actually used by a well-known co-presbyter of Pirie.

matter, can have no idea of the suffering of their predecessors. A foundation might have been laid for an attack on Gibbon's immortal work, or for Political Philosophy, or many other branches of knowledge. Yet one whole session, or practically two, for the shadow loured from the close of the Semi year, we saw wasted on Logic, Natural Philosophy, and Senior Mathematics. Not even the perpetual enthusiasm, the bubbling geniality and mannerliness * of the beloved " Freddy " Fuller can blot from the minds of those who can think and feel the memory of that Tertian year. Men crammed and stuffed themselves with arrant rubbish, and sat up late for months, who could not have told you the difference between Agamemnon and Bismarck. " It was a steady grind," † Mr. Shewan proceeds, " for most of us ; home to a hurried dinner after one o'clock ; and then, chair and table drawn up to the fire, we struggled on doggedly with hardly a breath till midnight or later, with

> A Pipe, a Teapot, and a Pencil blue,
> A Crib, perchance a Lexicon. . . .

* " Fuller," the late Principal remarked to me once, " was rude to me only on a single occasion. It was this way. He had been expecting George Chrystal to be Senior Wrangler. He did not say a word all the afternoon we were out. Parting at the gate, he raised his umbrella and smashed it on the railings. 'Well, well,' he said, 'there goes the last hope of my last Senior Wrangler.' He out with his lifter and ran in like a hare, leaving the fragments there. You see it was the loss of the Senior ————." " No, no," I said firmly, " it was the loss of a thing much more valuable, *the good umbrella*."

† We emphatically protest against Society penalizing its victims in Burke and Hare, Helen Macdougall, and Arthur Devereux of the Trunk Mystery, while it smugly canonizes such hideous miscreants as Euclid, Drew, Todhunter, Gregory, Demoivre, Euler, etc., etc. We never knew a Tertian seduced by Canon Farrar's *Eternal Hope*. Our eschatological views were fixed, and " Old Nick's reddest rafter " would have been the prompt provision for such knaves. Dante (*Inferno*, IV. 139) saw Euclid in Hell. Let *us* leave him there, humbly hoping and believing the worst. " Let him NEVER come back to us, there would be doubt, hesitation, and pain," etc., etc.

Men worked insanely. Lives were sacrificed and others injured beyond recovery. Several obituary notices of Bain mention his prediction that his three most distinguished pupils would none of them see fifty, and its fulfilment. Robertson Smith of course was one. For the other two we must choose between Hunter, Minto, and Croom Robertson. I remember Craik telling me that a member of our Class had confided to him before the examination in Logic that he could repeat on end the heads of his lectures that Bain had written for us on the blackboard! Χαλκέντερος! Man of brazen vitals! That was the sort of thing to which the *sacra fames* for prizes stimulated men." We remember a distinguished graduate telling us that few of his Class ever could have insured their life, from the mischief done to their overtaxed constitutions. "Even in the prosecution," our Editor says, "of our studies, we were left severely alone, and many of us must have felt since to how much better ends we could have worked with some direction from our Professors. There was seldom a word from them, in or out of class, to turn us to reading beyond the limits of its work. We stuck to that and 'ground' within its narrow compass. The class prizes could be won without going further afield. The tendency was to encourage 'cramming' of knowledge, probably to be forgotten in many cases as soon as the effort to obtain distinction was at an end." How many men has Aberdeen turned out, addle-headed and stunted at twenty, to commit fresh havoc in pulpits and schools, men that could never mentally and morally advance, but who, with a bitter recollection of their own hardship, dropped their reading and fell contentedly astern? And to analyse Class Records, and to mark the number of early deaths, is to think of a roll-call after battle:—

Bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

As a result of that system of enforced grinding we can point to the scanty intellectual output of the Aberdeen graduate in literature. All over four years [1873–77] we never in our Class heard an inspiring remark, a rousing piece of morality, or penetrating thought. Men groped about blindly under leaden and wintry skies, with nothing heard, taught, or preached, but a Prudential Morality* of the Bain school that men got on by playing their cards well and by grinding their notes, a creed more detestable and criminal than Juggernaut and Mumbo Jumbo. The function of a university was hopelessly lost. If Elphinstone had planted the Tree of Knowledge, his successors had been wildly hewing and hacking it down to the sorriest of stumps. What was a man profited to be first bursar at sixteen, and to be fit only for a lunatic asylum at forty !

No Class Record up to 1876 could be complete without some reference to Professor Martin and the days of Moral Philosophy. That figure has been well drawn in *Aurora Borealis Academica*,† and to that excellent volume the general reader may be referred. Our Editor has Martin clear before him :—

"There was still Moral Philosophy in our last session, and its victims were somewhat numerous. But that ordeal was *sui generis*, and no man might presume to say on what principles the results of the examination in that subject were arrived at. Men who were candidates for Honours in some other department might scrape through—*crede experto* —with the barest minimum of ethical knowledge. Others, who could almost say you the lectures by heart, had the Plough driven over them, *inops inhumataque turba*. Attendance at Martin's Bible Class, so it was

* Quite the best thing said in my time was said, at a meeting of the Literary Society, by my old friend from boyhood, A. M. Williams (M.A. 1880). "How many a bright-faced lad," he cried, "how many a Sunday School Scholar must trace his fall to the pernicious volumes of Samuel Smiles, with their worldly inculcation of a merely Prudential Morality ! " I love that convict who returned a book to the prison library. "Na, na," he said regretfully, "it was *Self Help* brocht me here ! "

† *Aberdeen University Appreciations :* Univ. Press, 1899.

whispered, saved many a poor wretch from being 'cast as rubbish to the void.' I remember being in the Quadrangle one evening towards the close of our College days, when a student who aspired to Honours in Natural Science got Martin's 'regret,' as the intimation of failure was familiarly called, handed out to him. Had the Philosopher himself been near, murder would have done, or at least assault with intent. In another case, a candidate for Mathematical Honours coolly disregarded Martin's embargo, and sat down to the paper. He was promptly ejected by Fuller."

The work will be greatly treasured by its possessors, and should serve as a model to the compilers of future Records. "Classfellows," he writes, "my task is completed, I make no apology for its imperfections. Take them on your own heads. You insisted on my making up this book, on my doing what my conscience has never yet had to blush for. None but you could have induced me to do it. Never shall I do it again. But fortunately the compilation is for your eyes only, and I know you will, for the sake of lang syne, be indulgent reviewers. It has been a pleasure to recall and live in the past during the days I have devoted to these pages."

It has certainly revived in me the memory, or the feeling, of that past, and I have read it and re-read it with the liveliest satisfaction from start to finish. It has brought back the memory of that opening day of each session which recurs to me every year at the regular time, a recollection quite unique and distinct from every other. For me

"The moon never beams without bringing me dreams"

of those unforgotten and unforgettable days, sitting late with some friends who were wistfully wondering if that year they had drawn the prize in the academic lottery of the good landlady. For me, the rising of the night wind on the last Wednesday of October has yearly a troop of memories, of "old familiar faces":

"The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices."

The very rustle of the leaves underfoot in the Chanonry

οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν*—

the rattle of the bolts and bars in the shutters of the houses at the top of Don Street, the slamming of an entry door, are as audible now as then. And some people *can* go down stairs at night, while others wake a cyclone in their train, heedless of some shrinking Bajan or timid Semi, " sair haudin doon wi' the bubbly jock," who

> Would face the raging of the skies
> But not an angry landlady.

The reading of Mr. Shewan's admirable work will pleasantly revive in his Class [1866–70], after forty years, the memory of that older past, " grateful," as he closes, " that our common life in them forms one more bond of fellowship in what, when all is said for it, is but a ' weariful unfriendly, self-seeking warld.' "

*Iliad* vi. 146.

*Alma Mater*, 18 October, 1905.

*Photo. by Mr. W. F. Webster.*

IN THE CHANONRY.

## "RECORDS OF THE ARTS CLASS 1884–88."*

> It's ill to loose the bonds that God decreed to bind;
> Still will we be the children of the heather and the wind.
> Far away from home, O it's still for you and me
> That the broom is blooming bonnie in the North Countree.
>
> STEVENSON.

IN years to come, when a complete and real History of the University is seriously embarked upon, nothing will be more valuable to the compiler than a file of *Alma Mater* and the copious materials that will be afforded by the Records of various Classes. Some have made their appearance within recent years, in more or less bulky form, and it is understood that others are under consideration or on their way. One of the oldest Records is that of the 1854–58 Arts Class of Marischal College, whose annals in the first edition were edited in 1869 by the late P. H. Chalmers, in the second of 1879 by John Crombie, and the third of 1897 by F. T. Garden. The latest Record is the one before us.

There are Classes and there are Classes, and it may in general be said with accuracy that the most distinguished Classes have been the largest and the most genial. Wherever unsociality has prevailed, from whatever causes, there has been a lapse of the genuine Arts feeling, a falling away with advancing years into featureless confusion and lack of interest in all matters, social and moral. After all, as Aristotle maintained, man is a social animal and loves the fellowship of his kind. "*Je suis*," said Napoleon, "*tout à fait un être politique.*" There is safety in

* Aberdeen: Privately printed by Taylor & Henderson, Printers to His Majesty the King. 1905.

the big battalions and in the big Classes. When drinkers entered, harmony was broken up, a pretty conclusive proof of the fact that the convivialist is not a social person but a pest trying to obtrude his own emptiness on the society of his betters. Many of the old Classes, certainly all before the Fusion with the above exception, have never met since their graduation day. They may then have had a dinner in Mrs. Ronald's Lemon Tree, 7 Huxter Row, but since that day they have scattered far and wide and have left no trace of common life and action.

The 1868–72 Class was the smallest. Professor Minto regarded the 1880–84 Class as the most brilliant. The Class now under review seems to have been the largest that ever entered the University, no less than 190 members being connected with it during its course. Wherever it went it had to be provided for by increased accommodation in seats. It has now celebrated its Sixth Triennial Reunion, and its Record will no doubt swell in time to a portly dimension.

An epidemic of Hymen has devastated half the Class, and no less strange is the tendency of its members to seek their fortunes in South Africa. The abolition of Chinese labour is not likely to impair our presence there : Lord Elgin will see that our tenure is safer by the great number of medical men and teachers from this Class and from others. One member has been in the Jameson Raid and since has been after big game in Central Africa. " There I contracted blackwater fever, and had to be carried by natives for many miles to the coast, the subsequent convalescence taking many months." Another has quitted Themis for the Kekewich Column, while the Chaplain of the Victorian Contingent from Australia was one of the last men under fire. Two have become journalists, editing the *Sphere* and *Tatler*, together with the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The Wee Frees have four ministers.

The country schoolmaster is strong and thriving, as of old.*

One member was elected M.P. for Greenock in 1892, but was unseated on recount. The Professor of Persian, University College, London, is of this Class. Two town clerks adorn the legal roll. Public life in the Dominion has attracted one of the medical men into the vortex. "In the pages of Hansard," he writes, "I find myself described by these gentlemen (Mr. Sutherland, Acting Minister of the Interior, Sir Louis Davies, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and others), in the following terms —discreditable, disreputable, lunatic, vicious, immoral, scurrilous, infamous, vile, foul, dirty, indelicate, violent, obscene, scoundrel, scalliwag. In these fifteen parliamentary words lies the whole moral defence of these gentlemen and of the Government of Canada." Another felt justly indignant, after travelling thousands of miles to revisit King's College with a party, at finding himself excluded from seeing the classrooms but for the intervention of superior authority. Some people at home and abroad are vastly fond of bellowing about colonial offers and kin across the sea ; but, when the returning graduate does attempt to realize his dreams of the past, we fear that the Aberdonian is quite a stranger to that as well as to every other form of sentiment.

"I cannot think that the men of 1884," writes Mr. Bulloch in the introductory sketch entitled *Nearing the Perilous Forties*, "are standing still in this the year of their alumnus majority. Personally, I am conscious of many changes. The tinkle of the hansoms, to the music of

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* The lines by "Oor Jock" on *The Evolution of a Dominie, Alma Mater*, Vol. I, p. 102, were much admired, and justly so, at the time. We have been informed they were written by a student named MacWilliam, now Rev. George MacWilliam, Crawfordjohn.

"An' noo his only dreed in life's
The annual Squeel Inspection—
Onless the mirrles is on the roun',
Or some siclike infection."

which I started on a similar task three years ago, has largely withdrawn its inspiration in favour of the restless whirr and Girdleness-like moan of the 'mobus,' which passes my windows in increasing numbers. Again, I—and probably others—have come to cast furtive glances at potatoes, which may not be touched; and I have seen some of my old comrades display an unwonted tendency towards toast. These symptoms point most unmistakably that we are entering the period of those perilous forties which have come to form such a paralysing obsession in our exacting world. 'It's an uncomfortable sensation,' as Sir George Lamorant says to the Princess Pannonia, 'to hear the lapping of that tide as it turns within you and begins to go down. And there's no more '84 Champagne.'"

What he means by the stomachic protective tariff on the free trade of the stomach we know not: failing teeth may account for the preferential dealings with toast in the roaring forties; otherwise he finds the Class after twenty years little changed—"heavier," he thinks "on the weighing machine and a little thinner on the thatch."

"For my own part I find that the comrades of '84 have differed in varying degrees. Some of those whom I meet occasionally seem as young as when they were Bajans. They have learned the art of obscuring any transformations. They re-create the quadrangle of '84, as if they were still under the spell of Minto or the periods of 'Homer.' Others have become almost unrecognizable."

The surroundings, doubtless, are changing. The returning graduate this year will scarcely recognize King Street. He will find a vast acreage of granite and side streets with six-bell doors, and a mass of pretentious villadom where he knew only fields. The tram and the 'bus are "running from the bank," if not "to Mandalay," at least to the Bridge, and the ubiquitous builder and speculator are fast pegging out claims. To the man lost in the modern world it becomes increasingly necessary to belong to some bond of humanity. This, he thinks, is provided for by the memories of the past:—

"Amid all the changes one steadfast memory seems almost invariably to remain—those four years we spent in the Aulton: the scurrying along the Spital on bleak days: the clangour of the old bell in the tower: the sound of voices that are still: the hush of Marischal College

examination hall, with Reynolds' immortal tribute to Beattie's forgotten art as methodistically draped as if we had been schoolgirls. Thus, when Esson called on me the other day, his talk was not of the vast engineering feats that he has been performing in America, but all of the old days, to which he attributed most of the impulses which have animated him in his work.

"Some of us, I know, differ as to the precise mental value of '84-88, but of the sentiment instilled by our four years there can be no doubt whatever. It is an imperishable memory: which does one good to recall at all hours of stress; while to return to the Grey Town by the Sea, to tread those familiar streets, to watch the foam from the distance of the Spital top whiten the breakwater, to see the Crown once again with one's very eyes—these are things, especially for those of us who have left the North, which seem to prove that there is '84 champagne' after all."

Those Classes, then, are to be congratulated on having maintained their feeling of mirth and of community in the past. Its value, seen only with advancing years, is indeed "imperishable." The unsocial Classes must feel it most with increased bitterness, for they were not altogether to blame, being the creatures of circumstances. Perhaps we feel it most ourselves, for we must own the soft impeachment that our Class of 1873–77 has perhaps the unique record of unsociality. We had, to our credit, no drinkers, yet we cannot but think that in that year the tide of unsociality rose to its high-water mark, and that we witnessed its meridian splendour. As Burke said of his own vision of Marie Antoinette and Versailles, there surely never lighted on this orb a more extraordinary vision. Nansen has not the record of Farthest North among the Icebergs. That record was and is ours. One of us tells the other day that he—a leading member of the Class—once attempted in the four years to speak to another, also a prominent figure, and that he was repelled in majestic silence. It realized Goschen's idea of Splendid Isolation. There were four sets: the New Town Grammar School, the Old Town Grammar School, the Gymnasium, and others. The first split at the door from the rest, going by King Street, the second went

by the Spital, the remainder by other paths. Even yet, after thirty years, former acquaintances will frigidly shake hands with "Mr." So-and-so! Names have been forgotten. To us all there has never been in later life a Vale of Avoca, "where the waters meet." Other Classes have in varying degrees the same story, only to say in the words of Lord Houghton's song that used to be about,

> "After years of life together,
> After fair and stormy weather—
> Strangers yet!"

Nothing, at least since the Fusion, has so ruined and wrecked Aberdeen as the rise of a Napoleonic Legend. As that old Wrecker of Humanity, when chained to his lonely rock, drew the admiration of a besotted hero-worship, so there was introduced early in our midst the spell of an academic legend. We may call it the Smith Legend. No two men have worked such mischief in the Arts Faculty as did the two brothers from Keig in 1861–65. Were they not held up as demigods to succeeding Classes? "By our own spirits are we deified," and the professoriate with the whole North created, fostered, begot, and adulated with the maddest of hallelujahs this unfortunate type. It killed Minto, and carried many to early graves. Did not their names on the Calendar with the letters "E.B.C.," "A.E.C.D.," stand for brazen images to all eternity from Dan to Beersheba, from Aberdeen to the Orkneys? The poor white-faced boys from Keig used to be seen running out at night, hand in hand, for a breath of fresh air! "*Sunt lacrimae rerum.*" And, as if this were not all too sad and tragic, did not an infatuated hero-worshipper lately rush into print with the joyful news that he believed it to be a fact that, toward the end of each session, their mother used to have telegram forms ready filled up to congratulate them on their first or second places? Let us trust that it is false. We prefer to hope that all the sons will record their votes unflinch-

ingly for the unknown, surely never forgotten, mothers that sent the telegrams to the sons that—failed.

Surely Aberdeen must alter its ways, if it means to rank as a creator and not a destroyer of learning. The old unsociality must be killed, and the beggarly spirit of competition replaced by a far higher one. Little was certainly done for the Old Brigade. The Literary Society used to meet in what elsewhere would have been believed to be a big tank. We used to hear that, when there was a Union, it would be the focus of all interests, the flower of a new life. The Union has come and has failed. Will the new buildings in Broad Street fail also? So long as "the legend" prevails, they almost inevitably will. "Remember your Creator in the days of your youth" has long been an antiquated text in Aberdeen. It has been revised and authorized into remember the Examiner at the end of a session, so that by hook and crook you may get ninety-five per cent. and floor him on his own field. The poor Aberdonian is caught young.

> "Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy."

Yearly the graduates have to listen with anger and disgust to the harangue of some vulgar Provost or coarser Baillie, addressing the "talented staff" of some school after the Bursary Competition on the feat of "carrying off in hard cash the sum of, etc., etc." Fancy Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle listening to this Niagara of Balderdash. We earnestly wish that the words of our old friend Dr. Birkbeck Hill, prince of Johnsonians and critics, could be hung up in every university, but especially in Aberdeen*:—

"The world is looked upon as a vast battlefield in which the exceeding great reward is not the inner life nobly lived but the outer life nobly recompensed. It is not a race against ourselves, but a race against outsiders. It is not a race where all who run, if they have laboriously

* *Readers and Writers* (Fisher Unwin, 1892), p. 143, etc.

trained themselves, are sure of a prize, but one in which the runners are many and the prizes few. The child, the boy, the young man are not taught that their chief competitors are themselves. It is not themselves but *their companions* that they must *strive to overcome*. . . . No one, not even the outcast, not even the poorest workhouse boy is to be trained as a mere producing machine. He is to be made a man first and a producer afterwards."

That is a lesson which Classes with Records seem to be proclaiming with increasing emphasis. They see that their best and most valued members are precisely those that cling most together. The unsocial men have produced nothing in life, nothing but stunted lives and uninteresting characters. They have no living wells of water within them, and no springs of true work and vitality.

We wore a wreath of roses *
  That year when first we met ;
It seemed as Life could never bring
  One sigh or fond regret.
But dreaming in the twilight here
  Of suns that long have set,
For some that now remember all
  We've fifty that forget.

That forget. But it is well with those that remember. For them, whatever they may individually feel as Mr. Bulloch hints about potatoes and toast, there is collectively nothing to fear. For the mere men of the world, engrossed in the hunt of the dollar and the accumulation of the shekel, there comes with relentless force the feeling of life wasted, of opportunities lost, when the evil days come, and the years draw nigh when they say they have no pleasure in them, and the clouds return after the rain. But those within the charmed circle of Reunions and Common Life will feel that, though they may be getting " thinner on the thatch," not for them are delusive hopes reared on the Whisker Formula and the Hair Restorer.

* *Menandri Fragmenta*, ed. Weil, 64 :—

ἰοστέφανοι τότ' ἐδοκοῦμεν εἶναι
ὅτε πρῶτον ἤμεν.

They look with complacency on the wiles of advertising Palmistry Experts, who " have travelled over half the States of America and live in (or, rather on) their own flats." They can turn a deaf ear to the seductions of Madame Rachel and promises of means to render them beautiful for ever. That physic they can throw to the dogs, and leave that delusion for their wives. For them " there is one flower that bloometh, the memory of the past." They will not need to say with Principal Geddes, when congratulated on his youthful appearance at a meeting of the University Club in London: " The stealthy rime of advancing years has already laid its icy hand on me." They will feel the secret, the open secret, among themselves, and be assured that the old dream that lured but to baffle the *conquistadores* of Spain in the New World has been left for them to fulfil—in the discovery of the true El Dorado and Fountain of Everlasting Youth.

*Alma Mater*, 7 February, 1906.

## AN ACADEMIC DURBAR.*

"And so they can hear the Bells again
Above the self-same flowers,
When the Aulton is adroop with drouth—
Sounding the sleepy hours :
Or quavering in the loud March gales
That thunder round her towers."

ST. JOHN LUCAS, *The Return.*

THE Eighth Triennial Reunion of this Class was held on December 29, in the Imperial Hotel, and the occasion was fitly recognized as a Durbar to honour Dr. Rennet, two of whose former pupils had some days before been distinguished by the Order of Knighthood and an Indian Order at Delhi. At the Seventh Reunion it was noted that six of his men, all high in the Council of the Viceroy, had met at Simla to celebrate the occasion. The Arts Class of 1884–88 is the largest that has ever passed through the University, and with tributary rills of addition in the course of its four years it reached the great total of nearly two hundred men. The analysis of the Class reveals wide interests and wide geographical areas. Divinity is found to claim 36 ; Law has 16 ; Education takes 28 ; while the doctors reach the high figure of 52. Two town clerks are on the roll, about half a dozen newspaper editors, one late M.P., several farmers, one theatre manager, and one Lieutenant-Colonel. Two first bursars are in the Class, Dr. Ashley Mackintosh (1884), and

* *Records of the Arts Class, 1884–88.* Eighth Triennial Reunion : December 29, 1911.

*Handbook for Class Secretaries.* Yale University, New Haven, Conn. 1910.

Reynold Nicholson (1885), Lecturer in Persian, Cambridge. One medical man, an unsuccessful candidate for the Yukon Territory in the Canadian Parliament, has clearly made things lively in Dominion circles. Another doctor has travelled over Uganda, and explored the uninhabited plains between Lake Victoria Nyanza and Kilima-Njaro, Rhodesia, and the ancient ruins of Matabeleland. Two in the Class have died at sea.

Their outward-bound sails have long left the pier of Aberdeen far behind, and the wanderers are found in every quarter of the globe. They range from St. Kilda, "plac'd far amid the melancholy main," to China. Canada, America, Cape Colony, and the Hudson Bay Territory have all taken toll, so that they may literally repeat the hackneyed words of Daniel Webster, the American orator, on the British Empire, that "its morning drumbeat, following the sun or keeping company with the hours, has encircled the globe with a continuous strain of the martial airs"—and the *Gaudeamus*. The globe has been circumnavigated by at least two, to whom the famous epitaph on Drake can be applied :—

> "Si taceant homines, faciant te sidera notum,
> Sol nescit comitis immemor esse sui."

Lately we noticed in *Round the World on a Wheel* (Nelson) how three cyclists, breaking down in the interior of China, were succoured by a member of the Class, and as Campbell in *The Pleasures of Hope* says of Commodore Byron, found "Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend."

The Reports of the Class have always been prefaced by a triennial survey from the pen of the editor of *The Graphic*, Mr. J. M. Bulloch, so well known as the former editor of *Alma Mater*. In this issue he thus delivers himself :—

"With regard to the educational function of the Class, the views of many of us have altered. I, personally, would avoid certain subjects in the old, and embrace other subjects in the new, curriculum, for I am

increasingly conscious of its crippling ignorances which the busy day makes it difficult to bridge. But in regard to the whole intention of those years and their physical setting, there can be no change whatever. They at least seem imperishable permanencies, defying the Law of Change : and they must remain, not only till the day when but one of the great Class of '84–88 is left, but as long as the University has one stone left on another.

" Since we were there together, many stones have been added, and many more are on the way. Marischal College has already been transfigured : and now it is the turn of King's College, for by the time the Class meets again the derelict brewery, which long since ceased to perfume the Aulton with 'draff,' will have been replaced by an extension of the University. But the Crown remains, holding ' its place in the Sun,' although it is challenged from some points of view by the Sun's rival, in the shape of the ghastly gasometer by the Broad Hill. To us the sight of the Crown on the grey horizon has much the same recuperative effect as the visit of a rheumatical old gentleman to a German Spa : the Crown remains as a symbol of continuity over and above the clash of warring educational ideals.

" By way of postscript, may I suggest a readjustment which might well inspire us—the change from the attitude of Taker to that of Giver. For benefits received it should be the ideal of every alumnus to return something to his Alma Mater—to send her a new pupil : to increase her Library with a new book—or an old one : to sign a cheque for this addition and that adornment : in short to be remembered as well as to remember."

Such a declaration and the very issue of the *Records* should go far to change the view of American Class Secretaries. We have before us a Yale booklet ; and, as it seems that such Records are now an integral part of the University system of the United States, it is curious to reflect that the typical American University is neither Harvard nor Yale but the University of Pennsylvania, founded on the model of King's College by its old alumnus from the Grammar School of Aberdeen, William Smith, 1743–47, and based on the educational reformed curriculum of Thomas Reid, the Moral Philosopher, and Alexander Gerard. The Americans go thoroughly and often lavishly into these things, they have their Finance Committee and Information Bureau, but it is strange to notice how their experience and methods have long been anticipated by our older Arts Classes. The editor says :—

"No such devotion of sons to the welfare of their academic mother seems to be known abroad. And perhaps it will not be unjust to other American Universities to add that the intense feeling of loyalty to his college is even more marked in the Yale graduate than in the sons of other institutions. But the loyalty of the alumni depends more upon the fidelity to their work of the Class Secretaries than upon anything else. It is the Class Secretaries who keep the men in touch with each other and with the University, who maintain the Class solidarity, who bring it together at the stated reunions, and who preserve the old Class ideals with which they started out on their Commencement Day. Truly, like that long-distance runner whose task it was to relight from Delphi the Athenian altars, they carry sacred fire. The faithful Class Secretary has a right to rank himself among the men who build dormitories and endow professorial chairs; and, on the other hand, if a Class is noticeably lacking in loyal support of the University, it is fair to ask if its Secretary is not neglecting his office or doing his work half-heartedly, and to wonder why he does not turn it over to more efficient hands."

Longfellow was an enthusiastic Class man. Some of his best sonnets are on old members, and one of his latest poems, his still copyright *Morituri Salutamus*, commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of his 1825 Bowdoin Class. Even Hawthorne, never very social, relaxed for his Class and wrote the "Campaign" biography for President Pierce in 1852. The most distinguished Classes have always been the most harmonious and social. We infer that the old "galvanized divvots," as Dr. Chalmers described such vermin, are not yet extinct in our academic circles, for they have been fostered and created by the professoriate. They suck notes with the most perfect Carlylean "esuriency" of the ungenial type. In such creatures there is nothing at all original, except a double dose of Original Sin. We notice that *Alma Mater* has in a leader, November 22, set them in the pillory. Truly they are old offenders:—

"No one at the University ever dreams of trying to sell them a Society Syllabus, and no one says a word to them when, as sometimes happens, they top the class list and grab everything extra that is going. Let their parents and their professors praise them as they like—we wish them no success."

They will never get it. Class Reunions have no wish

for their presence. They are of Classes, but never belong to them. We believe it is Herbert Spencer who says that by no alchemy whatsoever can leaden instincts be transmuted into golden conduct.

A careful study of the component members of this Class will reveal one very striking fact. The present race cannot too earnestly grasp it, and learn that an academic crisis has been reached. The situation in a nutshell is this—that the present age on entrance cuts off the Classes now from nearly all public appointments open to the former ones. The recent issue by the students themselves of *After Graduation—What?* is highly significant, and shews that they are vaguely apprehensive of the truth and that all is not sound within. And they are right. Should the present conditions become permanent, then they may write on the doors of King's College, what Dante found on the gates of Dis, " All Hope abandon, ye who enter here." The crisis turns on the age limit. The remarkable article in *Alma Mater*, for November 22, 1911, has given the graduates anxious moments, for the proof they wanted was given there. If the average age on entrance be approximating to nineteen, the students now will find they are out of the race. I turn to the Aberdeen Grammar School Prize List for June 21, 1911, p. 17, and I find the average age of the Modern VI. is eighteen. In my time the age in the Rector's Class would have been sixteen. If we were too young, it is as certain now that the present race is too old.

Mark the consequences, how they radiate with deadly effect all over. No Delhi Durbar will again shew Aberdeen Knights in the Indian Civil Service. The age limit is inflexible. We infer from articles in *Alma Mater* last year that the students have begun to find out—no very hard task—the Training Centres as " the home of mediocrities." * In the Medical Classes we believe some

* January 25, 1911, fully grasping the position on all sides.

Professors miss sadly from their prize lists the stiffening element of Arts graduates that ever gave a stimulus to the Class. A graduate now at 22 cannot face a further course of say four years, and in country parishes that most invaluable asset and recruiting officer of the University, the doctor with the Arts degree, is passing away. The late Professor of Anatomy, Sir John Struthers, used to preach the doctrine that the Arts degree should be regarded as the *sine qua non* in Medicine. The change has lowered the prestige in many districts of the doctor. "We don't plough for spelling at Marischal," said one of the Staff to me, "if we did, we should close the doors." "If I were seriously to print the letters I get from recent medical men in the North," added a Session Clerk, "they could practise no longer, for their spelling and composition would undo them."*

It affects the ministry in the most fatal way. Few can now afford to face the eight years practically demanded by the United Free Church. Already we have heard the cry from weak spirits in Aberdeen that the Arts or the Divinity course should be shortened, or that the ranks be recruited from men who in later life, by a back door, find a "call" to the ministry—to which they certainly would never receive one—and having failed in other walks would ruin the Churches. Some have proposed taking Hebrew and Church History as Arts classes and so to shorten the Divinity course. No such proposals have been made by the United Free Church, and I trust that she at least will never betray the pulpits of Scotland to any such degrading idea. Any Union of the Churches that contemplated the weakening of the Arts Faculty would find short shrift from the graduates.

The Enemy of All—parents, ratepayers, schools, universities—is the Scottish Education Department.

* Dr. ("Rab") John Brown's little paper "With Brains, Sir!" should be read and re-read by every medical student.

In 1912 the famous motion in Parliament by Dunning is being repeated—but should be worded now: "The power of not the Crown but the Department has increased, is increasing, and must at once decrease." Not content with wilfully and ignorantly wrecking the Higher Learning of Scotland, and particularly the classical side of the universities, these half-educated Manchus and swelled-headed Mandarins have taken to issuing pompous Manifestoes, Pronunciamentos (in the wordy style of revolutionary generals in South and Central America), Ukases, Firmans of the Sublime Porte, and Bulls of the most astounding nature. Having tyrannized over the ratepayers and school boards, they now dictate to the national universities by refusing grants save on their own terms. We fear the late Principal was too complaisant here, and the graduates most certainly expect that his successor will shew no such deference to the Pontiffs of the Department. By the manipulation of showy subjects and the enforcing of terms, they have *artificially raised the school age to an intolerable limit*. It is absolutely impossible that parents can keep their children at school up to the age of nineteen, so that our numbers must inevitably dwindle or a Socialistic cry for farther maintenance be raised. To this deplorable pass have the Manchu Mandarins reduced the schools and universities of Scotland. In China they have been expelled, and Scotland must see that the Department is removed from London to Edinburgh and works under the eyes of the people. When the Member for North Aberdeen, in whose constituency King's College lies, presented a petition from fifty Scottish Members to this effect, he was officially told that it was impossible, as some of the permanent officials of the Scottish Department had taken leases of their London houses and could not be disturbed! Could bureaucratic insolence go farther? Are we not forcibly reminded of the famous passage in Burke's speech on

Economical Reform, how Lord Talbot found an insurmountable obstacle to the reformation of the Civil List "in the fact that the turnspit of the King's kitchen was a member of Parliament," and that the rights of sinecures are sacred?

Dr. Rennet, whose word will carry finality with the North of Scotland in the crisis, has decided that efforts should be made all round to reduce the Bajan age to 17. Nearly thirty years ago the well-known London coach, Mr. Walter Wren, had foreseen the present results. I never saw him, but he was a very good friend to Aberdeen and Aberdonians; for, high as his fees necessarily were in consideration of the splendid staff he employed, he often generously assisted our men. Now that he is dead, this tribute to his memory should not be withheld. He introduced himself to me by letter long, long ago on the strength of Dr. Rennet's name and two of their old men, classfellows of my own—Sir John O. Miller, and Sir John Anderson of the Colonial Office, who ever spoke as highly of his capacities as he did of theirs.

Our numbers cannot bear such a strain, artificially and bureaucratically fomented. *After Graduation—What?* finds the answer ready—Nothing on this Earth, if you allow the Scottish Education Department to dictate to the Universities of Scotland. Let there be no mistake. At present the numbers are temporarily kept up by the female infusion, that deadliest blow to the Higher Learning of poor old Scotland. The Department craftily put the hook in the nostrils of Leviathan and compelled the Universities to staff the Infant Departments in the Board Schools and do their cheap work. And to-day? What is the frank opinion of the leading men in the North, and all the best graduates of twenty years back? Is it not notorious, proclaimed everywhere, that the University Societies have become absolutely worthless? That some classes have attracted the females in such numbers

as to be useless to the men, who contemptuously boycott them and declare them "classes that may count but *are not* classes"? Are not the graduates all over the North very plain in their declaration that *the whole mental tone* of the University has been altered and degraded, and that "Cinder. men" and "Kennaway women" have devastated the old manly atmosphere by the introduction of the pestilential miasma of a flabby hermaphroditism? The graduates learn that Extension is in contemplation through the demolition of the old brewery in the High Street. Let them see to it that the older and the graver traditions shall be inflexibly adhered to, and that the time has come for the separation for ever of the sexes. Of the difficulties attending the medical degrees through a bowdlerized course of talk, this is not the place to speak. Universities exist for Higher Learning only, not for females. *If the men are not to miss "their place in the sun," they must speak out*, and let it be very clearly known and seen that Bajanellas and the great traditions of King's College cannot and shall not be conjoined. The place for the first is elsewhere—outside.

*Alma Mater*, 31 January, 1912.

*Photo. by Mr. Alex. Murray.*

IN COLLEGE BOUNDS: THE POWIS GATEWAY.

## THE QUATERCENTENARY RECORD.*

THE long-delayed and long-expected volume will soon be in the hands of the delegates, subscribers, and others. It will be seen that the book, of about 600 quarto pages, has been worth waiting for and that its production has involved endless time and ungrudging labour in the arrangement of materials, composition, and revision of the text. In its present form it is due to the generosity of one of the General Committee, Mr. J. E. Crombie. The editorial part, performed with characteristic taste and finish to the remotest detail by Mr. Anderson, simply leaves nothing to be desired. Those who were present at the Celebrations will find every function and ceremony chronicled and illustrated; those who were absent will now be enabled, as they otherwise could not be, to live in the scenes of the week, and perhaps obtain a clearer and more vivid view than fell to the lot of most. It is quite unique in the annals of University Anniversaries. We believe Professor Bryce officially stated that he had large experience of such at home and on the Continent, and had never seen anything approaching that week in style and in organization. It is not too much to say that they will form the model of all future functions, and to this book the authorities that plan these must have recourse.

Nothing has been left out. The reader will find sermons, speeches, addresses, letters, programmes, toast lists, menu cards. They will hear all about the 64,000

* *Record of the Celebration of the Quatercentenary of the University of Aberdeen, from 25th to 28th September, 1906.* Edited by P. J. Anderson, M.A., LL.B., Librarian to the University and Clerk of the General Council. Aberdeen, 1907.

knives, the 12,000 glasses, the 24,000 plates, and the battalion of turtles, which excited the enthusiasm and frenzied jealousy of the London press. Speeches delivered or held as read in a fog of smoke will now, for the first time, be read by the public and by the speakers themselves. The text of the addresses and the introductory remarks by the delegates can now be studied. The illustrations include the Letter of Invitation, the Crown Tower of King's College, the S.W. Front of Marischal, the Principal reading the Address to the King, Their Majesties' Signatures, the Chancellor—Lord Strathcona, the Plan of the Banquet. Poems, Anthems, Bibliography, Hosts, Processionists, are all included. Not least noteworthy is the abstract of the cost. Those who intend to follow will have to study that item, though of course many sums are left out. They will need to remember, first and last, the Rothschild who entertained, for some days, the Emperor of the French. "Ah! Sire," he cried ecstatically, as he handed his guest to his carriage, "can I—shall I—ever forget the memory of this day?" But in his emotion he got confused in the gender of *mémoire*. He meant the feminine (memory), but he uttered the truth in the masculine (account, bill!). Centenaries can be done only with lavish expense. But, if worth doing, they are worth doing well.

As we have said, in this portly volume will be found the whole story. The functions are described under the different days. Commemoration Services, Processions, Receptions, Conferring of Degrees, Balls, Excursions, Dinners are sketched by those who were there. It is needless even to mention them here, and citations from the specially-contributed articles would do no justice to the different writers. What is reserved for us here is briefly to state the general impression produced by the book and by the recollection of the week itself.

The outstanding feature of the University is no longer in debate. Aberdeen is not a University of great men. Her lights of the first magnitude are like angels' visits, few and far between. Many, perhaps most, of her Chairs are without traditions through the four hundred years of her existence. From Aberdeen no learned transactions emanate. The University Magazine alone performs the function, and does it well, of preserving the feeling of corporate existence. In the volume before us, Elphinstone, Hector Boece, George Keith, fairly "enjoy their own again," and the just recognition of their national services. A historic sense is very slowly but surely dawning on the North, thanks to the affectionate labours of some graduates during the last twenty years, and not least to the monumental works of the Editor of the present *Record*. In this we unfeignedly rejoice, for we can assert with full knowledge that about thirty years ago, apart from the late Principal, scarcely half a dozen in Court or Senatus could have given a rational account of the history of the Colleges, or had but the faintest acquaintance with the life and work of those three men.

But if Aberdeen cannot claim to be the home of men famous in the thought of the world, if the intellectual firmament is but faintly studded with stars, this book at least makes one point clear. In another way she is perfectly unique in the history of universities. She has produced a long and extraordinary line of men who have faithfully served their country and generation in every conceivable department of life and work. To feel this in detail, the reader should turn to that remarkable contribution by Mr. Kellas Johnstone in the *Studies in the History and Development*. It is one of the perfect things done in recent years, written out of a fullness of knowledge of Bon-Accord, its sons, and its books, such as is possessed by no other living man, and

worthy of Joseph Robertson at his best. He makes it clear that the number of names of *almost* first-class importance is greater than that shewn by any other university. The delegates themselves from abroad and at home attest this. We have no Scott, no Adam Smith, no Chalmers. But such names as William Mavor, of New Deer (LL.D., Mar. Coll., 1789), of the *Spelling Book*, and Cruden, of the *Concordance*, are simply types of an endless cloud of witnesses of the world's work done by Aberdeen. No language almost, now written, but has an edition of the first ; in India alone it defies calculation. The second is consulted daily where the language is spoken. It is the same in Medicine, Science, and other branches of knowledge. As pioneers, as diffusers, as men carrying on the work-a-day labour of the world, the names that can be enumerated are legion. Much incidental light on the history of the University is given by the texts of the various addresses. Whenever such a fact or connexion could be traced, it is natural to expect that the delegates would not forget to dwell upon it. Some were known before ; others are traced for the first time. They leave us in no doubt as to the men regarded by them as our greatest. There are about 180 addresses submitted. All are illuminated, or printed, varying in size from 5½ in. by 2½ in. to 2 ft. 8 in. by 1 ft. 6 in., now preserved in an oaken cabinet. It is well to see ourselves as others see us. It is curious to find Dr. Bain almost forgotten already, but three men are singled out with almost unanimous recognition. They are Thomas Reid, father of the Scottish Philosophy, James Gregory, inventor of the reflecting telescope, and " the world-renowned pathfinder, James Clerk Maxwell," as he is styled by Lord Rayleigh in the address of the Royal Society. The triad is in every way remarkable. Two of them, it is true, are in the Mitchell Window, but Maxwell, " inheritor of unfulfilled renown " is, by an astounding example of

human frailty, forgotten. But for the happy preservation of his name and features by the *pietas* of Dr. Robert Walker in the admirable little *Handbook of the City and University*—in its way a model of condensation and accuracy—the memory of the most illustrious man of science in her annals would have been omitted. "*Sunt lacrimæ rerum!*"

We pass to the addresses presented. The Editor has done well to be explicit. "As the Addresses here printed," he states, "are in fourteen languages, with several of which the Editor is unfamiliar, he begs that any shortcomings in press correction be viewed with a lenient eye. Some of the Addresses, in tongues with which the Editor *is* familiar, contain occasional eccentricities of diction or of spelling which, were the senders not Universities or Learned Societies, he might be tempted to deem errors, and perhaps would venture to amend. As it is, these have been faithfully reproduced, and the fastidious reader is requested not to credit them necessarily to the type-setter's carelessness or to the Editor's neglect." Those in Sanskrit, Arabic, and Japanese have been reproduced by photography. As a whole they are creditable, if of varying degrees of excellence. We suggest that the teachers in the North, who are here provided with an endless succession of Latin, French, and German "versions," should dictate them and retranslate them to their classes, prefacing each with some historical setting and the explanation of the various allusions and references. By such means the history of the University and of other seats of learning could be traced. Many excellent specimens of composition they will find: others of inferior calibre they can judiciously omit. The critical reader will see that "Ruddiman is dead," and often in places where he was thought to be vigorous.

"Vovemus precamusque," "cupire," "mense Sep-

tembre," wrong moods and tenses, may be noted. One University recalls with pride that in the twelfth century its countrymen sacked and devastated Aberdeen. In so saying, we regret to find they have managed to sack the Latin grammar. One women's college speaks in the masculine gender ; we may expect over this recognition of " mere man " another split in the ranks of the Suffragettes. The Aberdeen University Club in Edinburgh covers itself with glory in an ambitious address. The gallant exiles from the Crown, as they style themselves, are like the Macleans at the time of the Flood. The Clan had a boat of its own ; the Club has a private Latin vocabulary. They desire to be " participes feriarum tam magnificentium," and at this we fancy " the parting genius is with sighing sent " from the Melvin Window. We submit to Lord Elgin and the Commission that they deal with the Latinity of the " Wee Frees." In the Aberdeen area at least " prosequor " does not govern the dative. The irony of " in nostra Academia " will not escape the reader. Perhaps Chalmers, Masson, and Melvin have discussed it all by this time.

Out of the large number of Addresses which, it may be asked, is the finest ? There is no doubt. It is the one presented by the French Academy. They rise to the occasion and remember their own reputation. They go fully into the question, the history of the Scot abroad,* the Scottish Philosophy, the Scotch Guard, the influence on France of Scott, of Burns, and Stevenson. They recall the Kiss of the daughter of James I of Scotland to Alain Chartier. " Il semble que dans l'image de Marguerite d'Ecosse, inclinée ainsi vers Alain Chartier,

* The " Aberdonians Abroad," like Walter Donaldson at Sedan and Rochelle, Arthur Johnston at Sedan, and their history in the old six Protestant Universities of Montauban, Saumur, Nismes, Montpelier, Die, and Sedan, still wait a local antiquary. It is matter for regret that space precluded the subject being treated by the splendid erudition of M'Crie (*Andrew Melville*, 1856, p. 320).

apparaisse le symbole même de cette fraternité littéraire unissant deux pays que la science et la poésie rapprochent." In short, three pages of the best French prose. The United Free Churches of England present a long and careful address. They recall their own dead trained in Aberdeen; but we are surprised to find men like Principals Fairbairn and Forsyth ignorant of the fact that Doddridge* and Watts were doctors in divinity of King's College and Marischal. "Academic honours," said Dr. Johnson of Watts, "would have more value if they were always bestowed with equal judgment."

We have received from the Brussels delegate, Count Goblet D'Alviella, an interesting pamphlet by him—*Souvenirs d'un Jubilé* (Liège, 1906). It is a most creditable production and probably indicates the general impression of the foreign delegates. He describes it all, the local history, the Sermon by "le Rev. Cowan," the capping ("l'encapuchonnement"), the "bal d'étudiants." As a politician he has often "hélas! to assist at big feasts," and it is a misery in life. But there "all was perfect."

It can be seen from the Record that to the foreigners Lord Strathcona was a central figure. There appears even a myth growing up. One delegate had to renounce the legend "qui le montre, dans son enfance, gardant les moutons au coeur des Highlands."

In conclusion, all will associate themselves with Dr. Angus Fraser in the University Court in recording "a Minute expressing its warmest gratitude to the Principal for the great ability, dignity, and courtesy with which, as resident Head of the University, he had discharged the many and arduous duties that had fallen to him during the Celebrations."

* Philip Doddridge, LL.D., Mar. Coll., 1736; D.D., King's Coll., July 5, 1737. Isaac Watts, D.D., King's Coll., Dec. 23, 1728.

*Alma Mater*, 23 October, 1907.

## ARCADES AMBO.

J.F. R.W.

"I sall ger fasone weile a flane
And schut it fra ma hart . . .
Weile fedderit with the tyme has bene.
Adoue ! deir harts of Aberdene."

*Book of Bon-Accord*, p. 178.

To think of John Fyfe is to feel young again, and to recall streets and scenes that have long passed away from the ken of the present generation. The Spirit of the Age seems to be incarnate in petrol; and in its addiction to motor-cars and other concomitants of the March of Progress, of which it may be hinted that there is a disproportionate number of drummers, it has forgotten a time when, at the end of autumn, the moss grew dark between the stones in the High Street, and indicated by its presence its remoteness from traffic and the busy ways of men. Our Lord Rector, Mr. Carnegie, assures us that "Steam and electricity hav transformed the fysical & mental sferes," and all this means Progress. I can see it, feel it, and even smell it, but all the same I am bound to say I cannot follow him here. I do not care to hold by such a frail tenure to life, but rather do I feel reluctant to pass away like a weaver's shuttle, or as a tale that is told. I prefer to live and die fortified by the rites of all the Ages, to walk streets where for centuries others have gone before me, to look before and after, and to believe that, as a child of the Crown, I was linked even at birth to the Pharos that with its inadequate means has through the ages shed its light forth and its truth over these Northern Seas. Thus do I profess myself an Historical

Socialist and a sworn enemy to the march of individualistic advance. I would rather see my name in the Beatitudes than on the roll of the One Hundred Greatest Men, for it is clear to me that the *Collegium*, the *Studium Generale*, and the *Universitas*, one and all, know nothing of the Individual.

John Fyfe's contribution to the history of the University lay not through Moral Philosophy, though I recollect, when he opened in 1876 his modest little campaign of Marengo, that he referred with feeling to the fact that he was now speaking within a few feet of the spot where Thomas Reid taught, and all through life he was proud of his family relationship through the Aberdeenshire Cants to the Kants of Königsberg.[58] His work lay through Humanity, that lesson ever needed to be taught to all universities, and most of all to ours, which for so long has canonized impossible men. I venture the very confident opinion that, were it given to the Arts Classes of 1876–94 to express the wish for the presence at their re-unions of one face, " one face there we loved when all was young," the solid poll would be recorded for John Fyfe. No man chaunted his record, his stars in the honour-list in the *Calendar ;* all the same his work has not passed without influence on the true sons. If he knew little, he loved much :—

> " The generations of thy peers are fled
> And we ourselves shall go ;
> But thou possessest an immortal lot,
> And we imagine thee exempt from age
> Because thou hadst—what they, alas ! had not."

He was characteristic of his period, " born before this strange disease of modern life." The lamps in the burgh could have been counted on one hand, and one clumsy wooden lamp-post at the corner of the then anonymous Bedford Road emitted a feeble flicker for the whole of the street. The Conscript Fathers sitting at the other end were thrifty in their rating of the lieges, and an

inspection of the windows on the second floor some days ago convinced me that the painters had not been there since the reign of the Last of the Humanists. Primitive ways prevailed, Guy Fawkes[59] lingered long, and the burghers were roused in the morning by tuck of drum, whose rolling echoes are in my ears yet, a possible remnant of the 1574 edict in council commanding John Cowpar to pass through "all the rewis, playand upon the Almany quhissel, with ane servand with him playand upon the taborine, quhairby the craftismen may pass to their labouris in due tyme." In the days of his academic life the self-same sound may have been heard some passing night by Dugald Dalgetty, and so have lent to him a note of regret that the Highlanders in war had not even "a German whistle, or a drum, to beat a march, charge, reveillé, or other point of war." The burgh boasted of its Provost, four baillies, eight merchant councillors, six trades councillors, a town clerk, and an officer. I fancy that at no time did Fyfe aspire to municipal office; for he read no papers and his interest in passing affairs was small. Now it is all gone, faded like some unsubstantial pageant, leaving only a rack behind in the mind of The Last of the Provosts some years ago to me, that he and I, the son of an Honorary Burgess, had lived to behold the burgh dwindle to a ward represented in the Town Council by a spirit dealer in East North Street.

Into this world came John Fyfe in 1844 from Carmylie in Forfarshire, where he was born in 1827. He graduated in 1848, and became a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. Though Professor Hercules Scott was a quietly safe dispenser of ecclesiastical patronage after the Disruption, I scarcely imagine that Fyfe ever turned to him. He practically spent his whole life in the service of the University, acting from 1854 to 1860 as substitute for Scott, as librarian from 1857 to 1876, and as Professor of Moral Philosophy from 1876 to 1894. He died in 1897, and his

memory is perpetuated to those that knew him not by the window erected in the Library in 1905. He was the incarnate and eponymous ἥρως of the Magistrand, every one of which flock he regarded as peculiarly entrusted to his care. I have heard from one of his first class and from one as late as 1886 that it was known as a great secret to the more discreet, that his quiet generosity to poorer students was on a scale far beyond his modest means. For nearly forty years this had gone on, and had never been whispered. They gave it to me in confidence, but I think it no shame to betray it here, but rather a duty to make it known. The dear old moralist hugged his delusion that it never was or could be known, but disguise of that truly unique handwriting was impossible. "My secret dies with me," said *Junius* to Woodfall, "for I shall carry it with me to my grave"; and, however much Fyfe may have laboured to obscure and disguise his writing, "it would," as Macaulay said of Francis, "support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal trial." Is there solace in the reflection that the benignity of the anonymous donor and the malignity of the future *Junius* have both alike a fresh field for their action through the safe disguise of the typewriter?

To me he was one of my earliest visions in the High Street, where from bajanhood to middle age he had lodged till he sank into respectability and the Senatus. All who knew him will at once recall that characteristic and undeviating stand of blacks, the wide-awake, the shoes, and grey socks, for he sat loose to all the fleeting vagaries of fashion. The legend ran that he had had a sore disappointment in love, and so he became an object of absorbing interest to maiden ladies in that area which resembles, I hear even yet with emotion, the Kirkgate of Irvine in Galt's *Ayrshire Legatees*, "a street that has been likened unto the kingdom of heaven, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage." It was but

a legend, being simply a product of the mythopœic faculty in the mind of the Eternal Feminine, through its innate reluctance to recognize the conflicting claim of a higher duty, to him at least

"The Crown of indivisible Supremacy."

All can remember him on his lonely rambles by the Bridge of Don or out the old coach road to the North, an integral part of the landscape—

"When haytime's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames."

In later years he was known to the Nigg Road, walking at a brisk trot and humming his little artless roundelay, and always alone. He loved to return with a bunch of wild flowers, ever preferentially true to the blue-bells of Scotland, as a little offering to the children of his landlady as they laid the cloth at tea time, watching them furtively —for "Johnny" was the shyest of mortals—from his entrenchment behind the pages of an old paper flung open to its widest extent. In his professorial days I was told at Braemar that at times he was excellent company, venturing late in life with great dash and intrepidity on whist at the hydropathics, as his successor at a similar period surmounted the perils of the bicycle by private and somewhat strenuous rehearsals in remote highways.

Of librarians there are chiefly two kinds, those that read and those that catalogue. To the second class Fyfe and his successor have both belonged, having early taken to heart the maxim of Mark Pattison, that the librarian who reads is lost. They thus avoided the precedents, the Scylla and Charybdis of their line, of men like Casaubon, who in the King's Library at Paris did neither the one nor the other, or of men like Magliabecchi in Duke Cosmo's Library at Florence, who read, ate, and slept in the collection that perpetuates his name. Both our Arcadians stood for a principle, and exemplified the

truth of Bacon's adage : " Certainly, the best works and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men ; which, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public." The celibacy[60] of librarians may almost advance to the position of a dogma. If the elder Weller found an affinity between " width and wisdom," may not Jonathan Oldbuck be cited for the principle that matrimony and sound bibliography are mathematical asymptotes ? It was an extensively-married monarch, whose fall from his former *Bulletins* in Botany and Natural Science (1 *Kings*, iv. 33) is surely recorded for our warning, who made the characteristic sneer that of making books there is no end.

Fyfe's monument, an abiding one, is the Library Catalogue. Yet it was almost wrecked through craven fears of being great. Baillie James Forbes (M.A., Mar. Coll., 1818) had proposed the idea, only to find the powers that were hostile or hopeless. At the Meeting of the General Council on 9th April, 1862, " Professor Fuller, as Curator of the King's College Library, had made enquiries as to the cataloguing of large libraries on the Continent and England ; and he found that in all such they had been given up in despair. The Catalogue of the Bodleian was now considered useless ; and in Paris, after making up a Catalogue consisting of four volumes, they had given up the task as hopeless."* In 1868 Milligan re-echoed this, and, in fact, the whole Senatus, with the exception of Geddes and Bain, opposed the idea till the General Council forced their hands. Hopeless the task looked, but Fyfe was the Man Who Did, and he executed it thoroughly ; indeed, the wonder is that, with the slight bibliographical and other clues at his disposal, he could have done it in so final a form.

The real magnitude of his performance may best be estimated from the condition of the other University

* *Aberdeen Journal*, 16th April, 1862.

Libraries in Scotland. Glasgow had a Catalogue in 1791, and St. Andrews in 1826; but since then only occasional lists of accessions have been made. Edinburgh has never had a printed Catalogue, but only lists of accessions. In 1862 Fyfe issued the accessions made from January, 1857, to August, 1862, and followed this up by eleven similar issues to 1873. In 1873–74 appeared the two volumes dealing with the General Library at King's College, and in 1874 the third volume, embracing Law and Medicine at Marischal College. In 1858 he practically found at King's College 43,000 volumes; the figures for Marischal are doubtful, but in 1827 there had been 11,000, augmented by the Melvin Library of 7,000 in 1856, the Henderson Collection of 3,000 in 1857, and the Forbes of 4,000 in 1858. His completed Catalogue was estimated at 80,000; to-day the total is about 200,000. The Copyright privilege was possessed by King's College alone, though the interests of the Library were inadequately looked after. Marischal bought but few books. She had started in 1624 with about 1,350, gifted by Secretary Thomas Reid, adding in 1632 the Kirk Library or "the touns bibliothick in the upper roume of the Sessione house of Aberdeen," of which David Wedderburn, Rector of the Grammar School, had been custodian. Reid's bequest made it, as Gordon in his *Scots Affairs*, iii. 88, says, "the best library the north pairtes of Scotland ever saw." Dr. Johnson in 1773 found little to remark on at Marischal College, and is silent at King's. At St. Andrews Boswell found "a good library room, but Principal Murison was abundantly vain of it, for he seriously said to Dr. Johnson, 'You have not such a one in England.'"

Yet both that Catalogue and the future of the Library had a narrow escape. The Caliph Omar can never die. The old Library, built on the south side of the Chapel, had been destroyed by fire possibly in 1772 or 1773, and

the books had been hurriedly transferred to the Antechapel, where they lay for nearly a century. The disaffected New Town party thought they could secure a victory, after their defeat at the Fusion, by the proposal, in defiance of the Regulations of the Commission, to transfer the books to Marischal College, and there to conjoin them with the other portions of the Library relating to the Faculties of Law and Medicine. From this insidious and parochial step the University was saved by the prompt action of Professor Struthers. "I read with surprise and alarm a print by the New Town party in which they proposed to bring over the books from King's College and distribute them in the unoccupied rooms [vacated at the Union by the removal of the Arts and Divinity classes of Marischal to King's College]. Besides being an unworthy proposal for the future of a great library, that would have been fatal to the progress of the medical school. Thereupon I submitted to the Senatus a scheme of allocation of those rooms for laboratory and museum purposes, and by a happy conjunction of interests the scheme was carried." *

Dr. Robert Walker is, unlike his predecessor, an Aberdonian born and bred. He is brother of the late Dean of Guild Alexander Walker, one of the most patriotic and best-informed burghers Bon-Accord has ever had. The future librarian was (*horresco referens*) a bajan, semi, and tertian of Marischal College, but graduated on 13th April, 1861, in the first list of the United University. He was Assistant Professor of Mathematics, 1868–70; Examiner in Arts, 1877–80; Librarian, 1877–93; Secretary of the University Court, 1877–1907; and still as Registrar, subject to the jurisdiction of neither Court nor Senatus, he serves his Alma Mater as her Senior Official. In the eyes of his troops of friends he has only one defect, the connexion with

* *Aurora Borealis*, 1899, p. 215.

Marischal College, with which they have never reproached him, and for which he has amply atoned by his subsequent firm adherence to the best traditions of the older foundation, so that he has come to be regarded with justice as the very apotheosis of its spirit. For the best and clearest account of what has been lost to the University by that New Town party, and the extravagant expenditure on Marischal College fostered by the parochiality of Provosts and the intrigues of baillies bent on securing a town's improvement at the expense of posterity, we must turn to Dr. Walker.* Has he not also, in conjunction with the late City Chamberlain, written that *Handbook to City and University* (1906), which for accurate and precise information is simply invaluable? Nothing better, nothing more authoritative can be imagined. Two considerations characteristic of the man prompted him to this. "*Firstly*, I was desirous of being helpful to the University in any way on so significant an occasion; and, *secondly*, I was aware that, alas, no one now connected with the University can look farther back than myself on an intimate personal knowledge of its affairs (I sat in my third year in Arts as a pupil of Clerk Maxwell in the last class he taught in old Marischal College), as well as on a closer and more direct acquaintance acquired officially in connexion with several departments of its administration, even of the dry-as-dust Minutes of the University Court, with which, for the last thirty years at least, I may be supposed to be sufficiently familiar."

As Librarian he was the means of personally securing the introduction of a clause into the Universities of Scotland Act of 1889, to double the old grant of £320 to the Library. By the 1709 Act of Parliament the four Universities obtained the privilege of receiving copies of every book registered at Stationers' Hall. In 1836 the privilege had come to be recognized as a burden, and was

* *Aberdeen Quatercentenary Record*, 1907, p. 16.

commuted in 1838 for a Compensation Grant fixed at £320. The Bill of 1888 had provided no additional sum, but Dr. Walker at once submitted to the proper authorities a reasoned statement of the Aberdeen claim, with the result that Parliament raised the amount to double the former figure. The sum of £640 is thus annually secured for the Library, a service which was " gratefully acknowledged " by the University Court, and one which she owes simply to the clear and characteristically business-like Memorandum of her faithful son.*

Nor have his services ended here. He has left his mark on the building itself. The present Library was erected in 1870, to which the books in the Ante-chapel were transferred. " To this an addition at the east end, making the entire length about 200 feet, was erected by the Government in 1884, *on an urgent appeal by the then librarian at the time of Lord Rosebery's Rectorship.* In this suitable accommodation was found for the books of the Melvin Library (about 7,000 volumes) which shortly before had been removed from Marischal College," and had been temporarily shelved in the ante-room of the Latin Class. He has himself, when in office, added substantially to the Fyfe catalogue.

As Registrar Dr. Walker is Rhadamanthine in precision and knowledge, and on all matters of procedure he is head supreme from his experience and business capacity. He lives among his roses. *Abeunt studia in mores,* and his urbanity is the not unnatural result. So that with Saadi he can say that, if not the rose itself, he has at least lived with it. He is beloved by his friends for his geniality, which is broken only at the time of a General Election. Then, like Dr. John Brown's *Rab,* " life is full o' sairiousness to him, for he canna get enuff o' fechtin'." But this he never gets, as his friends are resolved never to quarrel with him.

* *Daily Free Press,* 11th April, 1888.

I fear that in Aberdeen we are very much at sea as to the true function of a university and a university library. Aberdeen may be, and she boasts somewhat unduly that she is, the University of the teacher, marching complacently on, "a day's march nearer home" to his goal in a pass degree; but never, till she fundamentally alters her ways, can she be the home of the scholar. Mark Pattison said he could file a true bill on many heads of houses in Oxford whose annual expenditure on their books fell short of £300, and Ruskin put it at about the same figure. Their estimate may have been excessive, for Pattison was a scholar born to grapple with whole libraries, and the Modern Painter had a private fortune; yet one of the leading men in the Deeside Presbytery some weeks ago avowed to me his conviction that three pounds per annum would be the outside expenditure on books by his colleagues. They had lost the wish to read; many, I fear, never had it. Many of us are getting beyond that idea of a university as caricatured by Swift —"The place where everyone takes a little knowledge in and none takes it out, so it accumulates." We are ashamed of hearing about Bursary Competitions, examinations, note-taking-and-giving as the end-and-be-all of a university, yet this retrograde idea has been of late fostered by the kind of work to which the Universities of Scotland have been harnessed. At present it would seem as if both Universities and Professors were at the parting of the ways. The man or men—is it not all written of Sweynheim and Pannartz in *The Cloister and the Hearth*?—that invented the printed book did not altogether supersede the medieval university with its oral instruction and living voice, but they came perilously nigh to it, and the professor outside the ranks of prodigies cannot compete on equal terms with the textbooks now written by the ablest men. Thus both are in a transition stage; yet, after all, universities are seats of learning,

the higher learning only, and when they compete with training centres, or are condemned, eyeless and helpless, to drudge like Samson in the mill at Gaza for the sport of the Philistines in the cheap work of the Scottish Education Department, then I submit their revision or suppression for betrayal of their function is just. At present the Aberdeen horizon in matters affecting learning is too bleak, and the average graduate regards his education as " finished " with his pass or even honours degree, a belief no less flattering to his vanity than it is consoling to his peace of mind, for it saves him from many an anxious thought. But such a state of affairs, though suitable enough for a University College or some raw Transatlantic foundation, is really antiquated in a National University with a Quatercentenary.

" Powell was one of those men who are stirred by the vision of a wiser and cleaner University. He thought of it as properly the home of learning and science. He adopted the professorial point of view, which obtains over the mainland of Europe. He wished to see examinations curbed rather than extended. The Bodleian should be a place for organized study and research. The lecture, which administers knowledge ready-found, with the least possible reaction of thought on the part of the student, must be subordinated to instruction in the bases and methods of knowledge. He did not work alone, and the labours of Powell and his friends and those like them have told. As he used to say, *E pur si muove!* . . . As to the myriad young 'passmen,' Powell always felt and said that many or most of them ought not to be there at all ; but there they were, helping out the University revenues, and they must have the best provision possible made for them." *

Aberdeen should make up its mind to embark on a great scheme of Library Extension. In the last issue of

* *Frederick York Powell*, by O. Elton, p. 214. Clar. Press, 1906.

the *Bulletin* a proposal was launched, in dissatisfaction with " the strictly dominie function which is now being widely challenged," that a collection of all books about the North, written by North-country people, printed by Northern presses, should be housed in the University Library, which should then for its geographical area be what the Oracle was to Delphi. But why rest here? Why not revive the old proposal of Thales for a *Panionion* at Teos by the still bolder proposal to establish at Aberdeen a *Pan-Scoticon* of historical and literary research? This is but a reversion to its primitive style and type of the Studium Generale—*in excelsis*. Why not leave to Edinburgh her Celtic Chair and her Fraser Chair of Scottish History and Palæography, to Glasgow her new Chair of Scottish Language and Literature, and establish at Aberdeen a world-wide centre of historical documents, books, archives, dealing with the Scottish race all over the Continent of Europe, America, and the Colonies? Every book written by Scots or about Scots and Scotland should there be made available for international research. Consider that recent address alone of the American Ambassador at Edinburgh, showing that the American Revolution and the Civil War were both organized and led by Scotsmen.* What a field is here! The Scot in Germany has been worked by Fischer, and a translation with additions is badly wanted of Francisque Michel's *Les Écossais en France, les Français en Écosse.* The 1911 Glasgow Exhibition was remarkable for the great wealth of material in the Netherlands and Swedo-Scottish section, with its portraits, papers, and pedigrees of the old Swedish houses founded from the North of Scotland chiefly in or before the Thirty Years' War. The Munroes alone sent to Gustavus Adolphus 3 generals, 8 colonels, 11 majors, 30 captains.† Let the Franco-Scottish

* *The Scot in America, and the Ulster Scot.* London, 1911.

† *Cf.* Prof. H. Schück of Upsala in *Aberdeen Quatercentenary Record*, pp. 115-6.

Society awake to the fact that the Old Alliance was fostered by the foundation of the Scots College at Paris in 1326 by the Bishop of Moray. Never was the feeling of scientific nationality more dominant in the world than to-day. Here is a field for Mr. Carnegie as Lord Rector. Let him go on tour with the idea in Canada and America, and let him take with him the words of Louis XI to Quentin Durward—*Écosse, en avant!* Let the Colonies be worked, and let a Lecturer in Colonial History be kept in view. Sheriff Æneas Mackay said no city in Scotland had done more for her history as written than Aberdeen. Is there any reason why the same should not remain true of the future?

*Aberdeen University Library Bulletin*, October, 1912.

## READING AND READERS IN 1868.

"Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside ;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide."
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram.*

WHEN I entered the Grammar School in 1868 there was no School Library. I believe that things have improved since then, and that such a necessary adjunct to the classes has been added ; but, in our days at least, I am sure that there was no printed matter extant that we would not have faced. We had then no authorized list of the One Hundred Best Books. With us it was still as it was in the days of the Book of Judges, when there was no king in the land, but everyone did and read that which was right in his own eyes. Hence it was that, compassless, rudderless, and without a chart, we flung ourselves on the great ocean of print. As it was, so will it ever be ; for in reading, as in other subjects, there is no golden gate or royal road.

Boys then read in three circulating libraries. These were Middleton's, 4 Skene Square ; Ironside's (I think), on the site of the present Public Library ; and Edgar's, at the top of Mounthooly ; the first two being affected by boys at the Grammar School, and the third by those at the Gymnasium. They certainly did a very great deal for popular education in their day, not only for boys, but for the more intelligent class of artisans and clerks, when cheap reprints were almost unknown, and the standard authors were only to be procured in the expensive complete editions. You paid your penny, and had your book

for a week. As pence were scarce, it was obvious policy to effect a Triple Alliance or spheres of influence with readers at the other two, so that the rapid circulation of three books in a week could be ensured. After thirty years the very smell of those books is dear to memory, and there is a pathetic interest in the very stones over which our boyish feet hurried to effect that junction, in the full excitement of the " To be continued in our next." Those shops were a sort of club to the working classes, and often have I sat on the top of Mr. Middleton's shop ladder listening to excited debates on local politics, men and manners, Torry Farm schemes, and Sir Alexander Anderson. I had read nearly all Fenimore Cooper, Marryat, Captain Mayne Reid, Kingston, and Miss Anne Bowman before I entered the first class in the Grammar School. But one author was a perpetual joy—R. M. Ballantyne. Were he alive, he would be raised to the peerage and a pension on the petition of all good boys. The report had spread to us from Edgar's Library that *The Coral Island* was a great book, and I can remember day after day dogging another boy until I found it " in " in 4 Skene Square. It was the old edition with the coloured plates—5s., I think—but, were I to live to the age of Methuselah, never could I forget that hour and that book.

Ballantyne has never been equalled as a writer for boys. In a cheaper form—and I believe a sixpenny issue is also contemplated—he yet reigns supreme. The other day I saw in a shop a pile of his works ready for school prizes, and I nearly wept over the recollections of my old friend Peterkin Gay. Though we knew Ballantyne's second series of stories—about engines, coal mines, and lighthouses—it is as the author of *The Coral Island, The Dog Crusoe, Martin Rattler,* and *The Gorilla Hunters* that he is yet in our heart of hearts. Then we had bound volumes of the *Family Herald* and the *London Journal*—enough to satisfy the greatest

voracity for one week. *The Boys of England* came out shortly before our first year at School, but we can recall the excitement among juveniles over the first number and its opening story of "Alone in the Pirates' Lair." A dozen Bursary Competitions in a week alone could equal the sensation! Boys slept with it below their pillow. Some parents, confusing the new paper with the Dick Turpin trash that had gone before, were against it, but lived to see their error. I had the bound volume of one year, and gave it as a loan to the son of a retired doctor in Rubislaw Terrace. To my grief, his father burned it, and forbade me the house. The boy, in consequence I believe, took to evil ways, and later on married a barmaid. All this could have been saved; for whenever I hear of one of us that has risen to be a Governor-General, or something abroad, I know he was and must have been a good boy, one who read *The Coral Island* and true books. If boys went wrong and took to drink, I trace it to their having read Todhunter's *Euclid*, Barnard Smith's and Colenso's *Arithmetic*—books that inevitably bring boys to the gallows.

Wednesday was a great gala day then in Broad Street, for there came by train the penny novels and stories to the shop of Mr. Russell. One long counter was piled with them, the "London Library" at 2d., and Beadle's "American Library" at 6d. How Gymnasium boys smuggled them and books from Edgar's Library into their School I cannot say; but Professor Robertson was then a house-master, and he may explain. I trust he winked hard the other eye. Dr. Anderson ("Govie") very properly on Sundays made his boarders write out the heads of the morning sermon, but I fear that Seth Jones, the great scout and trapper in Beadle's stories, often proved victorious over the Kings of Judah and the Cities of Refuge.

In default of other books we would read after the

summer holidays prizes given in girls' schools. These were chiefly written by Hans Andersen, and "A.L.O.E.," while the Highland story by Miss Gibb of Willowbank, in the Hardgate—*Morag*—was well known. But I think we read all these, as it were, on the sly, in a shamefaced way, as they were not voted boys' books. I fancy I must be one of the few Aberdonians that have read and survived *The Scottish Chiefs*, *The Children of the Abbey*, *St. Clair of the Isles*, *The Wolf of Badenoch*, and *The Gates Ajar*. But the terribly small print ruined my eyes for ever. Saturday also was a great day with us. In the early thirties Professor David Masson, the late Mr. Edward Fiddes, manager of the North of Scotland Bank, and a third survivor used to go on the school holiday of the first of May to the Bay of Nigg, with a penny each, to spend the whole day there, and buy milk at a farm that still exists. In the absence of such pennies, we would sit by the hour, a whole forenoon and afternoon, at the docks, on the logs that were then discharged through the portholes in the bow from the Aberdeen liners that traded between the port and the river St. Lawrence. Piles of deals and battens would lie about from Norwegian ships belonging to Stavanger and Arendal. There have we sat a summer's day—why are there no such summer days now?—watching them unload, like Kipling at Mandalay "with the Hathis piling teak," while the hot sun made the pine boards bubble with a delicious smell of resin. To read there Ballantyne's *Ungava*, and his *Sandal Wood Trader*, was an education. Often was a penny spent in a shop in Marischal Street—Mrs. Morrison's—on a coloured sheet of the Flags of All Nations, while we would gaze with all the gravity of rare old salts through a cheap spy-glass, the smell of the paint on which, like that on tin soldiers and engines, is with us yet.

The old Indian stories are, I fear, as dead as Queen

Anne. But in my time they were a living force, worth all the sadly-didactic stuff about Solar Systems and Arctic Charts in school-books. There was fair information to be extracted from them, and virtue was as promptly rewarded as vice was inevitably punished in the course of 32 pages. They had a sort of fixed opening, which ran something like this: "About the year 175—, a young man might have been seen hastily pursuing his way along the banks of the Susquehanna. He was heavily armed with rifle, Colt's revolver, and bowie knife. Times were perilous, and there were many redskins about. There had been fighting in the autumn round Fort Duquesne, and General Braddock had been slain. Suddenly a shrill shriek awoke the echoes of the forest." Then came the business—clear, sharp, and thrilling. One long day comes back, when four of us enacted *The Last of the Mohicans* on the Old Town Links—I could go to the spot yet—hunting the water rats in place of the Iroquois and Apache Indians that we knew about the shores of Lakes Huron, Erie, and Superior.

The time that was not given to these books was bestowed on the catalogues and reports of the great stamp-collecting firm, Stanley Gibbons & Co., then, if I remember, in Plymouth. No banker or broker ever studied the share lists as we conned these catalogues, familiar with all the history of rare issues and the legends of the science. Were there not four issues known of the "block-penny Cape of Good Hope"? Had not three been traced to collections, and the fourth—might it not turn up for us one day? Boys were in league with postmen, and thought nothing of going the rounds with them, and ringing door bells with all the effrontery of a German band. *Beeton's Annual* and *Routledge's Magazine* gave much attention to the question, and certainly collections formed then would be worth a fortune to philatelists, being certain to have the "old Colonials" and "the early

Mauritius," now "beyond the dreams of avarice" to the forlorn hopes of the enthusiast. The *Scotsman* was the chief cricket-report paper, but was rarely seen in Aberdeen, and copies were handed about and treasured like rare manuscripts. Daft, Emmett, Jupp, and Humphry were then in their glory, and their last score, their average, and their history were as fully known as the Latin Grammar. Andrew Higgins, I believe, is still hearty at Mannofield, and he, with Mr. Samuel Pope, neatest and nattiest of penmen, survive alone from that day unchanged to bridge the gulf of years to me. Seeing them so hale makes me "cry to dream again," and fancy that once more I am reading *Marmion*, Dalgleish's *Analysis of Sentences*, White's *History of Scotland*, *The Latin Grammar*, and Ballantyne's *Coral Island*.

Legends die hard. Fain would I know if there yet lingers in the School one much alive in my time. We firmly believed that a thousand pounds would be given for a perfectly "coloured" clay pipe. What "anonymous donor" had founded this bequest, and where to apply for it, were equally unknown. But I know the belief ended in practice, and that the Pleasures of Hope triumphed over the sickness at the beginning. Fathers never suspected this far-sighted Capitalism in their sons. The coming Gifford Lecturer says in one of his books that, in the fifth century B.C. the very same legends and stories were told to Greek travellers like Herodotus, at the base of the Pyramids, as are now yearly retailed still to Cook's tourists by the guides. Dr. Beverly in our day snuffed, following Dr. Melvin, and so did Mr. Martin, the Rector. It was a tradition of the School, which we in turn also maintained. We knew the source, but who introduced the legend of the "coloured" clay? It would gladden our hearts to know if the sons are still furtively in search of that vanished El Dorado of their fathers' youth.

*Grammar School Magazine*, June, 1899.

## R. M. BALLANTYNE.

βάρβιτον ἰτέᾳ προσθεὶς
ὑμᾶς, νεώτεροι, κλαίειν κελεύω.

PINDAR, ed. Dindorf, *Frag.* 316.

"I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world," etc., etc.

Now other manners, other days—
Kailyards, Maclarens, Crocketts, and
The latest Minstrels with their lays,
The vulgar dialectic band,
Degrading low their native land,
The speech of Burns, the tongue of Scott—
Which London Cockneys understand,
But never yet a Scotsman—not
Their *Brier Bushes, Auld Lang Syne*
Can match with R. M. Ballantyne.

Last night, when thirty years have gone,
Once more we heard upon the beach
Old ocean bickering, and alone,
Where only distant voices reach
Of Man and all his works,—the speech
Had come across the years again;
The clanging sea fowl with their screech
Brought days upon the Spanish Main,
And suns that never seem to shine
As once in R. M. Ballantyne.

The world once more was young, the stars
A fairer radiance seemed to lend ;
We heard the ripple on the bars,
The Lachlan swirl round the bend :
All brought again to us, old friend,
St. Kitts, the Keys, and Hudson Bay ;
Not time itself can ever rend
*The Coral Island*, and the day
Is distant far in heart of mine
That misses R. M. Ballantyne.

Launch out and steer in fresher air,
With wider suns, to ampler seas—
They bring back other memories where
Fond youth found its Hesperides :
And golden dreams return, for these
Thin singers of the scanty dross
Have never felt around your breeze,
O islands of the Southern Cross !
No book of theirs is worth your line,
Old friend—my R. M. Ballantyne.

*Alma Mater*, 17 February, 1896.

# WHAT GRADUATES READ—THEN AND NOW.

"Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicunt."

HORACE.

WHAT was the pabulum in books in one generation is the wonder of the next—they come and go like the leaves of the forest with the generations of men. In fiction the voice is, as in dance music, too often to the mere last comer—to the rage for something new. The literary critics, like the votary of Terpsichore and the Athenians of old, are ever searching after the novel and the fresh—the thing of the hour. Strauss (the composer, not the critic) dethroned D'Albert, Coote, and Claribel, to be in turn deposed by Gungl, Bucalossi, and Sullivan. Eclipse, as Macaulay said of Boswell, is first—the rest nowhere.

Thoughts like these occurred to our mind on reading that article by Mr. John Minto in *Alma Mater*, VII. 9—"What do graduates read?" based on the statistics of the Library register. It revealed the change in the academic public to be little short of a revolution in two decades, and similar to what admirers of Ibsen and Tolstoi (and such we are given to understand really exist) would feel when pressed for their decision on *Pamela* or *Clarissa Harlowe*.

We find Charles Reade chronicled as the favourite novelist in the University. In our days he was hardly known even to the most devoted, unless, perhaps, in one or two of his works. The binding and the smell of the copies of Thackeray ought, however, if the Library Committee be still, as of yore, of a thrifty mind, to reveal by a safe index what Thackeray was to the men of twenty years ago. Lytton who, both with publishers and readers,

has now a strong renaissance was then read only in *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *Rienzi* and possibly *My Novel*. Black was chronologically impossible, nor did readers of George MacDonald venture beyond *Alec Forbes* and *Robert Falconer*. George Eliot was never then, I think, much in evidence, nor Jane Austen or the Brontës. *Adam Bede* and *Jane Eyre* were known, but not much beyond a few. George Meredith was, of course, as unknown as Paracelsus or Erigena. I remember, with contrition, Miss Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*—I never heard of one who had ventured on *Thaddeus of Warsaw*—and *Don Quixote* curiously enough was almost wholly unknown. Most of us certainly had never read more than a few pages of *Robinson Crusoe*. Bunyan, like others, I read as a Magistrand.

Who is the Queen of the Circulating Library?—Mary Elizabeth Braddon. Thirty years have nearly passed since first appeared *Lady Audley, Aurora Floyd, Henry Dunbar*. After the wear and tear of an examination there is no such tonic as a course of this writer. Deficient she may be in depth and in humour—most women are; her style may at times be rather rugged and garrulous; but she never fails to interest and to keep the reader on the stretch. Her plots are powerful, we know her in all her turns and all her moods. Our fellow-collegian Andrew Lang has sung her praises. We seem with time to have a personal interest in Miss Braddon, now Mrs. Maxwell. She is in all those years—(still, and only one) "Queen of our heart to-night"—*initium et finis amorum meorum*, as Horace would say.

Is Gustave Aimard still in print in the North? He died in 1883 an old man. His Mexican stories we read in the English translations by Sir F. Wraxall. And George Borrow? His *Bible in Spain* is of the highest order, and those who know not his *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye* have yet to make the acquaintance of two of the most powerful works of fiction.

Fenimore Cooper is a forgotten genius, but, as Wilkie Collins declared, he was a master. Balzac greatly admired him; Victor Hugo put him next to Scott. Limited his range may be, and so may be his vocabulary—wearisome may be his long narrative passages and his obvious moralizing—but in the "Leatherstocking" series he is in the *di majores* of fiction. His *Spy, Red Rover, Prairie, Deerslayer, Last of the Mohicans*, are still unrivalled, and the man that drew Natty Bumpo holds one of the prizes of the novel. Outside of the sea and the prairie, and away from Sandy Hook and Nantucket his power fails. But if in music Scandinavia becomes personified in Grieg, and Bohemia in Dvoràk, America is incarnate in Cooper.

And dear old Charles Lever?—with his impossible plots, his ramblings, his doctors, his majors, his Waterloo days, his Irish priests, his duels, his steeplechases and horse races—so easy to decry, yet so hard not to be interested in by the incessant buoyancy and flow of life. Is *Harry Lorrequer*, written in '37 at Brussels, still to the fore?—and *Tom Burke, Charles O'Malley, Jack Hinton, Arthur O'Leary?* Lever had the great misfortune to have exhausted his imaginative vein before he had learned in the slightest degree the constructive technique of his art. But, after all, who forgets his Micky Free, and the singing (by special request of the Emperor!!) by the Dublin attorney Rooney of *The Cruiskeen Lawn* at the banquet at Paris? Perhaps his finest work is one least read—*The Fortunes of Glencore*, yet in all who have read it the character of Billy the Post, "waiting till the end for the coming of Glencore," is one that never fades. To the rollicking Irish novelist, who in Leghorn and Spezzia never forgot Kilrush or Connemara, we have a soft side, and to his brother Irishmen the authors of *The Collegians* and of *Handy Andy*, and the fourth of the group—the lieutenant in the Mexican war at Vera Cruz

and leader of the forlorn hope at Chapultepec—Mayne Reid—who in his *Rifle Rangers, Scalp Hunters, White Chief*, occupied alone the niche that was vacant till R. L. Stevenson arose. We all knew Marryat, a really brilliant writer—since Trunnion, Pipes, and Hatchway were drawn, no one arose till Marryat to tread the quarter-deck as his home. A knowledge of Kingsley was, I think, confined to *Westward Ho!*, *Hypatia*, and *Alton Locke.*

Of humorists Mark Twain and Bret Harte reigned supreme. How artistic is the latter! If Cooper is redolent of the Hudson, Bret Harte is of the West and the Mission Dolores. The red clay at Sandy Bar, Grizzly Cañon, and Red Dog, are as familiar as are the scenes in Scott's Lower Border Land. We seem again to be in the door of the saloon waiting for the arrival of the stage " with the immortals "—a motley crew—Miggles, M'liss, Jack Hamlin, Yuba Bill, The Duchess, Tennessee.

*Di majores! vosque di minores!*—how pleasant are your memories! With you can none be lonely. If with Salvation Yeo in *Westward Ho!* tobacco be " a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sick man's cordial, no herb like it under the canopy of Heaven," then by us, that never knew inspiration from the great Virginian weed, the same be said of you! Pleasantly, yet mournfully, rustle the leaves of memory in the dark. Could but the days return when *Ivanhoe* was still fresh and Dugald Dalgetty but of yesterday—when we were with Esmond at his mother's grave, or heard the last *Adsum* from Colonel Newcome—or saw the moon at Aberfoyle with the immortal Nicol Jarvie! Be one and all your memories fresh and strong—" in a casket of gold with a pin of silver," inscribed on the outside with the motto of the ancient house of Redgauntlet—" *Haud obliviscendum.*"

*Alma Mater*, 19 November, 1890.

## THE BALLADE OF BRET HARTE.[61]

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin."

HEINE.

When I own to feeling weary, and am far from gay or cheery,
" Peart and chipper," but a dreary, dismal, played-out feeling steals
Over me, and just as Heine could not fathom nor divine he
Was so sad with memories thronging from the *märchen* that he feels,

So with me, a sombre joker, not a drinker, nor a smoker,
When in weary lengthening solitude the hours of midnight go,
And the feeling that they're lengthy calls for balm, and for Nepenthe,
For surcease—(the word comes handy here from Edgar Allan Poe)—

Then the book I open never really fails to cheer, but ever
Brings the music of the cañon, and the rustle of the pines;
And the dark sierras bending over all, and faintly lending
Colder air, but bringing closer here the foothills and the mines.

The silence seems but broken with the words that, never spoken
In my actual ear of waking, are familiar chords, and late

Far I wandered in the gloaming with the memory sent a-roaming
On the tide of "forty-niners" building up the Golden Gate.

Should the weather come on drizzly, then I book inside for Grizzly
Cañon, with Jack Hamlin; or across to Blazing Star,
For we note the *Red Dog Banner* swells with fervour on the manner
Mountain Jimmy mixes cocktails and the drinks at Sandy Bar.

Though not flush in filthy lucre, yet I sometimes think on euchre,
With a sequence-hand at poker, with for "pardner" Tennessee;
And my footsteps often linger by the sultry Gin-and-Ginger
Wood—just where Los Gatos leaves the trail and where you catch the Sea.

While the stage is slowly swinging I can hear the bells are ringing
In the old Dolores Mission, and the fresher breezes blow,
For the air is close and gritty in the Silver Crescent City
When there's steamer-night at 'Frisco, and the lights are on St. Jo.

How the weary hours of sadness turn again to mirth and gladness!
How the breath of mariposas sends a rich and rare perfume,
As if the Pine Tree Clearing shot its odour and its cheering
Balm of gracious scented fragrance in the dark and silent room.

* * * * *

Yes—the lonely man *has* pleasures: they are few, but
those he treasures
As the richest, as the rarest, that can never from him
part,
Are the ones that linger longest, and are hoarded,
garnered fondest
In the memory's deepest corner, in the keeping of the
heart:
And with me the name in keeping is the fitting one—
Bret Harte.

*Alma Mater*, 24 January, 1894.

## MARK TWAIN.

"Has he gone to the land of no laughter,
The man who made mirth for us all?"

JAMES RHOADES on James Payn.

THE death of Mark Twain to the present academic generation will present itself as a fact of little or no importance. To them he was scarcely known, but to the older race he was a very familiar name.

A very interesting little paper could be written on the various books and writers that have from time to time influenced the student world. Sir George King, the eminent botanist, has told how in his time a few ardent spirits used to meet at the lodgings of Thomas Davidson, in Don Street, the "Wandering Scholar," as he has come to be known, and a man of great distinction, who graduated in 1860. They studied Gervinus' *Lectures on Shakespeare*. Professor Minto told me that, as a Bajan, he was drawn to the sonnets of Shakespeare, and he has made for himself a safe and permanent niche in literary criticism by his happy divination of Chapman as the rival poet in the LXXVIII–LXXXVI series—"quite one," notes such a competent judge as Verity, "of the cleverest and most ingenious pieces of Shakespearean work which has been done for a very long time." A few years later, I believe, Tennyson and George MacDonald were formative influences, *David Elginbrod* having appeared in 1862, and *Alec Forbes* in 1865. I gather from Shewan's fine work. *Meminisse Juvat*, the Class Record of 1866–70, that some were reading Seeley's *Ecce Homo*, which created a sensation in 1865. In my time, though a few pretentious prigs were devoted to the George Eliot craze,

the writer that would have polled by far the greatest following was Mark Twain. After him, I fancy, Miss Braddon would have come. They were taken practically as medicine, "grateful and comforting" like Epps' Cocoa, when the sound of the grinding was high. It is curious to reflect on the fortune of all these writers. Tennyson, George Eliot, George MacDonald, Seeley, are all sunk beyond the horizon. The American humorist appears, in this country, at least, already antiquated.

It is curious to note a greater acquaintance in Aberdeen with American writers than is elsewhere the case in Scotland, or even in England. I have found the American humorists practically unknown to Edinburgh and Glasgow men, while the older class of darkie melodies, familiar to the genuine Aberdonian in strings, dating before "coon" songs and cakewalks, is quite strange south of Aberdeen. Why this should be the case is not obvious, unless the Aberdonian is a greater wanderer and is more cosmopolitan. At all times Aberdeen has been familiar with American and Australian life and work. I have heard the first generation of men that left Old Aberdeen in the fever of the Californian and Bendigo gold-mining days, singing Charles Mackay's song of *Cheer, Boys, Cheer!*—the song that reached the heart of the Bajans—eager on landing to make straight for the bush, with all their possessions strapped on their back and a box of Holloway's patent medicines inside their clothes. Most of them returned sadder and wiser men, after having riddled in their sieves every pound of soil on which the present Ballarat stands. Perhaps they introduced the old darkie and emigrant songs. Aberdeen, at least, has ever been partial to them.

Mark Twain was known to us by his *Jumping Frog* (1867), *The Innocents Abroad* (1869), and *Roughing It* (1872). Dan'l Webster, the frog, was widely known: "never was a frog so modest, so humble, and so straight-

for'ard, for all he was so gifted." His later books, beginning with the *Tramp Abroad* (1880), scarcely maintained his reputation, though to the last he was the most popular of all American writers and the sole literary asset of his country. The trade of the humorist is at all times a perilous one, like that of the professed diner-out and funny man. He has ever painfully to live up to his reputation, and the public clamours for his efforts, prepared to applaud or break their idol, according to results. For the humorist, like the producers of First Bursars, is paid by results.

It is not unnatural that the humorists should be the most characteristic product of American literature. That public in its fitful pauses of dollar-hunting must be amused, and it asks for broad grins. In this country, I should say, Mark Twain's reputation has largely passed, and will be found to die with him. He was a year younger than "Artemus Ward" (or Charles Farrar Browne), who was born in 1834 and died in 1867. Of the three famous American humorists—Browne, Twain, Bret Harte—the first is unquestionably the greatest. He is the most original, most distinctly American, and most racy in flavour. Bret Harte is the most artistic and literary, qualities to which Twain made and had no pretensions, and which cost the writer dear in America. "They don't read me or my books in America," he told me, "and I cannot make a living there." Indeed, but for his Lincoln consulship he never could have made it out at all. "What the trouble with America is," Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "is that it does not know first-rate work from third-rate"—adding, after a pause, "no, nor, I am afraid, even from tenth-rate work." Mark Twain was often forced, and his American admirers liked his later style and mannerisms best. In America, apart from a few of his early Californian idylls, Bret Harte is practically already unknown. There he lives, and

perhaps in this country also, as the writer of the verses on the " heathen Chinee," which he would cheerfully have suppressed, thinking they had injured his chances as a serious writer. But he has provided safely for himself with posterity by his lines on " Dickens in Camp," which will last as long as Dickens himself —a pretty extended future. It recorded the high-watermark of the Dickens fever in America and of the Argonauts in California, the time when Lord Jeffrey was blubbering over Little Nell, and the arrival of the steamboats in New York was anxiously waited for by crowds on the quay, eager to know by the instalments of the story if little Paul Dombey was still alive, in 1848.

It is saddening to reflect how the favourite books of my time (1873–77) should be so dead now. Gone the way of Garibaldis, chignons, Alexandra Limps, Tichborne Rolls, and cloth boots. It is calculated to bring to mind the artless ditty of the Aberdonian families of the time— " Where is now that merry party, I remember long ago ? " American literature is in a very bad way, but it is easy to remember : it does not exist. In Australia it is little better. " What Australia imperatively wants," said one of its forcible-feebles lately, as if proclaiming an impossible standard of excellence, " is a new novel by Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, or Kipling." From a public so sunk nothing can be expected. But is Scotland better, roaring after the Baalim and Ashtaroth of Harry Lauder, Barrie, and Ian Maclaren ? Mountebanks, masquerading in grotesque kilts and bonnets, deliver homilies on Jacobite rigmarole, while mobs of Glasgow people at the Braes of Gleniffer chaunt Tannahill rubbish about the " Flower of Dunblane," the herald of decay and senility in the great tradition of the national melodies. What would Burns and Scott have thought of it all ?

*Alma Mater*, 11 May, 1910.

## MISS BRADDON[62] AND THE STUDENTS.

SIRS,—With reference to my article in your New Year's Number on *King's College in Pre-Fusion Days*, and the hesitation I had there expressed about Miss Braddon having really appeared as an actress in the old Marischal Street Theatre, I am favoured with a note from Mr. Carnie that settles the question.

Miss Braddon was born in 1837, and Miss Maud Brennan, a Star with students about 1870, was born in 1855. Mr. Carnie has a lively recollection of Miss Braddon, who had "a lovely head of hair, in wavy[63] rings," that completely entranced her student admirers. He adds that, in *Aurora Floyd*, she describes two of her characters as "tall, raw-boned, sandy-haired, red-complexioned youths, fresh from some unpronounceable village north of Aberdeen." This, I fear, goes to shew that the sighs (bouquets seem incredible at that date!) of our artless academic Romeos from Monquhitter, Ordiquhill, Botriphnie, etc., were spent in vain.

Clearly Miss Braddon was in no dread of the dramatic critic of *Alma Mater*. Yet I can recollect a time when that functionary, with his pass-ticket, sat in Olympic majesty in the Dress Circle, like the Count in Byron's *Beppo*:—

> "The fiddlers trembled as he look'd around,
> For fear of some false note's detected flaw;
> The 'prima donna's' tuneful heart would bound,
> Dreading the deep damnation of his 'bah!'"

One critic of the staff—Mr. Patrick Rose, Inverness, Arts Class 1880–84, had favourably reviewed the acting or the dancing of some actress. She at once gratefully bought

up the issue, and billed the walls of Dundee with the quoted tribute: "Read what *Alma Mater*, the authoritative organ of the Aberdeen students, says," etc.

The later generation that knew Miss Braddon only by her books had never suspected the source of her criticism on Aberdeen. It adds a fresh piquancy to *Aurora Floyd*. Is it hopeless to suggest that the editors of *Alma Mater* might secure a photograph of the novelist? If the older generation shyly worshipped at a distance, she no less soothed the weary grinders in my time with her inimitable stories. We owed, then, much to Mary Elizabeth Braddon; and her face would be welcomed by many as an unconscious academic benefactress to us in the now far-off days. The hope of this tempts me to the following stanzas:—

"Man wants but little here below,"
As Goldsmith said, but wants it strong,
And grinders for exams. well know
That Life is short and Art is long.
That such should turn for rest to Kant,
There's nothing that can be absurder;
They know exactly what they want—
A rattling, first-class, brutal murder.

But who can weave the witching spell,
The ghastly tale of sin and blood?
The knife—the stab—the hidden well—
The lightning's flash, the sick'ning thud?
Who sent the Bajans to their bed,
And brought them to the frightful pass,
All night as they lay half afraid,
Of leaving in a bob of gas?

Who wrote the tale of Audley Grange?
Who made the boldest Semi shiver

At all the wild, weird, doings strange,
The dank reeds by the silent river ;
The secret known to Phoebe Marks
And long dark Luke, the reg'lar bad 'un,
Before whom ineffectual sparks
Pale their diminished fires ?—Miss Braddon.

She soothed the weary Tertian's brain
'Mid all the work for Freddy Fuller,
Harass'd beneath the feverish strain
Of Gregory, Demoivre, Euler.
How many, too, that cursed the scamp
Todhunter, drew from this Aladdin
Some ray to cheer them from her lamp
And blessed the name of Mary Braddon !

The Magistrands of older days
Had owned Althea[64] passing fair,
And crossed in love's last hopeless craze
Lay tangled in her golden hair,
Or fetter'd to her eye. With years
And suns that wax, and wane, and set,
Like Isles of Greece that book appears—
" Eternal summer gilds it yet."

And she that queens this haunted walk
Is worth an age of Annie Swans,
With all her boas, muffs, and talk
Of " good black silks," and Astrakhans ;
Aye more—there's not a single name
The many-headed mob is mad on
Can come within miles of your fame—
Incomparable Mary Braddon !

*Alma Mater*, 22 May, 1901.

## LETTER FROM MRS. MAXWELL (MISS BRADDON).

[The following letter appeared in *Alma Mater*, 3rd July, 1901.]

LICHFIELD HOUSE,
RICHMOND, SURREY,
*June* 13, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I have been away from home or should earlier have acknowledged the number of your interesting magazine, *Alma Mater*, in which a letter concerning my youth finds a place.

Well do I remember a long snowy winter in your noble city. It was the dreadful winter of the Crimean War, and Marischal Street was a frozen slope, almost impossible for horses and very difficult for pedestrians, and the sleigh bells used to enliven that splendid thoroughfare, Union Street, and the country road beyond.

I was very young at the time and a passionate admirer of Byron, and the knowledge that his childhood had been spent in your city gave a special charm to the place. My almost daily walk with my mother, who had taught me to love *her* favourite poet, was to "Balgounie's brig's black wall," so associated with *his* solitary rides, and I can remember as if it were yesterday the long, level road between the stone-walled fields.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
M. E. MAXWELL.

## THE RECEPTION IN THE LIBRARY, 26TH SEPTEMBER, 1906.

Non procul hinc Phoebi surgunt et Palladis arces;
Aurea crux illas et diadema tegit.
ARTHUR JOHNSTON, *Abredonia Vetus.*

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine captos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.
OVID, 1 *Epist. ex Pont.*, 3, 35.

IN the course of a long and not unobservant study of graduates of the four Scottish Universities, I have come to the conclusion that the surroundings of one half of them have had but little influence on the students there. I have never heard a graduate of Glasgow express any attachment to the old buildings or the present pile. There is something repellant in the coldly regular and featureless mass of architecture that seems to stir as little regard as do the mathematically symmetrical streets of Blackpool and Southport and other modern watering-places which one sees displayed in railway boards during the summer months. In Edinburgh the superabundant charms of the town, the spell of the Castle Rock, have completely overshadowed the University buildings, so that Stevenson, while he has much to say of the city, has nothing to add on the college. As a general rule the Edinburgh man resents any outside praises in the same grave way as the Scot receives a deferential allusion to Burns from the Southron. He looks for nothing else and accepts it only as payment of a due. To ingratiate myself once with an Edinburgh barber I ventured on the remark, one fine day in July, that the city was looking its best. Never shall I forget that man's rebuke. For

some time he could not find words, then, "Aye," said he, "I see you are frae Aberdeen, for when does Edinburgh no' look her best?" Still I only chronicle the fact that I have never heard an Edinburgh graduate say as much for his buildings. Look at what is far and away the finest biography they have for fifty years, that of Thomas Davidson, "the Scottish Probationer," and see how little the writer has to say of their life.

St. Andrews has much more charm for her sons. To Mr. Lang and to another of her laureates, Mr. R. F. Murray, the place is one full of tender memories and associations, and for them it is the city of the Scarlet Gown. Edinburgh has never had a gown. I have known St. Andrews graduates sing in later life the songs of their youth rarely heard elsewhere, such as *The Gowden Vanitee*, *Vive la Compagnie*, *The Captain on the Quarterdeck*, etc., and affectionately chronicle their merrymakings not in what they deprecated, in an awestruck way, as the palatial "Cross-Keys," but in a very diminutive and coffin-like howff known, if I recall it correctly, as the "Blue Boar," which they took great pains to impress upon me was most eminently respectable. I have certainly never known any alumnus or graduate of our oldest Scottish University turn on his Alma Mater, and indeed I have always found them reluctant to admit any failings that she may have had. And really a man must be dull at heart that could walk over her links by moonlight and be untouched by her great historical associations, or hear without delight the beat of the waves on the sea-tower of the castle. The last struck, as our late Principal, Sir William Geddes, aptly notes, the eye and ear of Arthur Johnston, when he describes how

> "Mane novo juxta Musarum murmurat aedes
> Rauca Thetis."

It is this presence of the sea that leads the Aberdonian

to understand its influence on the St. Andrews men. It must have influenced the appeal in our 1883–84 *Calendar* for funds to preserve " what is in many respects, in regard to its natural surroundings, the finest University seat in Scotland." I take it at least as referring to those of King's College, for it seems incredible that the wildest flight of imagination could ever refer the words to Marischal College. They were for long the worst in all Scotland, so that no halo of association ever gathered round them. It was a feat beyond the boldest demands of local patriotism.

It is, therefore, not unfitting that the poet of Marischal College, Dr. Walter Smith, should frankly retire from court and throw up his brief. When he writes that

> " There's an old University town
> Between the Don and the Dee,
> Looking over the grey sand dunes,
> Looking out on the cold North Sea "

he clearly abandons Broad Street for the older foundation. But though the lines have been worn threadbare by quotation, I can find only one graduate, myself, who has been born on these dunes, unless one medical graduate comes closer by a hundred yards to them.

I remembered that Edinburgh barber on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 26th September, during the week of the Quatercentenary Celebrations. I cannot say that Old Aberdeen always looks her best: there are times when even filial affection must yield to facts and admit the soft impeachment that there are exceptions. When there is a wind raking the Spital fore and aft, and every close and opening has its own particular and individual blast, it is not a place to attract the stranger. But that day it looked about its best, though one regretted the destruction of the amenities in what constituted of old the best approach—by the back of the Hermitage. Some days before, I had come that way with an old friend who,

after twenty years and more in Chicago, had looked forward to renew old memories. At the sight of the new streets and the railway this hardened denizen of the hog-pens almost wept. "I used to dream of it," he said, "when I would feel the breezes of Lake Michigan blow over the north of the city, where the millionaires live, and exclude poor men like me." We met Mr. Robert Walker, the University Registrar and *custos rotulorum*, some minutes later. "I am glad," he added "to see in that *genius loci* there has been and there is no change."

Yes, I repeat, the place looked almost its best. There was the indispensable restful air, suggested but not unduly obtruded. Just the proper amount of glimmer or shimmer in the air. After all, it was September, "autumn in yellow and grey." In June or July finer effects might have been had, ere there steals on the faint premonition of winter and "nature's decay." The proper tint, however, was there :—

> "Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,
> The tender purple spray on copse and briers!
> And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
> She needs not June for beauty's heightening."

"You must have been away," writes one of the laureates of the place in prose and verse,* "for years before you can appreciate the charm of the Aulton; the one unchanging spot in a city which wealth is rapidly transforming into a great town, where the old landmarks are disappearing. The Aulton, in fact, has become a sort of sanctuary, proof against all change—for its municipal annexation by Aberdeen is happily a mere fiction. It stands serene, a peaceful oasis, surrounded by electric tramways which whizz restlessly towards the Bridge of Don on one side, and away towards Woodside on the other. King Street, which after seventy years of bleak aloofness is at last justifying its founders' expectations

* *Records of the Arts Class, 1884–88*, 1902, pp. 10–11. By J. M. Bulloch.

by enticing the ubiquitous villa-builder, has brought a modern touch very near the heart of the Old Town. . . . But the little strip of street which lies in front of King's College, leading to the fine old Town House, with its trim Dutchness, is absolutely unchanged; and remains for some of us the most memorable Mecca in the North Countree." Were any change, indeed, to take place there, I feel sure that many would feel it as deeply in their hearts as did Sir Walter Scott, when he said to Jeffrey that bit by bit the Edinburgh of his youth was passing from before his eyes. For most graduates will readily admit that in the bank-books of their remembrance they have transferred all their stock of filial affection into the name of the older parent. I am aware that there are others who feel lightly such matters and rate them at a low figure; but I cannot agree with them. It may be, as Charles Lamb said, that Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and for all than Skiddaw; but he, too, had satisfied himself that there is such a thing as the romantic: "and consider what I must have been doing all my life not to lend great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes."

Royalty knew it not that week. Yet, what matter? James V and Mary of Guise were there in 1540, Queen Mary in 1562, the year of Corrichie, and James VI in 1589. Such a gathering the place had never known before in all its history, and it will take another Quatercentenary to bring such crowds. And yet crowds seem altogether out of keeping. Gray thought Cambridge looked best when it was empty; Oxford unquestionably does. But the presence of so many men of distinction there that afternoon gave one a fine feeling of the Republic of Letters. At times it was so oppressive that, as Alfieri says in Landor, one felt as if one would walk out of the press not to be jostled.

And the Sports? I fear to the older generation on

the ground they must have appeared strange, if indeed not almost revolutionary. Yet let me be not thought ungracious in the belief that the bare legs and "shorts" of the athletes afforded but another unwelcome proof of concessions to English life and ways. Froude indulged in quite a pathetic sigh when he saw in an Australian theatre the appearance of ballet-girls in short skirts in some pantomime; it seemed the aggressive influence of London and the old world on the new. I know in our days we shockingly underdid that athletic element, for the storm and stress of the time left us but scanty leisure for such ideas. "Very few," writes a good observer,* "indulged in sports of any kind. I never remember hearing of any amongst my fellow students who was distinguished as an athlete. I remember one famous student severely reprimanding me for having been seen in the newsroom."

I know many who reproved me and others for hovering furtively about that shelf in the Library, over the fire-place, where the few, the very few, standard novels were kept. How the old days came trooping back again at the same familiar spot! "Above all thy rarities," exclaims Elia, "Old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves! What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard."

*Eloquar an sileam?* Shall I confess the truth? To me, at least, of all the things provided that week the most refined and gracious was the playing there of Wurm's string band. In listening to it, in such fitting

* Dr. W. R. Nicoll (M.A. 1870), *Alma Mater*, Quatercentenary Number, p. 40.

surroundings, one forgot the material cravings of the hour for Chairs of Engineering and the panic-stricken cry of pretentious reformers about our falling behind unless we increase our strength in laboratories and science. I feel confident that many graduates carried away the conviction that a university which enthrones Colensos and Barnard Smiths and dethrones Beethoven, does but stunt the mental and moral development of her children.

I could wish we had their impressions of it all—the most pleasant of all the functions of the week. The Dinner was truly suggestive of Lucullus or Apicius, and I do profess myself to be but a poor trencher-man. I find no pleasure in facing a fusillade of obese people in edging my way up crowded stairs. A true Aberdonian, I cannot in Art Galleries profess the necessary belief or enthusiasm that I cannot feel. But at that Reception one saw the friends of early days—faces long lost and never again to be seen—heard voices speaking

> "of many a vanished scene
> Of what we once had thought and said,
> Of what had been, and might have been,
> And who was changed, and who was dead."

Who was dead? The Bajan year revived, and only once in a lifetime can a man be a Bajan. Fain would I have lingered longer, a lonely man getting lonelier, but never all those years unmindful how

> "The path by which we used to go,
> Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
> Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
> From flower to flower, from snow to snow.
>
> . . . . .
>
> And many an old philosophy
> On Argive heights divinely sang,
> And round us all the thicket rang
> To many a flute of Arcady."

For, as Johnson remarked to Reynolds, unless a man keeps his friendships constantly in repair, the world passes

him. And there is a time for all things, and some of us say the old were better.

I saw again that afternoon the great asset the Arts Faculty of the University has in the Crown of King's College. "You take it coldly," the late Principal once said to me. "I believe I have never at any time heard you refer to it." Perhaps being born with it, I assumed it. It has seen Flodden, Pinkie, Dunbar, and Darien. It has seen the Union and the Quatercentenary. Of the original Marischal College not one stone upon another remains *in rerum natura*. It had no attractions. The present pile will for long attract the tourist, and he will retire in the serene conviction that he knows his Aberdeen. But he has never been a Bajan or a Magistrand to know better.

*Record of the Quatercentenary*, 1907.

## BISHOP ELPHINSTONE'S TOMB.

In the excellent work of Professor Norman Macpherson, *On the Chapel and Ancient Buildings of King's College, Aberdeen* (Aberdeen, 1889), p. 19, the reader will find an account of this. He says: "The last and not the least prominent feature must have been the tomb of Bishop Elphinstone, and we have the detailed description of it in the inventory of 1542, which tells us that the statue of the bishop lay, as was most natural, arrayed in his pontificals, on the upper stone, which was supported by statues of the three Theological Virtues and Contemplation on the south, and the Cardinal Virtues on the north," etc., etc.

In the really admirable *Quatercentenary Handbook to City and University* (1906), by the Secretary of the University Court, Mr. Walker, there is given on p. 80 a sketch by Mr. Pittendrigh Macgillivray, R.S.A., showing a suggested restoration of the tomb. Professor Macpherson thought it would "be easy to restore the tomb." I fear this is a devout imagination begotten of imperfect acquaintance with medieval emblematology.

In fact the whole subject is one bristling with all sorts of difficulties, historical, theological, and literary. Only one fully conversant with Medieval Art to a very high degree could restore the original; but it may be enough here to say that it is very extraordinary that the Founder lies there so long without any explanation of the description of the tomb given in the Register of the Chapel ornaments compiled at the Rectorial Visitation of 1542. At every step there is a mass of buried literature and theology, of which some very familiar examples are still

in everyday use; though it is remarkable that a tomb in the Chapel should throw light on some standard passages in Shakespeare and Milton.

The fundamental conception of it all is derived from a spurious treatise ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite, in which the Heavenly Beings were arranged in three hierarchies, and each hierarchy was divided into three orders. The conception was supposed to be based on Ephesians i. 21, and Colossians i. 16. The great passage in literature dealing with it is Dante, *Paradiso*, xxviii. 87–128 (ed. Cary); and Spenser, *F.Q.*, I. xii. 39. 5; Milton, *P.L.*, V. 748. *Samson Agon.* 672 rests on it. Indeed every page of Milton is inexplicable without it. As finally arranged by Gregory the Great and St. Thomas Aquinas the order was:—

| 1. | 2. | 3. |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Seraphim | Cherubim | Thrones (θρόνοι) |
| 2 Dominations (Κυριότητες) | Virtues (δυνάμεις) | Powers (ἐξουσίαι) |
| 3 Principalities (ἀρχαί) | Archangels | Angels |

In *Dante*, by Edmund Gardner (Dent & Co.), pp. 123–138, an exhaustive account is given of the scheme and its sphere in the poem.

The key to the emblematology of the tomb is given by the word in the Register of 1542—*Contemplatio*. It is the explanation of *Il Penseroso*, 54, "The Cherub Contemplation":—

> "Him that yon soars on golden wing,
> Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
> The *Cherub* Contemplation."

Professor Masson notes: "A daring use of the great vision, in Ezekiel, chap. x, of the sapphire throne, the wheels of which were four cherubs, each wheel or cherub full of eyes all over, while in the midst of them, and

underneath the throne, was a burning fire. Milton, whether on any hint from previous Biblical commentators I know not, ventures to *name* one of the cherubs who guide the fiery wheelings of the visionary throne. He is the Cherub Contemplation. It was by the serene faculty named Contemplation that one attained to the clearest notion of divine things—mounted, as it were, into the very blaze of the Eternal." Milton, however, followed no commentators but the familiar medieval hierarchy of angels, and Spenser in his *Hymne of Heavenly Beautie* has the best account in English of the old tradition.

The Founder, then, simply through *Contemplatio* has the Beatific Vision. He lies contemplating the Deity. This was the function, in the hierarchy, of the Cherubim. In Milton, accordingly, they keep watch and ward over Paradise. Dionysius, the supposed author, says they are defined in this respect "from their faculty of seeing and contemplating God." In the *Merchant of Venice*, v. i. 62, this is how in the Pythagorean theory of the music of the spheres—so inextricable is the confusion of theory raised on theory in this medieval scheme—the angels "quire to the young-eyed *cherubins*." Shakespeare uses the correct word: a modern writer would unhesitatingly say "seraphim" from vague ideas of association.

Such, then, is the explanation of the Founder's tomb.

*Alma Mater*, 5 December, 1906.

## THE CROWN : 1513–1905.

"He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy and sings his fill."
*Childe Harold*, III. lxxxvii.

"To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year :
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day."
TENNYSON, *May Queen*.

Unchanging thou, since that September field
On Flodden bents, from Pinkie and Dunbar,
From Darien, with Scotland's shiver'd shield,
And all our chequer'd tale of peace and war—
What look'st thou down upon, this winter night,
And what changed scene dost thou now here survey ?
No loud lament for *Forest Flowers* or flight
Of dark and drumly Tweed upon his way :
But forth the merry masker takes his rounds,
And with his cutter bows him at the fane
Of Bacchus, while his step in College Bounds
Is heavy in his concert with the swain
That trips it to the full melodeon's swell,
Or hymns in carol hoarse his own *Blue Bell*.

*Alma Mater*, 11 January, 1905.

## THE DOWNIE SLAUCHTER.

Emicat Euryalus . . .
Post Helymus subit, et nunc tertia palma Diores.
VIRGIL, *Aen.* v. 339.

THE Aberdonian has not heard the last of the old story, and there is new material. The argument against it rested on the fact that no sacrist of the name of Downie is known at either College, and the absence of any minute or record in the College or Town Council annals has always been regarded as fatal. On the other hand it may be replied that the lists may not be complete, and Aberdeen at the time was but a small place, while it was the obvious duty of both parties to let the matter conveniently drop. The first mention in print of the story[45] does not go beyond 1824, but it is indisputable that Dr. John Cumming, of "Prophecy" fame, who entered King's College in 1822, says he heard it in his time. That a very obscure book issued anonymously in London could have had instant recognition in our town is improbable; and I believe that Professor Norman Macpherson (M.A., King's Coll., 1842), son of the late Sub-Principal and Professor of Greek, Hugh Macpherson,* whose hereditary connexion with King's College went far back into the eighteenth century, has ever maintained the substantial accuracy of the story on the authority of his father and Senatus tradition.

It will be important to note one point. Compulsory residence inside had been revived by the Senatus in 1753, but found to be vexatious; it diminished and ceased in

* M.A., King's Coll., 1785; Sub-Principal, 1817–54.

1825. Thomas Reid, the philosopher, writing on September 4, 1755, to Archibald Dunbar of Newton, at Duffus, says : " While the students were scattered over the town in private quarters, and might dispose of themselves as they pleased but at school hours, we found it impossible to keep them from low or bad company if they were so disposed. But they are on a very different footing since they lived within the College : we need not but look out at our windows to see when they rise and go to bed. They are seen nine or ten times throughout the day statedly by one or other of the masters. . . . They are shut up within walls at nine[66] at night. We charge those that are known to be trusty and diligent with the oversight of such as we suspect to be otherwise."

In July this year [1908] a claim was personally made in the Library by the great-great-grand-daughter of a James Angus, to the effect that the tradition had been maintained continuously in their family in America, that he had been about 1770 at one or other of the Colleges, that he had suddenly left to escape the consequences of his action. So far, after long search, they got. They had corresponded with the late Town Clerk of Aberdeen, Mr. John Angus,* but the clue had been lost. A reference to the *Fasti* in the New Spalding Club at once disclosed the fact that James Angus had been a member of the 1767–71 Arts Class at Marischal. The Rector of the Grammar School at my request searched the records of the School, and found that Angus had attended there from November, 1765, to May, 1767, when he entered College. It will be seen that, for the first time, a definite date was assigned to the story, and that it suits well with the period of enforced and unpopular residence inside. Angus's descendant, Miss Josephine Courtright of Boston, visited the Register House in Edinburgh, and knowing from his tombstone the year of his birth, found there

* M.A., Mar. Coll., 1816.

the entry for August 26, 1750, in Aberdeen ; the parents being James Angus, ground labourer, and Isobel Copland, his wife.

The various clues thus obtained have induced the family to reinvestigate the matter, and I have been favoured with copies of letters received some days ago from America. Mr. Charles Angus, who had it from his mother more than forty years ago, writes : " I do not know what a ground labourer is—presumably a ploughman, roadmaker, or ditcher, a *filius terrae*, and a college education, as you say, seems incompatible with that station of life. James Angus might have been a charity student." A study of the *Fasti* would, I fancy, dispel that illusion, and show how far Scotland has in this matter outstripped America. When the late Henry Ward Beecher was in Aberdeen, about twenty years ago or more, nothing staggered him so much as the national education of Scotland. The naive objection will raise a smile in the North, for it seems to have wounded American pride.

Writing from Rensselaer, N.Y., on October 4, to his cousin, Miss Courtright, Mr. Angus says : " James Angus had nine children, six sons and three daughters. I have their names somewhere, but cannot lay my hand on them just now. He must have come to America between the years 1770 and 1774, for in 1777 he was in the American army at Saratoga, and he was the first to bring the news of Burgoyne's surrender to Albany. An army courier on horseback, an Indian runner or scout, and James Angus were started at the same time with the news ; he, fleet of foot and of great endurance, arrived first. When he arrived he learned that his first child, a daughter named Jeannette, was born the day before. In a book published by the State, entitled *New York in the Revolution*, his name is given as a member of the Seventh New York Regiment. From all that I have been able

to gather he was a God-fearing, capable man, what they call nowadays a 'canny Scot.' He gave the land on which the Scotch Presbyterian Church was built; contributed largely to its erection; sent over to Scotland and brought its first pastor, one MacDonald from Berwick-on-Tweed; had two pews, into one of which he marched his six sons, and into the other himself and his three daughters every Sunday. He was an extensive property owner. I have heard he was the richest man in Albany, except the old patroon, Van Rensselaer. He had a number of business enterprises under way, one of which, a lumber business, must have been very extensive, for I have seen invoices of rafts, timber, boards, etc., a yard or more long, figured out in £ s. d. and consigned to him. He died in 1806. He married a descendant of one of the Holland or Dutch families in Albany. His will is recorded in our Surrogate's Office."

America is a country truly curious to contemplate. It grows cotton but no heather. A passage in the letter runs: "I thank you for the heather. It is the first I have ever seen, and I have often wondered what it was like." Where, I indignantly ask, is Mr. Carnegie? Can he not leave Public Libraries and Heroes of the Nations alone and civilize America by covering a large area—say Taft's whole State of Ohio—with the national plant? But what did the Principal say at the Quatercentenary Celebrations, on Tuesday, 25th September, 1906? Addressing "Sons of Empire" he said: "You have come to your own, bone of our bone, blood of our blood; it may be Scots who

> 'Far out alien scenes among
> Go mad at the glint of a sprig of heather.'

With fraternal warmth we salute you." I know a schoolfellow of my own and of James Angus, who at that time walked with me round the Bay of Nigg. "I have been commissioned," he said, "by a Saint Andrew's Society

in Chicago to send them a box of dulse from here." He got it in Castle Street, but heather will bear transit better than dulse. "Come to your own," forsooth! A country with no heather and no dulse!

All Aberdonians will regard James Angus's victory in the race as the triumph of good porridge. Had he wrecked his youth on ham and eggs, or other debased food, he could not have done it. It will cloud for the future the reputation of Fenimore Cooper's noble red men, and the Last of the Mohicans. As an Aberdonian, a graduate, and his schoolfellow, I rejoice in his record, though I should have preferred to see him with Burgoyne and not with Gates.

Yet I fear the moral is dangerous. "After Graduation —What?" If you wish to rise to fortune in a foreign land, try homicide. Entrap a sacrist, a professor, or a principal. It pays. It is satisfactory, indeed, to find a great-great-grand-daughter of the actor appearing on the scene and eager to claim connexion with the standard University story of Aberdeen.

*Alma Mater*, 11 November, 1908.

# THE ABERDEEN CIRCLE OF DR. JOHNSON.

"I am Counsel for the Managers of the Royal Infirmary. Mr. Jopp, the Provost, is one of my clients, and, as a *Citizen of Aberdeen*, you will support him."

Boswell to Johnson, Jan. 19, 1775.

It is curious, if Johnson had really been unfavourable to Scots and to Scotland, to consider how many of the names that are associated with him are found on inspection to be connected with Aberdeen. Some of the names are rarely thought of in this relation, and some excellent Johnsonian editors are quite at sea in their identifications. No doubt in the great biography the names of Hume, Adam Smith, Robertson, and Blair make greater show, yet there are some of our men that at this time establish a claim to recognition; for we must sadly own the soft impeachment that those best read in the *Fasti* are often quite sorely put to it to find how few great men have been reared with us. By great men we mean, of course, men of commanding eminence, men who have really influenced the world, for in average men our exports are no doubt considerable. But our standard of general excellence is, and has been, fatal to the production of first-class names. We still, as Johnson himself said, give every man the bite and no man the bellyful, and our geological formation in the country—the thin layer of peatmoss spread on a bannock of granite, as John Hill Burton described it—is equally unfavourable to the development and flowering of a richer type.

Who ever thinks of the author of *Roderick Random* as being M.D. of Aberdeen? Yet he was. Up to 1820

no one had known it, though he had the degree from Marischal College in 1750, previous to his starting practice at Bath, and that diploma had been seen in Leghorn as late as 1816. Sir Walter Scott settled the question by writing to all the British Universities, and he drew the evidence from Professor John Cruickshank, "who has politely forwarded a certificate copy of the diploma." When Smollett was dying in 1771 at Leghorn, he had his doctor's degree framed and hung over his bed to let his friends and visitors see he was a qualified physician.

Smollett suggests Goldsmith, and two Aberdeen medical men were with the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* in his last illness. These were William Hawes, M.D. (Mar. Coll., 1779), and George Fordyce, M.A. (Mar. Coll., 1753), M.D. (Edin., 1758). Hawes had found Goldsmith sinking and dosing himself with James's Fever Powders, the composition of Dr. Robert James,[67] the old schoolfellow of Johnson, who affectionately recalls him in the classic paragraph about the death of Garrick eclipsing the gaiety of nations. Goldsmith persisted in taking the powders, and Hawes called in Fordyce and Turton. It was Turton who put the famous question: "Is your mind at ease?" "It is not," replied Goldsmith.

George Fordyce, grandson of Provost George Fordyce, was perhaps the first Aberdonian to receive the title of F.R.S. This he had in 1776; in 1774 he had joined the Literary Club, and his medical eminence is seen by the company he kept. "We have added to the club," says Johnson, "Charles Fox and Dr. Fordyce."

Of the same family was James Fordyce (Mar. Coll., 1733–37). He had, after some time in the charge of Brechin, a great reputation in London as a public orator. He introduced Dr. Blair to Johnson, with whom he was intimately acquainted. "Though Johnson," Boswell says, "loved a Presbyterian least of all, this did not prevent him having a long and uninterrupted social

connexion with the Rev. James Fordyce, who, since his death, hath greatly celebrated him in a warm strain of devotional composition." Fordyce was widely known by his *Sermons to Young Women*, and they were admired by Jane Austen, who regarded their perusal as highly beneficial to those who were then styled "virtuous and elegant females." The doctor issued his poems in 1786, and his lines on the Black Eagle—"Hark! yonder eagle lonely wails"—may still sometimes be found in old collections of faded music.

James Beattie, of *The Minstrel*, first bursar of Marischal College 1749, M.A. 1753, has scarcely kept the celebrity he enjoyed in his own day; and Lord Monboddo, Bajan 1730, lives more for his eccentricity than for his pre-Darwinian speculations. But George Cheyne, M.D. (K.C., 1701; M.C., 1740), is rather remarkable, for he is the man with the "heavy weight" unbroken record among all graduates, turning the scale once at 32 stones and reducing Sir Roger, the Claimant, to a phantom. Cheyne, who came from Methlick, was allowed to be Graduate Doctor, "because he is not only our countryman, and at present not rich, but is recommended by the ablest and most learned physicians in Edinburgh as one of the best mathematicians in Europe." It is now thought curious how a good mathematician should make a good doctor, but those who laugh at the idea are curiously ignorant of the history of medicine and the fact that the "iatro-mathematical" school reigned up to Sydenham, and Cheyne was a pupil of the Jacobite Pitcairn, who with Boerhaave adhered to that school.* By frequenting taverns to meet his patients, Cheyne put on his vast proportions, which he reduced by vegetarianism. He was the fashionable physician of his time at Bath, and recommended that diet to Beau Nash, who

* See Hallam: *Literature of Europe in the 17th Century*, "On Anatomy and Medicine."

was breaking up. Nash swore that Cheyne's design was to send men grazing like King Nebuchadnezzar. "Ah," cried Cheyne, "he was never like you. I found him, gentlemen, only the other day crying for mercy to heaven, yet you now hear how the old dog blasphemes the faculty."

He was the advocate of temperance in diet to an age that neglected it. Johnson ate himself, and Boswell drank himself to death. One day, after church, "I went home with Johnson," writes the biographer, "and we sat quietly together. He recommended Dr. Cheyne's books, his book on Health, and his *English Malady*"—a treatise on hypochondria and nervous troubles. It is curious that the editor of the Globe Edition of Macmillan should err so widely as to assert that Cheyne "acquired considerable practice as a doctor, though he does not appear to have received any regular diploma."

William Kenrick, LL.D. (Mar. Coll., 1772), violently attacked Johnson's Edition of Shakespeare. "I remember one evening, when some of his works were mentioned, Dr. Goldsmith said he had never heard of them; upon which Dr. Johnson observed, 'Sir, he is one of the many who have made themselves *public*, without making themselves *known*.'" Goldsmith was to know of his works later, when Kenrick inserted in a paper an anonymous letter full of vulgar abuse of Goldsmith. The doctor called promptly at the office, and demanded an apology from the proprietor, Evans, and in the struggle the oil lamp overhead was smashed and drenched the pair with its contents. "One wishes now," writes Professor Masson, "that time could be rolled back to the moment of the scuffle, so that the lamp oil that was spilt might have been poured down Kenrick's throat." Pretty morality this from his fellow-graduate in law, though no doubt when the Professor wrote it he had no idea of the fact. However, we remember that "the sneak Kenrick,"

as he called him, was only a Broad Street Academy man, and one of the older foundation shall here endorse his wish.

William Guthrie,[68] of Marischal or of King's College—Robert Chambers says King's—son of the episcopal minister of Brechin, was a rather remarkable man. "Sir," said Johnson, "he is a man of parts. He has no regular fund of knowledge; but by reading so long, and writing so long, he no doubt has picked up a good deal." In 1745 the Pelham Government bought him with a pension of £200 a year, with Pickle the spy, another Jacobite renegade. Guthrie brought home the debates from Parliament in his memory, and they were sent by Cave, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to Johnson to be touched up for that journal. "He was the first English historian," adds Boswell, "who had recourse to that authentic source of information, the Parliamentary Journals; and such was the power of his political pen that, at an early period, Government thought it worth their while to keep it quiet by a pension, which he enjoyed till his death. Johnson esteemed him enough to wish that his life should be written."

John Ogilvie, D.D. (Marischal College, 1766), minister of Midmar, once dined at the Mitre Tavern with Johnson, Goldsmith, Boswell, and others. The list of his poems and epics is long, but he has sunk hopelessly. "There is in them," said the Doctor, "what *was* imagination, but is no more imagination in *him* than sound is sound in the echo." He has a little niche as the writer of the 62nd Paraphrase—"Lo! in the last of days behold"—possibly the poorest of the set, as the 35th—"'Twas on that night, when doom'd to know" is the grandest, by John Morison, M.A. (King's College, 1771). Of all the graduates and alumni of the two Colleges it may be safely said that no one man's work has a more world-wide recognition than this.

Lord Macaulay's relation, Kenneth Macaulay, M.A. (K.C., 1742), minister of Cawdor, wrote a book on St. Kilda, where the famous story first appears about the islanders catching cold on the arrival of strangers.[69] Johnson disbelieved it and credited second-sight, but in the *Hospital* for June, 1903, the scientific explanation of the "infectious catarrh" is given and the story declared to be quite true.

Then "Ossian" Macpherson (Bajan, K.C., 1752). No one can really or scientifically neglect him. He is on the wing again just now in this Celtic Renascence boom, though he far eclipses every one of his rather garrulous and maudlin followers. What sarcasm can surpass that last sentence of Johnson's reply! "I received your foolish and impudent letter. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your *Homer*, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. *You may print this if you will.*"

Almost the last written words of Johnson relate to an Aberdeen graduate. "Mr. Johnson, who came home last night [16th November, 1784], sends his respects to dear Dr. Burney, and all the dear Burneys, little and great." This includes Dr. Charles Burney, a classical scholar of repute (K.C., 1777–81; LL.D. 1792). "Dr. Charles Burney," Boswell says, "who is universally acknowledged by the best judges to be one of the few men of this age who are very eminent for their skill in that noble language, has assured me that Johnson could give a Greek word for almost every English one." Dr. Parr can also be cited for his own emphatic and inclusive testimony: "There are three great Greek scholars in England—Porson is the first, Burney is the third, and who is the second I need not tell."

*Alma Mater*, 10 January, 1906.

## BROAD STREET IN POETRY.

"Hush'd is the Harp—*the Minstrel* gone."
SCOTT, *L. of L. M.*, vi. 554.

"IT very ill becomes a man of your eminence and character," said Goldsmith to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "to debase so high a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer as Beattie. Beattie and his book will be forgotten in ten years, while Voltaire's fame will last for ever. Take care it does not perpetuate this picture to the shame of such a man as you." Voltaire's fame is scarcely what it was, and Goldsmith's remark may have been prompted by his being the biographer, in a slight way, of the French writer, whom he met on his own wonderful tour on the Continent. Substantially, however, it is true. Beattie, as Byron said of Churchill, had blazed as the comet of a season; he had his good things with Dives, but now no literary pilgrim to Bon-Accord, if indeed there ever was or will be such a person, visits the shrine of the Minstrel. This year it was noted that the visitors to the grave of Goldsmith, particularly from America, were more numerous than ever.

Scott's far too generous reference in *Marmion* to the *Life of Beattie* by Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo has done damage. "A. K. H. B." had a belated glimmering of nationality, but the poet and the biographer had none. Read John Foster's exposure of it in the *Eclectic Review*, and you will feel what Thackeray meant when he discoursed on the Scotch Snob. "James I," writes the historian of the breed, "was a Snob and a Scotch Snob, than which the world contains no more offensive

creature." If the genus is bad, the species must be quintessentially incarnate in such specimens.

And yet the Minstrel has his fixed niche as a pioneer of the Romantic Movement, heralded by Percy's *Reliques* in 1765. He knew what poetry was, and he himself has stolen his ideas, his phrases, and his environments with such tact and skill that in turn he has been copiously stolen from. There he still stands and tootles his little horn, and pipes his song, "the chastest minstrel of the Caledonian grove," as his friend and pupil wrote, the Rev. William Cameron * of Glenmuick; only few are aware how for phrases Burns, Byron, and Scott were indebted to the Broad Street writer.

When Beattie described himself as the Minstrel of Gothick days

> "in learned *lay*,
> How forth the *Minstrel* fared in days of yore, . . .
> His waving *locks* and *beard all hoary grey*, . . .
> His harp *the sole companion of his way*," etc., etc.,

the whole passage was verbally adopted by Scott in his own description of the Last Minstrel of the Borders. The exquisite Spenserian stanzas closing *The Lady of the Lake* reproduce the evening notes and imagery of the pipe, the hum of housing bees, and all the touches from Beattie's melodies of the morning.

Byron often refers to him, and had seen him in Broad Street. When in *Childe Harold*, iv. 179, he wrote :—

> "Sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
> Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown,"

he was remembering the older poet's line :—

> "Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown."

Tennyson admired him, and it may be suspected that the famous LXII group of *In Memoriam* owes much to Beattie's moralizing about the war with Fortune's

* Bajan, Mar. Coll., 1770; d. 1811. Author of 14th and 17th Paraphrases.

malignant star, in his stanza commencing "Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb," etc.

Burns frequently in prose and verse alludes to him, but the full debt no one has yet suspected. The standard stanza in *The Vision*—"I saw thee seek the sounding shore"—is a verbal appropriation of Beattie's allusion to his own early days at Fordoun :—

> "Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
> The lone enthusiast oft would take his way," etc., etc.

The no less famous 12th, 13th, and 14th stanzas of the Epistle to William Simpson of Ochiltree, May, 1785, are compounded from lines by Beattie :—

> "Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs . . .
> O Nature, how in every charm supreme!"

Who ever in thought conjoined Tam o' Shanter and Broad Street? Yet I submit the thing is absolutely indisputable. When Tam sees "Kirk Alloway in a bleeze," and the dancers

> "reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,"

Burns got the inspiration from the description of the dance of the fairies in the forest :—

> "And *loud* enlivening strains provoke the dance.
> They *meet*, they *dart away*, they *wheel askance*,
> To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
> Now *bound aloft with vigorous spring*, then glance
> Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
> Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing *forests blaze*."

The great national stanza in the *Cottar's Saturday Night* about ambition and the scenes of old Scotia's grandeur is an echo of the Hermit's "scenes, whence real grandeur springs." But the full note of debt is mentioned by Burns himself to Mrs. Dunlop. Beattie had inserted in the *Aberdeen Journal*, in 1768, a notice in vernacular verse of the *Helenore* by Alexander Ross * and written

> "Ye've set old Scota on her legs."

* M.A., Mar. Coll., 1718. Parochial teacher, Aboyne, Laurencekirk, Lochlee; d. 1784.

" From this," says the national poet, " I took the idea of Coila." The whole aspiration of Burns to be the bard of Coila dates definitely from Beattie.

Did Beattie know all this ? Listen to the old snob about his son : " after he grew up, he never could endure to read what was written in any of the vulgar dialects of Scotland. He looked at Mr. Allan Ramsay's poems, but did not relish them. Whether the more original strains of Mr. Burns ever came in his way, I do not certainly know." Fancy the disproportion now between " Mr. Burns " and Professor James Beattie, LL.D., Marischal College, Aberdeen.

And just one more " flake," as Professor Masson would say about Milton. When Sir Walter said of Clan Alpine :—

> "Moor'd in the rifted rock,
> Proof to the tempest's shock,
> Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow,"

he was almost certainly remembering the remark by Principal George Campbell, of Marischal College, about Hume's vain attacks on religion. They were, he said, like blasts on the oak : " they shake it impetuously and loudly threaten its subversion ; whilst in effect they only serve to make it strike its roots the deeper, and stand the firmer ever after." Broad Street is not lovely in any sense, but it may be questioned if any street in Scotland, outside Ayr and Edinburgh, has such associations in verse.

*Alma Mater*, 19 November, 1902.

## "THE BOOK OF BON-ACCORD."

"Confer Aberdoniam, Thetis hanc servilibus undis
Alluit, urbs famulo nec procul illa mari est."
ARTHUR JOHNSTON (1632).

"Silver City by the sea,
Whose white foot rests on golden sands."
WILLIAM FORSYTH.

IT is really time that a new edition of two books should be undertaken. As a memorial of this War and as a link with the Auld Ally, the Franco-Scottish Society should project on a really international scale Francisque Michel's essential work: *Les Écossais en France, les Français en Écosse*, Paris, 2 vols., 1863. Everything truly relevant is in that work, but illustrations and fresh material should be given, though it is enough to give Scotsmen serious thoughts to reflect that Haggis (Fr. *hachis*) and Tartan (Fr. *tiretaine*, through the Spanish) are not indigenous, but importations from France.

The other book calling for new presentation is *The Book of Bon-Accord*, by Joseph Robertson,[70] issued in 1839. If Lord Rosebery is right in saying that Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of His Time* (1856) is a work that should be read every year as a religious duty by every good Scotsman, what need be said of Robertson's book? What Aberdonian can do without it? Yet we fear that in the present generation, reared on flabby and colourless Royal Readers, and dieted on Henry VIII and his wives, the Wars of the Roses, Marlborough's campaigns, and the tributaries of the Danube, the local knowledge of the city is not what it should be. The New Spalding Club should take in hand a new edition, and spare no expense with

maps, plans, portraits, and additions of value up to date. No doubt much has been done since its first appearance, but a mere glance at it will show the great service rendered by the author to his native city. The form of the original was not inviting, the printing and binding are poor, for it was the day of small things, and it was a young man's book. The title page modestly runs : *The Book of Bon-Accord : or a Guide to the City of Aberdeen :* Aberdeen, Lewis Smith, 66 Broadgate, 1839.

It is obvious the book is not a Guide, but a History of great excellence. Lewis Smith's shop was the one to the south and immediately adjoining the demolished gate of Marischal College in Broad Street, where that patriotic burgher of Bon-Accord, to whom the city owes much, had established himself when only eighteen. It was the gathering place of the local literati, such as John Hill Burton, Robertson and others, and from it appeared *The Aberdeen Censor* (1825), *The Deeside Guide* (1829), *The Aberdeen Magazine* (1831), *Dunnottar Castle* (1835), and other local works. The printer of Robertson's book was John Davidson in Broad Street, and in the list of Corrections and Additions to the text, under the Bay of Nigg, the author manages to drop a friendly tear : " in a work which issued from his press it may be permitted to record that near the south-east corner of this quiet cemetery are interred the remains of John Davidson, printer, who died, lamented by all, on the 1st of March, 1839, in the thirty-ninth year of his age."

Joseph Robertson was born in 1811 in the present 37 Woolmanhill, and was educated at the Grammar School and Marischal College. He died in Edinburgh in 1866, and was buried in the Dean Cemetery. In 1853 he was appointed by Lord Aberdeen curator of the Historical Department of the Edinburgh Register House, having reached the place where his heart had long been, " right there," though it had been " a long

way to Tipperary," wasted on editing *The Aberdeen Constitutional*, *The Glasgow Constitutional*, and *The Edinburgh Evening Courant*. He died when at his best, and when works of permanent value would have resulted. As it is, his output is simply phenomenal, and the accuracy of it all is no less. A mere statement by Robertson carries weight. I have read carefully his unpublished *Biographia Aberdonensis* in three volumes, where the handwriting is beautiful, and the exactness and neatness of arrangement are striking. How he acquired all his knowledge in his short and active life is a problem, for when he worked at such things in Aberdeen there were no learned clubs, no library catalogues, and no assistance to him of any kind at all. All must have been done by himself for himself, and transcripts of rare Raban printing in Aberdeen and elsewhere must have been laboriously made, for most of his material had been unpublished, and existed only in manuscript. Possibly no Aberdonian has ever lived who knew the history of his native city as this man did. He was one of the original founders of the Spalding Club, and to that he contributed a mass of material of the most weighty kind, while he worked also for the Maitland and Bannatyne Clubs. As a learned antiquary, only David Laing, librarian to the Signet Library in Edinburgh, could equal him, and the Aberdonian that has read with attention or worked over his texts must simply be amazed at the extent and variety of Robertson's knowledge of Scottish history and antiquities. If Sheriff Æneas Mackay was right, and he certainly was, in declaring that no city in Scotland could be compared with Aberdeen in services rendered to the national history and its illustration, there is little doubt that the first place must be assigned to Joseph Robertson. If anyone needs corroboration of this, let him turn to the tribute paid to him by Burton in the preface to his History of Scotland, and see what that work owes to him. A

notice in Grant Duff's Diary, under date November 14, 1862, will show him in his Edinburgh field.

"At 1 to-day we went to the Register House, where Mr. Joseph Robertson, the most learned of Scottish antiquaries, was our guide. He showed us the foundation charter, not of Melrose Abbey, which now stands in ruins, but of an older building, which has long since passed away, though the little bit of parchment remains intact, and the writing on it is perfectly legible. He showed us also the list of jewels belonging to Mary Queen of Scots, which he afterwards published. It bears upon it notes, in her own hand, of the names of the persons to whom she desired the jewels to be given, in case both she and her child should die, made just before the birth of James VI. This curious document, with many other of the Scottish records, was taken to London in the days of Cromwell, and was not sent back to Edinburgh till recent times. These valuable papers were packed in hogsheads, and suffered much from the damp, the stains caused by which on this particular manuscript were mistaken by Miss Strickland, according to Robertson, for Queen Mary's tears.

"Not less remarkable is the letter of the Scottish nobles to the Pope, saying that they would never submit to English rule.* This, perhaps the most curious document in the Register House, was as nearly as possible destroyed. One of the Earls of Haddington, who was Lord Clerk Register, had taken it, with other interesting relics, to his country house. When he died, they were reclaimed by the authorities, and were all sent back by his family, except this one, which could not be found. At length it was discovered in front of a fire-place in a bath-

* The protest sent by Scotland from the Monastery of Arbroath, April 6, 1320, to Pope John XXII. That "housemaid" should be an object lesson to all, over the aims of a debased faction expending asphyxiating gas in favour of Female Suffrage.

room, the housemaid having been pleased with the long strips of parchment from which the seals depended, and thinking it would make as good a grate ornament as another. We saw, too, many letters of Mary Queen of Scots, and Robertson told us she wrote at first rather a good hand. She was not really so learned as has been said. Her so-called Latin verses are copies of Buchanan, and her French ones are poor."

And yet even unto this day and hour in Aberdeen there is complete ignorance among the citizens as to the origin of the city. It is no reproach to Robertson that he was not a Celtic philologer, and that in 1839 such research was impossible. Indeed he makes it fairly clear that the old Harlaw feeling was pretty strong with him, and his references to the Celt are generally hostile and disparaging. To him, as to the man on the street to-day, Aberdeen means the city at the mouth of the Dee, just as Footdee is believed to represent the obvious situation at the foot of the Dee. Robertson completely exploded the last delusion, and all that it implies. Let us hear him how he sketches what he believed to be the *fons et origo* of his native town.

" Let the reader fancy the summit of the Castle-hill, or of the elevation named after St. Katherine, to be surrounded by two or more concentric ditches, and ramparts of earth and stone, with a rudely-defended gate, and with a half-cleared path leading down the eminence. Let him suppose the enclosed and fortified area to be studded with a few squalid hovels built of turf, mud, and boughs, and to be thronged with flocks of cattle, and groups of half-naked and painted savages, armed with bows and with arrows pointed with flint, with stone hatchets, with long and ponderous swords, tall spears, and hide-bound shields. Let him figure a small creek in the estuary of the Dee, with a number of slender skin-covered skiffs or *currachs* lying on the shore. Let him imagine the

surrounding country to be occupied by mighty forests of oak and pine, the recesses of which give shelter to the boar and wolf, while their open glades and pastures are covered with herds of deer and wild cattle, and he will have drawn no unfaithful picture of the chief city of the north of Scotland as it existed seventeen hundred years ago. . . . The first buildings of Aberdeen were probably a few rude dwellings situated on the shores of the Dee, in the neighbourhood of the spot where the Trinity Church now stands. Here William the Lion seems to have resided about the year 1180 ; and here, thirty years later, he founded a monastery of Red Friars—an establishment which probably added considerably to the prosperity of the infant burgh. The ground next occupied was, perhaps, that sheltered by the walls of the Castle, and it may be conjectured that the town was gradually extended in the direction of the Shiprow, the Exchequer Row, and the south side of the Castlegate. But for a long time its limits appear to have been confined to the vicinity of the Green." He adds that the Green (*vicus viridis*) was in being in 1273 ; the Castlegate (*vicus castri*), the Gallowgate (*vicus furcarum*) existed before 1350. In 1382 the Upperkirkgate and the Netherkirkgate appear ; about 1400 the Quay, and the Shiprow (*vicus navium*). In 1450 the Guestrow is noticed, the *vicus lemurum*, or street of the " ghaists " or goblins, as he showed, with reference to the dead in the churchyard of St. Nicholas.

This is undoubtedly correct for the city of Aberdeen, and we may consider the position of the early Aberdonian on the Castle Hill and Broad Hill was not altogether so picturesque in winter as the fanciful portraits drawn by imaginative Town Councillors, when they propose Beach improvements with Bungalow Hotels on the Broad Hill, " looking over the grey sand dunes, looking out on the cold North Sea." But language shows that there was an

earlier day, and that the real origin of the city of Aberdeen is authoritatively fixed elsewhere. Aberdeen,[71] in spite of the vowel sound of the last syllable, means the city, not at the mouth of the Dee, but of the Don. The patron Saint Nicholas, the saint of sailors, is late, and points to a recent expansion of trade, post-Norman in period. The earliest traces of the city and the Celtic saints all show the original nucleus is to be found not by the Castle Hill, but practically where the Church of St. Machar stands. A Gael enetering the city makes no mistake as to its geographical meaning. He knows where to look. *Obair-Dhea'ain* means the mouth of the Don, and is a witness to the primeval day when the Don entered the sea further south, as William Forsyth says :—

> "The Don doon by the Braid Hill ran,
> The tide weish up the Castle Brae,
> An' whaur lang miles o' pier-wark stan',
> A half a score o' birlins lay."

It was only in 1727 that the present cut of the Don, straight to the sea, was made, under the advice of Dr. James Gregory, the mediciner of King's College, for previous to that date it had flowed over the Links till it reached the south end of Cunningairehill. To hard facts of language all fanciful theories of the meaning of the word Aberdeen must yield. There is such a science as phonetics. Ewen MacLachlan, the Rector of the Old Town Grammar School, then located in the ground floor of the present Town House in High Street, and best Gaelic scholar of his time, knew that it did not and could not mean the mouth of the Dee, and he sought for the meaning in the fact of the two rivers meeting, a sort of Interamna, a " vale of Avoca where the waters meet," *Aber-Da-abhuinn*, but this is impossible to modern science. In the Book of Deer it is Abberdeon, in the Norse Sagas it is Apardion, in William the Lion's charter

*Photo. by Mr. W. F. Webster.*

OBAIR-DHEA'AIN: THE MOUTH OF THE DON.

it is Aberdoen. The Don is the Celtic Divŏna, and it was known to the Latin poet Ausonius as the Celtic name of the river Goddess of his native Bourdeaux.

The old charters of David I that speak of Old Aberdeen may or may not be genuine, but they preserve the genuine fact and consciousness. Robertson repeats the statement in Kennedy's *Annals*, that, in 1336, under Edward III, the citizens opposed the English in the Green, when the town was laid in ashes. " It is said," Robertson adds, " that when the city was afterwards rebuilt, it received the name of New Aberdeen, a title which has frequently led strangers to suppose that the original site of the town was in the burgh now called Old Aberdeen, but originally named Old Town, or Kirktown of Seaton." In the first class of the Grammar School in 1868 Dr. Beverly assured us all this was the case. But it is totally erroneous. The Old Town, the *Villa Vetus* of charters, is the real *fons et origo*, lost in the mists of antiquity, of existing Bon-Accord. Robertson quotes Dr. James Gregory for an expression of Aberdeen feeling (1804) : " I am a Scotsman good, having the unspeakable advantage of being born in the center of the city of Aberdeen. My dear countrymen, the Aberdonians, have been long known to be very sharp folks, so very sharp that it has been estimated that if their attornies (whom they sometimes call advocates, sometimes proctors, sometimes solicitors) were allowed to practise in London, they would in seven years have the fee simple of the whole county of Middlesex.* As far as I can judge, their medical gentlemen are as sharp in their way, as their attornies can be for their hearts." But, as a native of the *Villa Vetus*, I believe it is time to explode the Dee theory, which no trained philologer can now hold. It totally distorts the unbroken continuity of the city and fatally corrupts the true development of

* The author of this historic gibe is given in Sir Walter Scott's *Diary*, March 14, 1826, as Patrick, Lord Elibank.

its story. All the idle talk about Devāna and Aberdeen is a confusion of the real facts about the Divŏna and accurate philological science.

Robertson's preface shows that the original aim of the writer was humble, and the printing resources small. "At first little was contemplated beyond a brief compilation from the histories of the Brave Town already published; but the Author had not gone far when he was satisfied that many sources of information had been imperfectly examined by his predecessors, or were altogether unknown to them. As he proceeded in the pleasant labour of availing himself of these new or neglected lights, he saw reason gradually to enlarge his design; other interesting or important documents were from time to time discovered. . . . In the second volume, the other portions of the Burgh, the Old Town, and the Suburbs, will be described. . . . an attempt will be made to exhibit a view of the moral, religious, political, and commercial condition of the City. . . . If the sheets now published be favourably received, the concluding part will be issued probably at the end of a twelvemonth. It remains only to confess that the Publisher [Lewis Smith] is nowise to blame for the delay in the appearance of this volume. Indeed but for him it would perhaps have never seen the light."

Vol. II. never appeared, though I. is bold on the back of the book. Another Aberdonian, the late Mr. Alexander Kemlo, M.A. 1860, advocate, grappled with the task, and resolutely worked through the entire file of the *Aberdeen Journal* from its first issue on January 5, 1748. Then he got lost in the material. He made sweeping reductions, but the pile swamped him. In truth it only shows the merit of Robertson's performance, and that the task is one not for an individual, but a Royal Commission. One little memorial of the old Rector of the Grammar School, David Wedderburn, the lament for

George Jamesone, the painter, who died in 1644 at Edinburgh, and was buried in the Greyfriars Churchyard there—the broadsheet of Raban, the first Aberdeen printer—Mr. Kemlo had, and sent to me, from South Africa, a transcript. It is here reproduced for the first time :—

*Lachrymæ.*

Gentis Apollo suæ fuit ut Buchananus, Apelles
Solus eras Patriæ sic, Jamesone, tuæ.
Rara avis in nostris oris. Tibi mille colores,
Ora tibi soli pingere viva datum.
At Te nulla manus poterit sat pingere ; nempe
Lampada cui tradas nulla reperta manus.
Quin si forte tuas vatum quis carmine laudes
Tentet, id ingenii vim superabit opus.
Quicquid erit, salve pictorum gloria, salve,
Aeternumque vale Phosphore Scotigenûm :
Phosphore, namque tua ars tenebris prius obsita cæcis,
Fors nitidum cernet Te præeunte diem.

*Tumulus ejusdem.*

Conditur hic tumulo Jamesonus Pictor, et una
Cum Domino jacet hic Ars quoque tecta suo.
Hujus ni renovent cineres Phœnicis Apellem,
Inque urna hac coeant Ortus et Interitus.

*Ejusdem Encomium meritissimum.*

Si pietas prudens, pia si prudentia, vitæ
Si probitas, omni si sine labe fides ;
Partaque si graphio Magnatum gratia, dotes
Nobilis ingenii siquid honoris habent ;
Si nitor, in pretio est morum cultusque decori,
Et tenuem prompta sæpe levasse manu ;
Aemula si Belgis Italisve peritia dextrae
Artifici laudem conciliare queat,
Omne tulit punctum Iamesonus Zeuxe vel ipso
Teste; vel hoc majus Græcia siquid habet.

Amoris indissolubilis ergo
DAVID WEDDERBURN.

Robertson's modest volume had not his name. Yet the 379 pages are of rare value, and were offered to his native city with a happy quotation from Richard Verstegan's

*Restitution of Decayed Intelligence* (1634) :—

> "Accept therefore, Brave City, in good worth,
> Thy praise not with dispraise to others wrought,
> Thy elder glory here againe set forth,
> Which Time could shadow but not bring to nought :
> And though not graced rightly as it ought,
> Yet will thy kind acceptance salve the sore,
> And make me studious how to please thee more."

Robertson's portrait is in the Mitchell Hall window of Marischal College, and his book is his memorial. But a really great reproduction of *The Book of Bon-Accord*, "graced rightly as it ought," is imperatively called for.

*Grammar School Magazine*, June, 1915.

## "MEMORIES OF TWO CITIES: EDINBURGH AND ABERDEEN."*

"Lucanus an Apulus anceps."

THIS book ought to be in the possession of every alumnus and graduate, not only as a memento of its distinguished author, but as a singularly authoritative manual on much history relating to Aberdeen. To some of us it has long been familiar in its original form of papers contributed by Masson, as editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, in 1864–65. But they were naturally not easy to get at, and their present form should make them widely known to all that take a real interest in academic history and traditions.

Masson was first bursar at Marischal College in 1835, and died in 1907 in his eighty-fifth year. He succeeded Clough as Professor of English Literature in University College, London, in 1853, and Aytoun at Edinburgh in 1865, having left an abiding mark for thirty years on the Arts Classes there, the mark which in turn he had inherited from Melvin in Aberdeen. He had come to enjoy in Edinburgh a sort of *postérité contemporaine*, being regarded, though an Aberdonian to the last in accent and manner, as one peculiarly associated with the Scottish Capital. After the death of Professor Blackie he had been the most familiar face in its streets, known, as Lord Rosebery said in presenting him with his portrait, by the name of "the grand old man of Edinburgh." He yields in the book to the Edinburgh convention of spelling

* By David Masson, LL.D., Litt.D., late Historiographer Royal for Scotland, and late Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 1911.

" baillie " with one " l," but Aberdeen asserts itself when he speaks of " weaving " a stocking.

He graduated in 1839 and studied Divinity for one session at Edinburgh under Dr. Chalmers. Melvin, Chalmers, and Carlyle were the three ideals of his life. What he has done for the first we all know, and it is peculiarly fitting that master and pupil should appear together in the Mitchell Window. Chalmers, he said, was the man of men given to him in his youth to know, the man that still he fondly thought he saw in his dreams. In his long life he had come to know all the great men of his time. When he entered Edinburgh, Scott had been dead seven years. " What Edinburgh became to me, the modesties of writing will not permit me to express. Her very dust to me was dear." Jeffrey and Cockburn were still alive ; Chalmers was in his sixtieth year ; De Quincey at Lasswade was waiting his future editor and biographer in the Men of Letters Series ; Christopher North could be seen any day tempestuously " sweeping through George Street, on his way to Blackwood's shop, with his long yellow hair streaming from underneath his wide-rimmed hat," and in Great King Street Sir William Hamilton's lights could be seen far into the night as he sat among his books.

" It is true that, at first, the provincial obstinacy was strong, and one kept oneself on critical guard, and would not acknowledge or admire more than could be helped. Edinburgh was built of freestone, and what was freestone after the grey granite of Aberdeen ? ' Why you could *howk* through these houses with a rusty nail ! ' two fellow-Aberdonians would say to each other, as they walked along Princes Street and remembered Union Street in their native town. Suppose them led through Moray Place by their Edinburgh friends, and asked what they thought of it. ' Very fine, certainly ; but you should see our Golden Square,' one of the two would say audaciously, winking to the other—said Golden Square, whose splendiferous name had suggested it, being a tidy square enough, but of a size to go into a hat-box in comparison. And so of moral and social features. What a lingo the Edinburgh populace had, what a pronunciation, what a queer accent and usage of voice, as compared with that perfect speech and exquisitely-delicate modulation for which the Aberdonians are famous ! "

We cannot here follow him into his Edinburgh recollections and sketches of the great men of the time, but we must find room for his burst on the incomparable view from the Calton, selected also by Stevenson as the most stimulating of all memories to Edinburgh men. Nothing in Europe can equal it :—

" What a spectacle is that of the ordinary walk along Princes Street at night, when the windows of the Old Town are lit, and across the separating chasm there looms darkly, or is seen more clearly, the high, continuous cliff of gables, irregularly brilliant with points of radiance ! And, O ! the circuit of the Calton Hill at night ! As it is, you hardly meet a soul on the deserted heights ; but well might it be the custom—and, if the clergy did their duty, they could make it such—that the hill at night should be sacred and guarded, and that every man, woman, and child in the city should once a week perform the nocturnal walk round it as an act of natural worship."

But it is with the Aberdeen papers that we must occupy ourselves here.

" I think I have never seen anywhere else so vast an arc of open sea as from the beach near Aberdeen. Eastward you gaze ; not an island or a headland interrupts the monotony of waters to the far sky-line ; and you know that beyond that sky-line you might sail and sail without interruption, till you reached Denmark or Norway. For Aberdeen, though a British city, is actually nearer, by measured distance, to either Norway or Denmark than to London."

He knows his Aberdeen absolutely, yet he makes the common mistake of regarding the original settlement as at the mouth of the Dee. It was beyond all question at the mouth of the Don, substantially where the present Cathedral stands, and the correct interpretation of the geographer Ptolemy's text shews that the capital there of the Taixali is one of the most ancient and continuous place-names in Great Britain. He is also vague on the old course of the Don. He speaks of " tradition," almost in a geological sense, regarding the distance between the mouths of the two rivers, not knowing that up to only 1727 the Don flowed through the Links by the Broad Hill, and that the present straight course to the sea was then made under the lead of James Gregory, the

Mediciner. On the Bursary Competition he speaks vaguely, as befits a Marischal man. "How far back in time," he writes, "the influence of the Bursary system had been in operation in the territory, I do not know; but I should not wonder if it were to turn out, on investigation, that some form of the influence had to do with what is, at all events, the fact,—that for more than two centuries Aberdeen and the region around had had a special reputation in Scotland for eminence in Latinity." That was coeval with the 1505 appointment of Vaus, the Humanist, and from 1549 (at least) till to-day the Bursary Competition by name has been unbroken.

To the portrait gallery of his native city his two great contributions are his Dr. Kidd and Dr. Melvin. Both are finished pieces of work and will rank with Dr. John Brown's portrait of his father in his *Letter to John Cairns, D.D.* All Aberdonians should possess the volume if only for the sake of his account of Dr. Kidd.[72] We regret we have no room to quote from it, but it is quite final and luminous in criticism and local points, descriptive of Kidd's days in Ireland, America, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen—"in the days of Campbell, Beattie, and Gerard," influencing the city of his adoption in a way no one has ever done, or even faintly approached, "worth in his own person a police force to the town," independently of his mental powers.

"It is long," he said, "since I first determined one day to say something in public on Melvin," and, when it did come, it was worth waiting for.

"Whatever start he may have had in the lessons of Nicoll and Cromar, and whatever firmer grasp of rudimentary Latin he may have got in teaching under MacLachlan* in Old Aberdeen, Melvin's scholar-

* M.A., King's College, 1800; First Bursar, 1796; Librarian, King's College, 1800; Rector of the Old Town Grammar School. Ewen MacLachlan had his class on the ground floor of the present Town House in the High Street; overhead was the Council Chamber. Melvin was MacLachlan's assistant in 1821.

ship must have been the result of an amount of reading for himself utterly unusual in his neighbourhood. The proof of this exists in the superb library, one of the wonders of Aberdeen, which, even with his moderate means, he had managed to collect around him. There was nowhere in that part of Scotland, probably nowhere in all Scotland, such another private library of the classic writers and of all commentaries, lexicons, scholiasts, and what not, appertaining to them. To see him in his large room in Belmont Street, every foot of the wall space of which, from the floor to the ceiling, and even over the door and between the windows, was occupied with books filling the exactly-fitted bookshelves, was at once a delight and a revelation."

"As a born ruler of boys, Arnold himself cannot have surpassed Melvin. There were wanting, of course, in Melvin's case, many of those incidents that must have contributed to the complete veneration with which the Rugby boys looked at Arnold—the known reputation of the man, for example, in the wide world of thought and letters beyond the walls of the schoolroom,—yet, so far as personal influence within the school was concerned, there was in Melvin some form of almost all those qualities that we read of in Arnold, which tended to blend love more and more, on closer intimacy, with the first feeling of reverence. . . . His influence was so high-toned and strict that, even had he taught nothing expressly, it would have been a moral benefit for a boy to have been within it. It did one good to look at him day after day as the man presided over us."

How fit it is that both men should not be divided by death, but live again in the Mitchell Window!

He loved all his Marischal College memories, and cherished the great figure of Dugald Dalgetty:—

"Blessings on thy memory, if only for Alma Mater's sake, thou shrewd and doughty Sir Dugald; and may thy last days have been peaceful, with the widow Strachan for thy spouse, in thy regained paternal estate of Drumthwacket! Great as is my veneration, on historical grounds, for the Presbyterian Marquis, whom men call Gillespie Grumach on account of the cast in his eye, I confess I can never read how thou didst pin him in his own dungeon without forgetting altogether that it was the cause of Presbyterianism that was imperilled and feeling my heart leap with glee that my fellow-collegian was uppermost."

He recurred all through life to the "great, square, hulking, yet lofty, ancient lump of a building, impressive by its amorphous grey massiveness even in the daylight, but in winter nights quite weird to look at in the dark space that enshrined it, with the few lights twinkling in

some of its small windows," and remembered in 1864 how not one stone of it was in existence.* He remembered the old chimney-piece with the concise Latin motto of the Earls Marischal: "*Aiunt. Quid aiunt? Aiant.*" and was greatly impressed beyond all other faces by "the portrait of Descartes, which I could never cease gazing at, it was such a queer, puckered old face." † He was full of the Rectorial Saturnalia, which was then annual and lasted three weeks:—

"'I care not for the hiss of the serpent, nor for the sardonic laugh of the hyena,' said one speaker, when our demonstrations were going against him; and there and then the serpents and the hyenas extinguished *him*. 'Is Dr. Abercromby going to make a *moniply* of it?' asked one Highland orator, on an occasion when it was proposed that the existing Lord Rector, Dr. Abercromby, the distinguished physician of Edinburgh, should be re-elected; and when, irritated by the burst of laughter which followed his mispronunciation of the word 'monopoly,' he told us further, in Highland accents, that we 'might as well attempt to stem the Atlantic with a *straa*' as to put him down—you should have seen how the straw *did* stem the Atlantic! 'This proposition has been nipped in the bud—I may say strangled in the womb!' said a dapper medical Irishman, who had somehow impressed his party as a master of rhetoric, fit to be put forward as their spokesman on the great election day;—and I never saw anything neater than the way in which his fellow-students proceeded to strangle the further utterances of that young man."

He sketches all the staff, James Davidson in Civil History, George Glennie in Moral Philosophy, Cruickshank in Mathematics, Brown in Greek, and Knight in Natural Philosophy. The first two were very old, and in Glennie's class he remembered how the *Pro Bono Publico* Club of four or five students "used frequently to disappear during the lecture into the dark hollow space underneath the rising tiers of benches, and there

* Preserved as the frontispiece of P. J. Anderson's *Records of Marischal College*, Vol. II.

† We remember it well. We were impressed in 1873 by the rather uncouth face of Dr. [William] Ruddiman, who founded a bursary, taking him for the Latinist, whom the Library Window will show to have been a handsome man.

hold their secret club meetings with bottled porter and mutton pies, bobbing up now and then to see that all was right, and the Moral Philosophy going on as usual." Knight seems to have impressed the men of the time most of all, and Professor Bain contributed to the sixth volume of *Alma Mater* seven papers of recollections of his old Professor, who is buried under a blue, flat flag-stone in the ground at the left hand side of the door of the West Church. Masson tells a story which Bain tells more fully and clearly. It is characteristic of all three men, and is worth quoting (*Alma Mater*, Vol. VI, p. 156) :—

> "One wintry day the funeral of a college servant took place at Footdee Churchyard. On the return I was in the company of Knight and Blackie. As we rounded the corner of Marischal Street, we encountered a furious north wind, laden with snow drift to the point of suffocation. Blackie began swearing in German. Knight followed in English, with an apology to this effect :—'The word "damnable" wasn't a bad word in the seventeenth century, ye see; the proof of it is this, ye see : in the first edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*, when Christian comes up to Giant Despair's Castle, he finds it *damnably hard* to open ; but this is a damnably bad day, *whatever century it be in.*'"

Now this reveals with dramatic effect the fact that Bain had never read Bunyan, or even verified the quotation, for no one who ever read *The Pilgrim's Progress* could ever forget how Christian and Hopeful made their escape *out of* Doubting Castle ! Masson tells us how he saw Bain when a boy, for the first time, in Dr. Kidd's Gilcomston Chapel, in a pew before him, "with his head shaved after a fever, absolutely bald, with his mouth wide open, singing like a young mavis." We fancy Bain must have opened his mouth and chanced it, for it is fairly certain that, like Buckle, who once recognized for *God Save the Queen* what turned out to be *Rule Britannia*, he never knew one note from another. Neither did Professor W. Robertson Smith. What Shakespeare says of such people in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Sc. I, would fit them both.

He cannot resist a delicious stanza from the poems of George Legg, a scavenger, "of which I could repeat scraps yet: —

'I once was young and now am old,
Just in my seventieth year;
Yet ne'r a woman I beguiled,
As I can safely swear.'"

He is doubtful about the well-known Byron story, which he gives incorrectly and thinks may be mythical. It is absolutely authentic, and rests on the authority of Byron's own classfellow. "When at the Grammar School he * had as a classfellow, Lord Byron, and often told how he was present on the occasion when the Rector, Mr. Cromar, in calling the catalogue, came to Byron's name and pronounced it for the first, and, as Mr. Smith asserted, the last time, 'Domine Byron,' laying particular emphasis on the 'Domine,' and how his pupil, instead of answering 'Adsum,' burst into a flood of tears." That settles it.

* Rev. James Smith, M.A., King's College, 1807; Schoolmaster of Glenmuick (Michie's *Deeside Tales*, Aberdeen, 1908, p. xxiv.). Buried in the churchyard of Tullich.

*Alma Mater*, 15 May, 1912.

## THE OLD POWIS ROAD (1860).

'Man, I would like fine to be a bairn again in the Powis Road."
Letter of M.A., 1875.

" Giving the average undergraduate unlimited licence for his beloved horse-play, howling, and bully-ragging."
*Alma Mater*, 10th Feb., 1897.

Overlooking old Granada is the hill on which the Moor
Draws " the last sigh " of his nation, at the sight that tells him sure
The past is gone for ever, and his feet will never roam
In the Albujarras valley that no longer knows his home.

From the Hermitage the Aulton shews how time has brought a change.
Hardly one bit in the landscape now remains the same—to range
From Powis round to Seaton, from the Links to Tilly-drone,
Brings the eye but weary longing for the days that now are gone.

Bonnier far were then the green fields ; through the slumbering afternoon
The very air seemed perfumed in the merrie month o' June ;
The drowsy Town-House chiming lagging hours adown the street,
Silent—grassgrown—till October brought the Bajans' pattering feet.

Surely never were such gloamin's ; Claude and Poussin never drew
The lingering fading landscapes that were seen by me and you,

When the latest lark sang darkling, in the twilight, as we came
Through the fields across the meadows, "when the kye are comin' hame."

Now! streets and houses standing on the green fields; all around
Comes the noise of shunting wagons and the railway-whistle's sound:
The first thing that the weary eye is ever sure to strike
Is some Tam-o'-Shanter'd hizzie or *he*-female on her bike.

. . . . . .

Come. Again let us be roaming, set your hand once more in mine.
You've wandered many a weary fit sin' days o' auld lang syne;
The man need have no doubtings where the child had never fears,
For to us is but as yesterday the flight of thirty years.

The same sultry haze down High Street: not one leaf is seen to stir,
From the fields is borne faintly here afar the reaper's whirr;
Can seas or years dissever scenes that never from us part?
Ah, sonny! *we* but photographed from plates deep in our heart.

Well—'twas but a childish fancy: it was pleasant once again
To wander, though for us now scanty pleasures yet remain.
Yes—I feel in life that very few such happy hours I've owed
As when you and I were bairns in the Powis-Leslie Road.

*Alma Mater*, 17 February, 1897.

## WITH THE DARKIES.

"Often I think of the dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me."
LONGFELLOW.

FEW things are more calculated to make a man feel he is an old stager than to cast a passing glance into any music-seller's window, and to mark the modern darkie song. *The Rose of Texas* we believe has weathered the streets, but the great mass of absurdities with niggers in knickers serenading their girls has not gone home.

Byron was glad to have seen Joanna Southcott, and we too are glad to have seen, physically as child at least, the immortal Mrs. Bloomer. Chiefly, however, do we rejoice that our infancy was contemporaneously cast with the arrival in this country of the first edition of the old negro minstrelsy, ere it became degraded by vulgar imitators or contaminated by the music-halls. Stephen Foster, the writer and composer of the best of them, has his merited niche in the third volume of Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, and we venture to think the author of *The Swanee River* will outlast a century of Carnegies, Vanderbilts, and Rockefellers.

Is the reader aware that a darkie melody is quoted on the Chapel walls? We fancy the Principal has not yet known this. Archibald Forbes,[73] the war correspondent, has on his memorial the first line of a verse from Julia Ward Howe's hymn expressly written to the old plantation air of *John Brown's Body*:—

"*I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;*
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on."

When the first editor of *Alma Mater* turned his face away from Australia to die at home, he said, " My heart's gwine back to Dixie and to the old folks at home." How many of the Carnegie research students could have taken the allusion ? The quotation is from an old cake-walk in 1859 by Dan Emmett, a member of a travelling circus company in the States, who when the cold weather came on wished to be south of the Mason and Dixie line—demarcation between slavery and non-slavery—and so in warm southern quarters.

What a sensation these old songs did cause in Aberdeen in the freshness of their first arrival ! Everyone had them. Grave burghers of Bon-Accord—we can speak at least for the Provost, Baillies, and others of the now extinct corporation of Old Aberdeen—faced social gatherings with them. Who now, like the late Colonel Francis Duncan (M.A., Mar. Coll., 1855 ; LL.D. 1873) would go out to a party with *Old Dog Tray* and *Nelly Bly ?* We fancy the city fathers of to-day would rather face the Russian fleet in the Baltic or profess cuneiform inscriptions. How would *Oh, Susannah !* do with a feeble race reared on Kubeliks and Madame Melbas, with its haunting chorus of

> "Oh, Susannah ! weep no more for me,
> I'm off to California with my banjo on my knee " ?

When Froude, the historian, passed through Buffalo, N.Y., on his tour described in *Oceana* or *The Bow of Ulysses* (we forget which) his only link of interest with that city of nearly 250,000 inhabitants was in the chorus of *The Buffalo Gals !* None of the songs in effect, except *The Swanee River*, reaches the height of *Nancy Till*, and the refrain, quite in the vein of " Fair Shines the Moon To-night " (*La donna e mobile*) from Verdi's *Rigoletto :—*

> "Come, Love, come, the boat lies low : she lies high and dry on the Ohio,
> Come, Love, come, won't you go along with me ? I'll take you down to Tennessee."

It does our heart good and makes us young again to think of bands playing *Cheer up, Sam,* though we believe every one of the old Aberdeen Volunteers is now dead or far away. What a novel in miniature (as in that exquisite "ring and pledge she gave to me" from the still older *Mill Wheel*), what a condensation of the problem-play into one final gem of a stanza :—

"A white man came with dollars, she fled with him to dwell
And broke the vows she gave to me, O faithless Sarah Bell"!

Sam is as old as Menelaus, and Helen of Troy has no way added to the everlasting chronicle of the divorce court.

We believe we could set up as negro minstrels with such a repertoire of old and half-forgotten darkie songs as would make the fortune of a modern music-hall star. We never saw them in print, and we only hope we have done them justice by quotation above. After so many years no man's individual memory can be trusted. Some years ago, when the Christy Minstrels on disbanding visited Aberdeen for the last time, we crept shyly in to hear the old airs and see the old familiar faces. All was changed. We remember only one thing, a Victoria Jubilee Song :—

"Victoria, Victoria, our good and gracious Queen
That now through sixty years of peace our leader great hast been."

One old gentleman near us was so overcome by loyal emotions as to join with great vigour in this nonsense. We felt at that hour Anarchy could be justified.

Yes, in the old days America had something to give us. Lately with Dowie she has given us this sort of thing :—

"I want to die, said Willie, and to see the golden shore,
But papa was not yet ready and he could not leave the store"!

And I find myself asking the question: Has America a future?

*Alma Mater*, 7 December, 1904.

## THE WINDOW.[74]

"At thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!"
BURNS, *Mary Morison.*

DEAR MAC., 9th October. (11.30 P.M.)

At the silent contemplative hour,
When frailty "the joy of forgetfulness proves,"
(With that snob Jamie Beattie, *The Minstrel*) the power
Of the past in your note all my memory moves.
Dear to me are the days you have touched, and the strain
Brings back the old faces long lost to the sight;
"The Gregarach wakes" at your bidding again,
And "gathers" to meet in your attic to-night.

Old man! we're not likely to meet after this,
Years need not divide us, though seas may us part.
'Twere hard if, indeed, all the past we should miss,
And quit the fond fancies that stir in the heart.
We're not getting younger, and men like the leaves
Fast scatter and wither, and often I own
To a feeling, when Time us of old friends bereaves,
Like the Last Rose of Summer—quite blooming alone.

So into the darkness you pass and the night—
Here the wind fast is rising outside to a gale.
Our Magistrand year comes once more to my sight,
And I greet it like castaways sighting a sail.
A rattle of shutters—of doors—bolts—and "lums,"
The sobbing wind beats a tattoo on the pane:
Boots—"bauchles"—or shoes, here's the first thing that comes,
And now at your window I'm waiting again:—

*"Sic a nicht; even baudrons is waukrif, come on!*
*The auld hen (or gallantly put it, the fair)*
*Will ne'er ban ower your parritch, or lowsen upon*
*Late 'oors, if ye carefully tackle the stair."*

*Alma Mater*, 20 October, 1897.

*Photo. by Mr. W. F. Webster.*

IN THE SPITAL: GEORGE MACDONALD'S LODGINGS.

The Window of the Novelist's room is the right-hand attic.

## ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

"'Ergo mecastor pulcer est,' inquit mihi,
Et liberalis : ' vide, cæsaries quam decet.' "
PLAUTUS, *Miles Gloriosus*, 1, i, 59-60.

" Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ? "
*Kathleen Mavourneen.*

VARIOUS Arts Classes and editors of Class Records pride themselves on various circumstances or facts that confer, as they think, a note of distinction on their respective Classes. Some boast of the number of men in the public service, of insane members, of Moderators of the Churches, and of other persons of light and leading.

Some vaunt stronger claims. Recently I turned over the record of a former Class with its clerical editor.[75] In a voice husky with emotion he pointed to one name and avowed for it and the Class a note of pre-eminence beyond the reach of envy. " Fell in love," he said proudly, " with Freddy's cook and saw the mathematical paper in proof." He meant a revival of the old legend in circulation about the end of the session, how some despairing wight would surreptitiously obtain a sight of the coming terror in Professor Fuller's examination paper, when that really constituted a great ordeal. Men professed to know friends that had in their terror engaged as printers with Messrs. King & Co. at the University Press, or who had contrived a visit of inspection while the paper was being set up, and by a simulated dead faint had fallen on the galley and taken a physical impression, or advance proof, on white trousers. Then the cook legend would circulate. It never seemed to carry conviction, and we hinted so to our clerical friend.

We vaguely remembered the somewhat ample and opulent charms of the fair, but we saw our remarks were not well taken. It robbed him of the pride of the Class. It was a story definitely in the Class, and was not to be lightly touched by the Higher Criticism.

Our own Class, that of 1873–77, has a triple distinction. In Sir John Anderson, K.C.M.G., it alone has a colonial governor; it alone has an M.P., for Kincardine; and some of us advertised for a wife. We were not successful. Should the incredulous reader object that such a thing is unknown from the days of Helen of Troy to the last American heiress for an English coronet, or is a fact unmentioned in all history, sacred or profane, I hasten to add we had extenuating circumstances in our case. We advertised only by proxy.

How art thou fallen, Saint Valentine, like Lucifer! Few are the votaries at thy cold shrine. Thy oracles are dumb. Peace, peace, fond, fluttering heart! Burns, in his famous autobiographical letter to Dr. Moore, says "the very goose feather in my hand seemed to know instinctively the well-worn path of my imagination, and is with difficulty restrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love adventures of my compeers." The very thought of the 14th of February awakes a chord. Fallen on evil days and evil tongues, it now makes no appreciable difference to the post-office. "Oh, no! we never mention it; its name is never heard." But in the old days! It was Christmas and New Year in one before the advent of trumpery cards and monster shilling packets, the merest mockery of Love. Then were there Valentines and Hoaxes, a smile for those that love you, as Byron said, and a frown for those that hate. If a classfellow had red hair and partially avowed it auburn, he would hear that day through the post something not to his advantage, even though shops had to be ransacked for something pertinent, or impertinent. These forgotten

billets of terror would fly thick. The Class poets were not prolific, they generally adhered to "the established principle," and wrote on very traditional lines. To the favoured one the sentiment would run :—

> "The rose is red, the violet blue : sugar is sweet
> and so are you."

This, though conforming to the Miltonic canon of poetry being "simple, sensuous, and passionate," is also cast in the baldest and most pedestrian strain. To the object of dislike a lock of the hearth brush would be sent with the traditional taunt :—

> "Take this token of affection, ever keep it in thy care ;
> For 'twill bring to recollection him that wore this lock of hair."

All these things, we fear, are obsolete now. The age of chivalry, as Burke said, is gone and the age of calculating tariff reformers would fain take its place. We would gladly recall, if we here could, some of the stanzas over which Class poets groaned for the aid of their fellows. We would cherish the belief that we kept alive the embers of love in many a heart, and comforted the hopeless or despairing. Talk not of Love till you have known the artless effusions of Bajans who knew their Mrs. Hemans and Byron.

Every Class has a Drum bursar, one or more. Why are not the *Annals of the Drum Bursars* taken up by the Spalding Club or some other responsible editors ? They then represented plutocracy beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. One of them had a real sweetheart, or said he had, for in good taste we never deeply investigated the matter. But he certainly had gone wild about bursary-day and had purchased a half-guinea box-valentine of the most dazzling description, full of retreating scenes like a concertina or pantomime transformation scene, with cupids, bows and arrows, and all the Cupid paraphernalia of the free-masonry of the craft. We all

condemned the expense as reckless, but it set us thinking. Could we, jointly or singly, advertise for a wife? The upshot was a visit to a newsvender at 1 Crown Street, at the top of Windmill Brae. We see his face yet. Later on, when the Revised Version of the N. T. came out, he became financially embarrassed by a too great investment in hopes of a strong sale. This proved not the case, and so he "wis the only man that ever I kent that brak wi' bibles," as Dr. Rennet sententiously put it at the time. After some slight interval he managed to procure a copy of the matrimonial gazette.

We all studied it deeply and reverently. I remember not the title, but I addressed our letter to the office in London, in Lamb's Conduit, wherever or whatever that may be. Some four or five years ago I saw by the papers that the office had been rushed by the police, on the exposure of some indignant client, when it was seen that a huge business had been done with American heiresses, foreign countesses, and others. In our green days, ere doubt could blight or sorrow fade, we had large confidence in the world, untouched as yet by the advent and the wiles of the famous Buchan Heiress that did very nearly trap a well-known divine in the county. Many of the applications in the paper were obviously genuine, such as the "plain cook with nothing to offer but a loving heart." Bright be the dream of thy life, young heart! Or haply wast thou somewhat stricken in eld, coyly niggard at thy audits with fleeting Time, yet so ever loyal to the best traditions of the Eternal Feminine? But not now should we be deceived by the august splendour of the "Norfolk squire with a yacht and a shooting box in the Highlands," or the "barrister of means just about to leave England for a colonial governorship"—these piratical filibusters in the domain of Cupid. No doubt the military and coachmen have the pull over plain civilians; for, as the Bath footman in *Pickwick* says,

"the uniform must tell." Only the red toga of the Arts student cannot compete with them.

After long thinking a paragraph was written which we thought was judicious, neat but not gaudy, wisely alluring and eminently safe. We had not sat for a Class group, and a hitch occurred over the indispensable photograph. Finally the difficulty was got over by the abstraction from a family album of the card of a young clerical friend of the late Professor Grub of the Law Chair. The comely head of hair and the white tie seemed to us a combination as irresistible as suggestive of peace and the domestic virtues. When the advertisement duly appeared, with the half-crown prepaid, in the paper with the usual "apply box XYZ, editor has photo," our joy was deep. I remember posting it late one night. We were quietly confident. "Maud," we believed, must "come into the garden"; so on us all a "silence fell with the waking bird, and a hush with the setting moon."

Of course the arrangement in our simplicity was a fair division of the spoil, the indispensable means which she was to bring. Speculations as to what she would be like were all soon silenced in conviction that she would combine illimitable cash with the most perfect beauty. Sentimentalists then had a song, *My Queen*, by Blumenthal, in which the exquisite nonsense was committed about

> "The stars shall fall and the angels be weeping
> Ere I shall forsake thee, my Queen, my Queen":

we felt she would impersonate all that, but a Bajan has not such a wealth of poetical language. It was summed up in the belief she would be "scrumptious jist"!

The time of waiting was as exciting as Bursary Week and the declaration. But the longest day has an end. We believed the delay was due to the editorial trials over settling the claims of rival Sultanas. Then hope sank, and cynicism rose, as days passed and never a sail on our

horizon. Had we overestimated the effect of the clerical character on the fair? If belted knights and gilded earls fled before such people in Gilbert's comic opera of *The Sorcerer*, it seemed not to be so in our case. Then one of us said: "If I had only sent myself, this would never have happened; it would have been a dead certain thing." This came to be the general finding.

Only one of us has married. He is at the Antipodes, and I believe she has means. I fancy he learned the lesson there. If you mean matrimonial success, apply personally, and do not, like Miles Standish, rely on the words or photograph of another. "After Graduation—What?" ask the editors. Take the hint, say we. Take the plain cook, or, better still, the good cook, and it will bring you more than Classical or Science Research. Avoid all women that know Euclid and other Undesirable Foreign Aliens, and insist on sound domestic knowledge on the Highest Certificate grade. Private means a recommendation.

*Alma Mater*, 11 January, 1905.

## SUUM CUIQUE.

"So that I have ever been of the opinion of the antient Ethnick Poet, Ovidius, who saith :—

'Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine captos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.
. . . . . .
Mantua Virgilio gaudet, Verona Catullo,
Paelignae dicar gloria gentis ego.'"

*Description of the Chanonry, Cathedral, and King's College of Old Aberdeen in the Years 1724 and 1725.* By William Orem. London, 1772. P. 36.

"*When sparrows build and leaves break forth,*
*My old love wakes and cries.*"
Like mine, that never ran on flowers,
Or birds and sunny skies.
A little town of one scant street,
Lashed by the wind and rain;
With no great beauty in her face,
Old, wrinkled, poor, and plain.

No pleasant land of drowsyhead,
No city prankt in June,
No languid air as if the coast
Seemed always afternoon.
Where are her songs of Spring? Ay, where?
She knows no notes like these;
The deep moans round with scudding drifts
And rainy Hyades.

What if that self-same Ethnick
  By his own Sulmo swore,
As Mantua and Verona
  Had others sung before ?
'Twas but *their* fond illusion,
  Mere strained poetic art :
O City of deep-wading moons,
  O City of my heart !

*Grammar School Magazine*, February, 1916.

# EPILOGUE

I COULD have wished that these pages in passing through the press could have had the assistance of my old friend of forty-five years, Theodore Thomson, M.A., M.D., C.M.G., Local Government Board, London. His death on March 6, 1916, renders that wish vain, and withdraws from my side one that figures largely in the book, the inseparable companion of many solitary wanderings by day and night from Nigg to the Black Dog, with the chimes at midnight. Together we had planned a Return Visit and probably the Farewell Tour round old scenes and streets associated with those of our Class alive and dead;

> And resting on the midnight pales
> Freshen the flowers as in former years
> With dew, or listen with enchanted ears
> From the dark dingles to the nightingales.

His death, and that of J. W. Crombie, M.P., both to be associated with me in our projected Class Record, leave me with a certain sense of melancholy:

> "When on my bed the moonlight falls,
> I know that in thy place of rest
> By that broad water of the west,
> There comes a glory on the walls:
>
> Thy marble bright in dark appears,
> As slowly steals a silver flame
> Along the letters of thy name,
> And o'er the number of thy years.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
> And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
> The world which credits what is done
> Is cold to all that might have been—
>
> . . . . . .

A life in civic action warm,
A soul on highest mission sent,
A potent voice of Parliament,
A pillar steadfast in the storm."

Books like this should be "redolent of youth and breathe a second spring." But the revision alone and in silence leaves me with the conviction that, for the immediate present at least,

"There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy."

"Quis mihi fidus
Haerebit lateri comes, ut tu saepe solebas,
Quis fando sopire diem cantuque solebit?"
MILTON, *Epitaphium Damonis*, 37–39.

"And I, the last, go forth companionless,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."
*Morte d'Arthur.*

# NOTES

## Note 1.

*P.* 3. *Bayard of India.*

Sir James Outram. Tertian, Mar. Coll., in 1816–20 class; b. 1803; cadet at Bombay, 1819; chief command of Oude, 1856; succeeds Sir Henry Lawrence as Resident at Lucknow; with Havelock in the Mutiny. Died at Pau, 11th March, 1863. Portrait in Mitchell Window. For full account of his Aberdeen life and days see *The Bayard of India* (in Dent's Everyman's Library), by Captain L. Trotter.

## Note 2.

*P.* 8. *The Academic Hervey.*

"The south transept was known as Dunbar's Aisle and also as the Light Aisle, while the north transept was known at different dates as St. John's Aisle, Lichton's Aisle, and Gordon's Aisle, from the fact that the Marquis of Huntly in 1630 acquired the right of burial there."

MUNRO, *Records of Old Aberdeen*, ii. 228.

UNIVERSITY TOMBSTONES AT ST. MACHAR'S.

With references for inscriptions to Munro's *Records of Old Aberdeen*, i, ii, New Spalding Club, 1899–1909.

Bishop Gavin Dunbar: Chancellor, 1518–32. ii. 228 *n.*
Bishop Patrick Forbes: Chancellor, 1618–35. ii. 228.
Bishop Patrick Scougal: Chancellor, 1664–82. ii. 221 *n.* i. 277.*
George Chalmers: Principal, 1717–46. ii. 238.
John Chalmers: Regent, Principal, 1740–1800 [60 years]. ii. 237.
Roderick MacLeod: Regent, Sub-principal, Principal, 1748–1815 [67, tombstone says 65, years: being, it is believed, a Record of Academic service]. ii. 233. The stone omits his two years as Assistant, before his election as Regent.
William Jack: Regent, Sub-principal, Principal, 1794–1854 [60 years]. ii. 228.
Peter Colin Campbell: Professor of Greek, Principal, 1854–76. ii. 248.
William Robinson Pirie: Professor of Divinity, Principal, 1843–85. ii. 249.
William Duguid Geddes: Professor of Greek, Principal, 1855–1900. ii. 248.
John Marshall Lang: Principal, 1900–09.
William Black: Regent, Sub-principal, 1684–1714. ii. 229; ii. 128.
Hugh Macpherson: Professor of Hebrew, of Greek, Sub-principal, 1793–1854 [61 years]. ii. 232.

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*John Montgomery, mason, Old Rayne, was the designer and builder of the Market Cross, Castle Street.

David Thomson : Professor of Natural Philosophy, Sub-principal [the last], 1845–80.

Thomas Gordon : Librarian, Regent, Humanist, 1732–97 [65 years]. ii. 219.

William Ogilvie : Regent, Humanist, 1764–1819. ii. 230.

Patrick Forbes : Humanist, 1817–47. ii. 229.

Robert Eden Scott : Regent, 1788–1811. ii. 219.

William Paul : Professor of Natural Philosophy, 1811–34. ii. 252.

John Tulloch : Professor of Mathematics, 1811–51. ii. 231.

Hercules Scott : Professor of Moral Philosophy, 1821–60. ii. 251.

Robert Maclure : Professor of Humanity at Marischal, 1852–68. ii. 246.

John Black : Professor of Humanity, 1868–81. ii. 231.

George Pirie : Professor of Mathematics, 1878–1904. ii. 250.

William Douglas : Professor of Divinity, 1643–66. ii. 234.

David Anderson : Professor of Divinity, 1711–33. ii. 234.

John Lumsden : Professor of Divinity, 1745–70. ii. 239.

Alexander Gerard : Regent at Marischal, Professor of Divinity at King's, 1752–95. ii. 241.

Gilbert Gerard : Professor of Greek, of Divinity, 1790–1815. ii. 241.

Duncan Mearns : Professor of Divinity, 1816–52. ii. 251.

Robert Macpherson : Professor of Divinity, 1852-67. ii. 252.

Samuel Trail : Professor of Divinity, 1867–87. ii. 231.

John Forbes : Professor of Hebrew, 1870–87. ii. 218.

David Johnston : Professor of Biblical Criticism, 1893–99. ii. 232.

Thomas Sandilands : Vice-Chancellor, King's College, 1669. ii. 233.

James Sandilands : Civilist, King's College. ii. 164 ; ii. 233.*

William Chalmers : Mediciner, 1782–92. ii. 237.

James W. F. Smith-Shand : Professor of Medicine, 1875–91. ii. 244.

William Keith : Lecturer in Clinical Surgery : Surgeon to Royal Infirmary ; b. 1802, d. 1871. ii. 245.

David Cromar : Janitor, 1803–42. ii. 250.

P. J. A.

## Note 3.

*P.* 15. *The Old Bridge.*

"Donae fluminis pontis fundator quis mortalium fuerit nemo novit," says Gordon of Rothiemay. Tradition divides the building of the bridge between King Robert Bruce and Bishop Henry Cheyne, 1281–1329. The latter fled into England—"causa exilii quod avunculo Cummino (Comyn) rebelli se sociasset" ; on his restoration by Bruce the accumulated revenues were applied to building the bridge. The New Bridge of Don, with five arches, was finished in 1830 from designs by Telford, at a cost of £17,000.

"Out King Street you might go ; making for the picturesque Old Town and the hoary cathedral and its tombs overhanging the Don, and ending at the wizard Brig of Balgownie, the antiquity of which no man knew, spanning the Don at one of its darkest pools. All in all, this Brig of Balgownie, celebrated by Byron for itself and for the prophetic rhyme attached to it, is perhaps the most romantic spot near Aberdeen."

MASSON, *Memories*, p. 196.

"I am staying at 31 King Street, Aberdeen, with my Assessor in the University Court, Mr. John Webster, always one of the pleasantest incidents in my year. . . . He has contrived to fill his house with the most charming things—pictures, engravings, exquisitely-bound books,

* On the Sandilands family, see *Musa Latina Aberd.* (*N.S. Club*), iii. 336.

autographs, and one of the finest collections of Rembrandt's etchings in Great Britain, of all of which he does the honours most delightfully. Our walk to-day took us to the Brig of Balgownie, and, like some others I have taken with him, might have been contrived for the purpose of recalling Byron's lines :—

'As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland, one and all,' etc.

*Don Juan*, X. xviii.

GRANT DUFF'S *Diary*, Nov. 14, 1870.

## Note 4.

*P.* 22. *St. Luke's Fair—Aulton Market.*

By charter of James IV, establishing Old Aberdeen a free burgh of barony, December 26, 1489, and erecting Cross and market place, the weekly market was fixed on Monday ; public fairs on the day before Good Friday, called Skyre Thursday, and on St. Luke the Evangelist's Day, 18th October.

MUNRO, *Records of Old Aberdeen*, i. 10.

## Note 5.

*P.* 23. *Spital.*

From St. Peter's Hospital, founded by Bishop Matthew Kininmond, 1163–97.

"The most ancient of the institutions connected with the cathedral, and endowed with the lands extending northwards towards Hilton, and bounded there by the limits of the King's forest of Stocket. Annexed to King's College, 10th Sept., 1574."

MUNRO.

## Note 6.

*P.* 30. *The "Gaudeamus."*

For a critical history of the origin of this great Latin song, see the article by J. D. Symon in *Aberdeen University Review*, No. X.

Writing from the Students' Union of St. Andrews, the Rev. Millar Patrick, M.A., corrects my statement in the text : " your correspondent W.K.L. says that here, in St. Andrews, the place of the *Gaudeamus* as the chief academic song is taken by *The Gowden Vanitee*. So far from this being the case, that *Gaudeamus* is, and has been for many years, *the* students' song *par excellence*, while the song to which W.K.L. refers, *The Student Gay* (sung to the tune of *The Gowden Vanitee*) is subordinate in popularity to many others. It is indeed quite possible that this latter song may have gained a considerable amount of favour on its first appearance ten years ago ; but there is conclusive evidence to prove that *Gaudeamus* has maintained its supreme popularity among the students of the university for forty years at least." My authority had been Prof. James Mackintosh (M.A., St. A.), Edinburgh ; and Prof. J. M. Mackay (M.A., St. A.), University of Liverpool, and others, for the original *Gowden Vanitee*.

## Note 7.

*P.* 30. *London Scottish meetings.*

" As for dancing, Heaven only knows how Aberdeen boys whom I have since seen reel-dancing magnificently as full-grown men in Hanover Square Rooms, came to the rudiments of that accomplishment. I believe it was done by many at dead of night, on creaky floors in out-of-the-way places in the Gallowgate, with scouts on the outlook for the clergy."

MASSON, *Memories*, p. 247.

## Note 8.

*P.* 34. *Sappho.*

"Ἑσπερε, πάντα φέρεις,
Φέρεις οἶνον, φέρεις αἶγα,
Φέρεις ματέρι παῖδα."

## Note 9.

*P.* 34. *Lord George.*

"Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;" etc.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, III. cvii.

## Note 10.

*P.* 34. *Merrie Dancers.*

"In that northern latitude the nights are perceptibly keener and longer in winter, and shorter in summer, than in England. The Aurora Borealis, or Merry Dancers—so rare a phenomenon in the south of England that the newspapers record any very conspicuous occurrence of it—used at certain seasons of the year to be an almost nightly sight. And from these Polar Regions, of the comparative nearness to which these twinkling *streamers* in the northern sky at night were a mysterious sign, Aberdeen sailors in Aberdeen whaling-ships had brought the very oil that lit the town."

MASSON, *Memories*, p. 197.

"Red and bright the streamers light
Were *dancing* in the glowing North . . .
He knew, by the *streamers* that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the Northern Light."
SCOTT, *Lay*, II. viii.

"Shot like a *streamer* of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur."
TENNYSON, *Morte d'Arthur*.

## Note 11.

*P.* 39. *The Anchor's Weighed.*

Why do Aberdonians sing *The Anchor's Weighed?* When Sims Reeves was about twenty, he was with a company in the old Marischal Street Theatre. There had been a collapse of some members, and it was found necessary to retain the audience by the improvisation of a variety entertainment. The two songs then sung by Reeves were *The Anchor's Weighed* and *The White Squall*. The first was taken up by Deacon Robert Hughes, the engraver in 15 Netherkirkgate and later on in Broad Street, where he was well known as the die-stamper of University medals. Sung by Hughes at the Trinity Hall dinners, it became quite the tenor song of the Aberdeen vocalist, who all the world over may yet be heard repeating Braham's great bravura. Reeves inherited it from Braham, to whom it descended from Incledon, the first in the great tenor trio of the lyrical stage.

## Note 12.

*P.* 39. *Weber's Last Waltz.*

Letzter Gedanke, Dernière Pensée. This famous piece universally ascribed to Weber, and, characteristically enough, much admired by Poe, is not by Weber, but by Karl Gottlieb Reissiger (1798–1859), born at Belzig near Wittenberg, who succeeded Weber as opera conductor at Dresden. It was found in Weber's desk when that composer left for London before his death, but it had been published by Reissiger himself in 1824 as No. 5 of his Danses Brillantes for the Piano, 1822.

## Note 13.

*P.* 39. *The Carnival of Venice.*

By an unknown composer. Having been heard by Paganini in Venice in 1816, the year before Byron's *Beppo*, it was by him introduced into Britain in a setting that preserves but little of the original air.

## Note 14.

*P.* 39. *The Grand Duchess.*

Offenbach's opera, *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein* (1867).

## Note 15.

*P.* 52. *J. W. Crombie.*

Tombstone on the North wall of St. Machar's, inscribed : "In loving remembrance of J. W. Crombie of Balgownie Lodge, for 16 years Member of Parliament for Kincardineshire. Born 4 March, 1858, died 22 March, 1908.

'We retain
The memory of a man unspoil'd,
Sweet, generous, and humane.' "

These lines are taken from "Stanzas in memory of Edward Quillinan," by Matthew Arnold.

## Note 16.

*P.* 52. "*But when the day is very near.*"

"The song that once I dreamed about,
The tender, touching thing,
As radiant as the rose without,
The love of wind and wing :
The perfect verses, to the tune
Of woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon,
Remain unwritten yet," etc.

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL, 1841–82.

## Note 17.

*P.* 55. *Medical man——Socialist.*

Thomas Mawhinny Watt, M.A. 1862 : b. Belfast, 1842. Royal College of Surgeons, England, 1867. Died Goxhill, Lincs, Sept. 22, 1909. *Sit tibi terra levis !*

## Note 18.

*P.* 56. *One——"Rip Van Winkle."*
From Robert Harris, M.A. 1886.

## Note 19.

*P.* 57. *Heraclitus.*

"They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."

From CALLIMACHUS, in Cory's *Anthologia Graeca*, vii. 80.

## Note 20.

*P.* 58. *The Forster Peasemeal.*

The Rectorial Election, Nov. 13, 1875. William Edward Forster, 378; Lord Lindsay, 145. Address, Nov. 24, 1876. For full account of the proceedings, see *Rectorial Addresses*, pp. 377-8.

## Note 21.

*P.* 60. *The "Blue Danube."*

The greatest of all the waltzes, composed by Johann Strauss, director of Court Balls at Vienna. "The Waltz King," who celebrated his jubilee there on Oct. 15, 1894, was the son of Johann Strauss, practically the father and inventor of the waltz in music.

## Note 22.

*P.* 60. *"Kathleen Mavourneen."*

Words by Mrs. Julia Crawford, County Cavan, Ireland, who wrote also the *Gipsy Countess*, music by Stephen Glover, a well-known duet of the time. The air is by Frederick Nicholls Crouch, b. Devizes, Wiltshire, 1808, d. Portland, U.S., 1896, aged 89. The song was a standard item in the finales of the Debating Society, and could have been rendered by few more finely than by the Rev. John Maver (M.A. 1876), whose rendering must linger pleasantly with the readers of these lines. Once when playing and singing it to himself at the Cape, he was surprised by the entrance of his landlady, a daughter of Crouch, who had listened at the door with deep feeling to "my father's song so far from home." It was the great encore song of Madame Titiens, who at Baltimore or some town in America was interrupted by the uncontrolled emotion of the composer in the audience. It is strange that no one has noted the situation and words are drawn from Scott's song in *Ivanhoe*, ch. xii, between the Black Knight and Wamba, about the "horn of the hunter on the hill," and the sun being up in the morning.

## Note 23.

*P.* 64. *Bursars' Tavern.*

See Hay's Print of Castle Street, 1840, in Robert Anderson's *Aberdeen in Byegone Days*. By the will of Principal Guild a house on the south side of Castle Street, his own residence, was bequeathed to the incorporated Trades, of which he was the first Patron, whose annual rent should provide Trades Bursaries. Demolished in 1902.

## Note 24.

*P.* 64. *Weigh-house Square.*

The site of the present Harbour Office, 1885. The building dated from 1634, and was the Customs House of Aberdeen, near the Quay-head. Given in Robert Anderson's *Aberdeen in Byegone Days*, plate 34.

## Note 25.

*P.* 69. *"For me the past has no regret."*

From the song *Sweet Genevieve* by George Cooper ; melody by Henry Tucker, arranged by Stephen Adams :—

" Fair Genevieve, my early love !
The years but make thee dearer far;
My heart shall never, never rove,
Thou art my only guiding star.
*For me the past has no regret ;*
Whate'er the years may bring to me,
I bless the hour when first we met,
The hour that gave me love and thee ! "

## Note 26.

*P.* 74. *Universitas.*

"The meaning of the Rectorship cannot be grasped until one knows that the word *Universitas* connotes nothing so well defined as our modern ' University.' *Universitas* in its first use signified simply ' a number, a plurality, an aggregate of persons ; *Universitas vestra,* in a letter addressed to a body of persons, means merely " the whole of you." ' In the earliest period the word was never used absolutely. The phrase was ' University of Scholars,' ' University of Masters and Scholars,' and the like." *Rectorial Addresses* (1902), p. 4.

*Studium generale* was the common word, and meant a place not where all studies are studied, but a place where students from all parts and " Nations " are received.

"Sir William Hamilton has shown pretty clearly that, in its original acceptation, the word Universitas was applied, not to the comprehensiveness of the studies, but to that of the local and personal expansion of the institution. The university despised the bounds of provinces, and even nations, and was a place where ardent minds from all parts of the world met to study together. . . . The constitution of the Rectorship was calculated to provide for the protection of this universality, for the election was managed by the Procurators or Proctors of the Nations."
J. H. Burton, *Scot Abroad*, i. 246.

## Note 27.

*P.* 79. *"The 1880–84" Class.*

"Our College-life is now going like a sunset, and Fred and I who have done it together often speak of it in these days somewhat sorrowfully, I must confess. . . . I think my Bajan Session was the

happiest; my Semi Session was the wildest; my Tertian Session was the hardest; and now my Magistrand Session is the proudest, serenest, and best. . . . When we were Bajans we were a parcel of small Titans for energy, and now when Magistrands we deem ourselves a sort of *Universitas Bohemiaris*—devils stuffed with science, poetry, and philosophy, and veterans in many kinds of revelry. . . . The legends of our class I could not undertake to write. Annie Baldwin was in the Theatre when we were Bajans. . . . Never shall I forget the Students' Concert of my Bajan year. I did not know much about display in that early period of my existence, and the gala turn-out of Aberdeen beauty and costumery I considered as dazzling a spectacle as any young mortal could dream of. . . . I remember enthusiastically describing the gallery of the Music Hall afterwards as 'a floral horse-shoe, as it were, packed with ladies all like roses—jam.' That night there was a fearful snowstorm, and many had a rough passage going home. With other genial souls I prolonged the night at a Volunteer Ball; not one of these good fellows is here now but myself and my dear friend Jamie B. [Bremner of Forgue]. Next in order was our Bajan Supper. . . . A whole *Alma Mater* would not contain what I should say. . . . In the Debating Society we behave like Roman senators, but in Duffus's you see us at our best."

*The Lay of a Magistrand* [by James Lumsden], *Alma Mater*, i. 173-6.

## Note 28.

*P.* 80. *Unicorn.*

"All over the world must now be scattered men that can recall that scene. Two of the Class that Bursary Night entered through Professor Samuel Trail's garden and fell briskly to work. Morning found red-paint texts, 'Hell,' 'Digamma,' 'God is Love,' etc., splashed over the Chapel and classroom walls. Grave liberties were taken with the unicorns at the Library door; but I quickly pass from this part of the incident, as I remember in alarm that *Alma Mater* is a family paper of long repute. Two wags of the Class—years after one of them confessed to me, but wild horses shall not lead me to divulge their names—had resolved to signalize their exit with this riotous freak. They determined that it should be, as Scott says of the benefit-night and bumper house of our founder in Holyrood, when Marmion and Sir David Lindsay went down the Edinburgh Canongate 'in peaceful weeds'—or evening dress—'their blithest and their last.' The sight of the deceased College servant, Gordon Buyers, going about his work, and ever and anon apparently seized with cramp in the stomach, as he crooned over to himself the texts; while Mr. Robert Walker, the librarian, had fresh and wild theories every ten minutes, must be a cherished memory with many."

W.K.L., *Alma Mater*, xxi. 110.

## Note 29.

*P.* 80. "*Another story.*"

MONOCEROTIS CORNU
*abreptum restitutum celebratum ab*
AAAAAAAAAAAA BB CC DDDDD EEEEEEEEEEE
GGGGG IIIII LLLLLL MMMM NNNNNNNNN
OOOOOOOOO P RRRRRRRRR SS TT VVV XX
Aberdoniae.
MDCCCLXXII. MDCCCXCI. MDCCCVC.

Pp. 20, 2 plates. No printer's name. Only seven copies printed, for the British Museum, Advocates' Library, the University Libraries of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Edinburgh; and [No. 7] "the surviving criminals." It records the removal, on the night of Saturday, 23rd December, 1872, of the horn of the unicorn; its return on

Christmas Day, 1890, to Principal Sir William Geddes, and his receipt by a Latin advertisement in the *Scotsman*, Jan. 5, 1891. [The pseudonym of 91 letters conceals the full names (Latinized ablatives) of five young men who were students in the University of Aberdeen five-and-forty years ago. I (and now, alas! I alone) know these names. The copy of the pamphlet in my possession is No. 7.—P.J.A.]

## Note 30.

*P.* 80. *Ethical Society.*

"The magazine derived also strength from the prevailing mental activity of the time. One Englishman still alive, M.B. in 1886, rolled up his Liddell and Scott in some shirts and took a voyage in a coasting smack. One of the 1881–5 class officiated for some time in the pulpit of the Unitarian Church in George Street, and I hear he was gravely listened to by men who could have been his grandfathers. All the Societies were in full swing, 250 being often a figure at a Debating meeting or one of the Literary. To afford vent for superfluous energies, an Ethical Society was established, holding its meetings in the Shiprow Café, on Sunday afternoons. The members took themselves so seriously and intensely that they abolished the House of Lords and the Decalogue, exploded the Bible, and repealed Morality. They could not frankly accept the Universe. One member cried excitedly: 'Science assures us that if we but breathe on the edge of a razor, the effect is indelible. Determinism is the only true morality. And they talk to us, to us I say, of the forgiveness of sin!' Professor Geddes got seriously alarmed and talked to me of having it suppressed. One evening, the Rev. C. C. Macdonald, of St. Clement's, Footdee, had been invited, as the latest and most sustained note going then in Socialism, to address the eager iconoclasts on *Hamlet*. But the doors of Marischal College were shut against them, and the platform party, after devious circumambulation of the quadrangle in the dark, broke up."

W.K.L., *Alma Mater*, xxi. 111.

## Note 31.

*P.* 81. *Two schools which no longer exist.*

These were the "Barn" and the "Gym.," *i.e.*, the Old Aberdeen Grammar School and Chanonry House School, of each of which the history has yet to be written. The former was established in 1821 (as a school for the Latin and Greek languages) by the Kirk Session of Old Machar, who desired to give proper scope to the abilities of their Parish Schoolmaster (and former University Librarian), Ewen MacLachlan (M.A. 1800), the first of the many eminent Celtic scholars that King's College has produced. His successors as Rector numbered among them Thomas Davidson, the "wandering scholar," who managed to reduce the pupils to three (including his own brother, John Morrison Davidson); Cosmo MacPherson Grant, and William Dey, under both of whom the school flourished exceedingly. After Dey's resignation in 1887 the fortunes of the "Barn" declined, and it was finally closed in 1892.

Chanonry House School was opened in 1847 by the Rev. Alexander Anderson ("Govie"; M.A., St. And., 1826; LL.D. 1877), minister of the Free Church, Old Aberdeen, in a building formerly used as an Academy conducted by the Rev. John Forbes, afterwards Professor of Oriental Languages. In the same year the Free Church deposed Mr. Anderson from the ministry as holding opinions not in conformity with the standards of the Church; and he joined the Baptist persuasion, and ministered to that body in a hall in George Street, and afterwards in

Crown Terrace Church. He died in 1884. The management of the "Gym." was essayed in succession by his two sons-in-law, Dr. Henry Martyn Barker, afterwards of the High School, Glasgow, and Mr. John Clarke, now Lecturer on Education in the University; but the school was finally closed in 1887.

P.J.A.

## Note 32.

*P.* 82. *Beveridge's Sonnets.*

I.

I pulled a rose of sweetest form and scent,
It breathed a fragrance o'er the air around,
Its leaves in perfect symmetry were bent
In soft embrace each to another bound;
Yet is my love far fairer than this flower,
Her tint more delicate, her breath more sweet,
More lasting she, nor fades within an hour—
As true as lasting, free from changes fleet.
I pulled a lily with the tenderest leaf,
Of perfect, purest whiteness was its sheen,
More pale than her—'twas white without relief—
But on her cheek a sweet pink tinge is seen:
More fair than lily and than rose more sweet,
For thee and thee alone this heart can beat.

II.

Thou hast the freshness of the early May,
Thy maiden lips like Spring's young blossoms seem,
And thy sweet gentle smiles across them play,
As on the flowers the sunshine's April beam;
Yet thou art like the brilliant summer too,
Thy radiance as the light of brightest noon,
Thy pleasant varied accents change their hue,
Like the young leaves when stirs the breeze of June;
Sometimes they warble in the softest strain,
Sometimes a pretty coyness they assume;
Summer and spring with thee must vie in vain,
Of both thou hast the beauty and the bloom;
Love, then, dear maid before they pass away,
And autumn bleakness dims the summer's ray.

*Alma Mater*, i, *New Year Number*, pp. 21-2.

## Note 33.

*P.* 84. *"The Future Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins."*

A Cockney carol, by Albert Chevalier:

"I knows a little doner, I'm about to own 'er,
She's agoin' to marry me.
At fust she said she wouldn't, then she said she couldn't,
Then she whispered, 'Well, I'll see.'
Sez I, 'Be Mrs. 'Awkins, Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins,
Or acrost the seas I'll roam;
So 'elp me bob, I'm crazy! Lizer, you're a daisy,
Won't you share my 'umble 'ome?
Won't yer?'
Oh, Lizer, sweet Lizer!
If yer die an old maid, you'll 'ave only yerself to blame!
D'y'ear, Lizer? Dear Lizer!
'Ow d'yer fancy 'Awkins for your other name?"

## Note 34.

*P.* 88. *M'Donald—vernacular.*

"I agree with you that Tannahill is the ruin and bane of the national melodies. He is a mere Paisley weaver, a 'bodie' with a clean sark on, out for a 'daunder in the sweet simmer gloamin'.' No doubt, as an all-round warbler, Burns has it; but for glamour, the inexpressible touch, Hogg is incomparable. I put his

'. . . you shall drink freely
The dews of Glen-sheerly,
That stream in the starlight
When kings do not ken.
And deep be your meed
Of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire,
And his friend the McLean'

among the very high things in song."

W.C.M.

## Note 35.

*P.* 88. *Hadrian's "Animula vagula, blandula."*

M'Donald's version of Hadrian's immortal lines runs :—

Puir, wee bit gangrel, wheedlin' saul o' mine,
Wha art thy howff the body's crony,
Whaur neist art boun' owre countries mony ?
Wan, stiff, an' stark,
Wi' fient a sark,
Nae jokes thou'll niffer as in auld lang syne.

The vernacular rendering by Sir William Geddes is :—

Wee wan'erin' winsome elf my saul,
Thou's made this clay lang hoose and hall,
But whar, oh whar, art thou to dwall,
Thy bield noo bare ?
Gaun' flichterin', feckless, shiverin', caul'—
Nae cantrips mair.

His Greek version is :—

Ψυχίδιον αἰόλον, αἰμύλον,
ξείνη τ'ὄαρ τε σώματος,
ποῖ νῦν ποτ' οἰχήσει φυγόν,
γυμνόν ἀμενηνόν ἀναίματον ;
φροῦδος δὲ πᾶς ὁ πρὶν γέλως.

In Gaelic his rendering is :—

O anam bhìogaich, luaineich, shodalaich,
Fhir-chòmhnuidh 's a chéile mo chuim,
Cò an tìr d' am bi nise do thriall,
Glas-neulach, rag-reòdht 'agus lòm ?
Cha bhi thu ri cleasachd ni 's mō.

## Note 36.

*P.* 88. *Thom.*

"I was away from Aberdeen, in lodgings in another city, when, one night in January 1841, I was reading an Aberdeen newspaper that had been sent me. After looking at the local paragraphs with the kind of interest one has in the doings of a place well known to one, I turned to the Poet's Corner and read as follows . . . I wrote to a friend in Aberdeen making enquiries. But many more were already on the alert. We began to hear of him as William Thom."

Prof. Masson, *Macmillan's Magazine*, Feb. 1864. pp. 337-43.

## Note 37.

*P.* 90. *Champlain.*

Samuel de Champlain, d. 1635, French governor of Canada and founder of the city of Quebec.

## Note 38.

*P.* 90. *Ad Nives.*

For the Snow Church of St. Mary ad Nives in College Bounds, founded by Elphinstone as the parish church of Old Aberdeen, and for the legend of Pope Liberius and the Church of S. Maria Maggiore on the Esquiline Hill, see the article by G. M. Fraser, pp. 79-100, in his *Historical Aberdeen*. When the Cathedral was almost completed, the Snow Church was designed to be the parish church. In 1499 it was annexed to King's College, the reader of Canon Law being Prebend of St. Mary's, with its revenues for his emoluments. At the Reformation the Church and its revenues were granted to King's College.

## Note 39.

*P.* 90. *Castleton Hall.*

With reference to the abortive attempt to convert the house, No. 15 Chanonry, into a hostel for female Bajans.

## Note 40.

*P.* 90. *Follow'd her—beer!*

"I have sat by its cradle, I have followed its bier." John Philpot Curran (1750–1817), of Irish Liberty.

## Note 41.

*P.* 91. *Sporadic ventures.*

These were *The Aberdeen Lancet* (1831), *Aberdeen Medical Magazine* (1834), *The Aberdeen University Magazine* (1836), *Aberdeen Universities' Magazine* (1838), *King's College Miscellany* (1846–47), *The Aberdeen Universities Magazine* (1849–50), *The Aberdeen University Magazine* (1854), *The Student* (1857–58), *The Medical Student's Shaver* (1872), *The Aberdeen Medical Student* (1872–73), *The Aberdeen University Gazette* (1873–74). [See *The Aberdeen University Review*, i. 25; ii. 1.]

P.J.A.

## Note 42.

*P.* 91. *A modest sheet.*

This was *The Academic, a weekly periodical*, 7 Nos., 12th January to 23rd February, 1877; new series, 8 Nos., 7th December, 1877, to 8th February, 1878. The editors were P. J. Beveridge, W. Keith Leask, George Niven, and Theodore Thomson, all of the 1873–77 Class. A manuscript *Academic* had been circulated in their Tertian year, 1875–76. (See *Alma Mater*, xxi. 123.)

## Note 43.

*P.* 92. *Adam Mackay.*

"Discipline reigned in his office. He wrote nothing or next to nothing, but he supervised all the departments. The poets nearly mutinied at his high and determined rule. Swinburne had been the model of the early bards, and I believe that in the cloakroom (a thing since my time) one of that poet's admirers used to hold levees there, in

an atmosphere from tobacco that could have been cut with a spade, reciting his lines with the appropriate Byronic scowls and declamation. . . . I have been assured that, of the many spheres in which he shone, three stood out in the memory of his friends. As the theatre critic of *Alma Mater*, with a free pass to the dress circle, he sat aloft like an Olympian. Actors played to him as he looked down in majestic silence and mystic reserve. I recall him and M'Donald, keen politicians both, though on opposite sides, running into the newsroom in Hadden Street to consult the papers, meet writers, arrange copy, and hear the latest wit and wisdom from Dr. Rennet. The outside world, from their gravity and air of bustling activity, must have thought that it was come again as when, in Livy, a shower of stones had fallen on the Aventine Mount, *bos locutus est* at Anxur, the Volscians or the Aequians were up, and the Sibylline Books were being hurriedly consulted by a panic-striken senate. But it was at Duffus's that he ruled, as Dryden did the wits at Will's Coffee-house, or Addison presided over his little senate at Button's." W.K.L., *Alma Mater*, xxi. 111-2.

For the correct story of the foundation and early days of *Alma Mater* see "Twenty Years After," by the present writer in xxi. 109-114, with the letters by Dr. Beveridge, p. 114, and John Minto, M.A., p. 153.

## Note 44.

*P.* 96. *Allan Johnson.* M.A. 1894.

Photograph of Johnson and grave in *Alma Mater*, xx. 65. Died on April 18, 1900, at Bloemfontein of enteric fever, following "the extraordinary privations and hardships which he so memorably described in his last pathetic letter in these pages." "And so the night was spent in sleeping and shivering beneath a single overcoat, and by daybreak we were on the road again, sustained by a dry biscuit and a drink of stale water. This early morning march, following upon the miserableness of the night, was to me one of the weariest and heaviest of any we have had; the physical depression reacted on the mental state, and one could hardly help viewing with envy the oxen that were so dead beat that they had to be unharnessed and left on the roadside." He died at 33, and was a native of Leeds, his father (who was connected with the North) being a missionary at Calcutta. See *Alma Mater*, xvii. 177-179, and obituary by J. M. Bulloch, p. 196: "The Happy Warrior." "And now he has gone: the Happy Warrior who tingled, more than most men I have met, with the joy of living, untrammelled by its whys and wherefores; and every community that knew him, in the classroom, at the dinner party, or within the flapping canvas walls of many a tent on the South African veldt, is the poorer and darker by his going out." He was a man of marked ability and of great promise. "The news evoked deep and widespread regret, for no student in or out of the University had a larger circle of friends or was more universally admired and beloved than Allan Johnson." Tablet to his memory in the Students' Union.

## Note 45.

*P.* 97. *Professor John Forbes.*

Son of the Rev. Patrick Forbes, M.A., Mar. Coll., 1793; Boharm, 1800; second charge of St. Machar's, 1816; Moderator, 1829; Professor of Humanity, King's College; d. 1847, aged 72.

John Forbes, b. 7th July, 1802, d. 1899; M.A., Mar. Coll., 1819; LL.D., King's Coll., 1837; D.D., Edinburgh, 1873; Professor of Oriental Languages, 1870–87. Senior Graduate of the Universities of Scotland,

1898. Interviewed Goethe at Weimar, 3rd Oct., 1829. Family genealogy in Munro's *Records*, ii. 217-18, 229. "Patrick Forbes, when a young man, was appointed minister of Boharm in 1800, and was district vaccinator when amid raging smallpox the new preventive was tried throughout Scotland. He had an addition built to his manse for the mixing and distributing of his drugs, and around him encamped periodically multitudes of people from Speyside and Glenlivet, their wives and children with them in covered carts, come to be vaccinated by the minister."

RODGER'S *Aberdeen Doctors*, p. 247

When John Forbes succeeded Scott in 1870, "he was then 68 years of age, only two years younger than the man he succeeded. Dr. Forbes retained a physical vitality and a mental elasticity that enabled him to enter on his professorial work with vigour and enthusiasm. . . . The illustrative portrait shows him as known to his students of 1870–1887, but the signature belongs to his 97th year, and is copied from a holograph letter to the University Librarian asking him to send all the recent commentaries, in any European language, on the Revelation of St. John."

Rev. S. REE, *Aurora Borealis*, p. 151.

## Note 46.

*P.* 97. "*The Short Corn Year*": 1826–7.

## Note 47.

*P.* 97. "*Oscar*" *lost.*

"On leaving the Walker Park (at the Girdleness Lighthouse) the small bay to the right has the sinister name of Greyhope Bay, and in justification of the name it may be mentioned that on the 1st April, 1813, the whaler 'Oscar,' then setting out for the whaling grounds, was driven on the rocks here during a severe storm, and out of a crew of forty-three only two were saved."

*Handbook to City and University* (1906), p. 167.

"The 'Oscar,' whaler, was lost here last year, with all her hands, excepting two; about forty perished. Dreadful, to be wrecked so near a large and populous town! The view of Old and New Aberdeen from the sea is quite beautiful."

Scott's Lighthouse Voyage Journal, July 31, 1814.

## Note 48.

*P.* 103. *Dr. Francis Adams of Banchory.*

Born 1796; d. at Banchory 1861. For account of Adams see Rodger's *Aberdeen Doctors*, ch. xxv. Translated for the Sydenham Society the works of Paulus Ægineta, Hippocrates, and Aretæus. "I believe the highest authorities on national education are now agreed that the estrangement from *literae humaniores* has had an unfortunate tendency on medicine, not only by lowering the standard of a liberal art to the level of a mercenary craft, but also by depriving its members of a moral and intellectual culture, highly necessary for invigorating the mind and enabling it to separate truth from error . . . felt an ambition to show that the muses of Greece and Rome vouchsafe still, as in Arthur Johnston's day, an occasional visit to the banks of the Dee and its sister stream, as well as to those of the Isis and the Cam." Monument of polished red granite placed in the garden of his house at Belfield, Banchory, with Latin inscription by Sir William Geddes, who assured me that Adams's Latin rendering of Gray's *Elegy* was highly praised by Prof. H. A. J. Munro, editor of Lucretius.

## Note 49.

*P.* 108. *The Minstrel*——"*Gregory dear.*"

Dr. John Gregory, b. Aberdeen, June 3, 1724; d. at Edinburgh, Feb. 9, 1773. Son of James Gregory, Mediciner, and grandson of James Gregory, of the reflecting telescope; father of Professor James Gregory (1753–1821) of "Gregory's Mixture" fame.

"Art thou, my Gregory, for ever fled?
And am I left to unavailing woe?
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go?
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers:
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn: flow forth afresh, my tears."

BEATTIE, *Minstrel* II. lxiii.

"When Dr. Gregory died in 1773 the Musical Society of Aberdeen, which had always found in him one of its greatest patrons, gave a mourning concert in his honour in the Concert Hall, vocal and instrumental, which, the *Journal* said, 'did honour to the taste and sensibility of the performers and the company . . . in all respects worthy of the place which had the honour of the birth and education of this gentleman, of whom it is but justice to say that he was one of the most amiable and accomplished of his time.'"

RODGER, *Aberdeen Doctors*, p. 38.

Glimpses of Gregory in Carlyle's (of Inveresk) *Autobiography*.

## Note 50.

*P.* 114. *No Chapel window.*

One of the south windows in the Library has now been filled in with stained glass (by Douglas Strachan) in memory of Professor Fyfe by his old friends and students.

## Note 51.

*P.* 145. *The Mace.*

A curious myth appears in the narratives of certain early travellers in Scotland, Defoe, Pennant, etc., and is reproduced in many modern works. According to this, in the year 1683 six ancient maces were discovered in St. Andrews in the tomb of Bishop Kennedy, where they were supposed to have been concealed during the troublous times before the Reformation. Three of these are said to have been retained at St. Andrews, while the other three were given to Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh. It is true that St. Andrews possesses three maces (those of the Faculties of Arts and Divinity, and of St. Salvator's College), but they could not have been in the tomb during the Commonwealth, as they were then in Dunnottar Castle; and the story as to the disposal of the additional three can be definitely disproved in each case.

The University of Aberdeen has two maces older than 1683, the history of which is well known. They are both (as is also the mace of Edinburgh), of the bell-headed type, differing essentially from the "tabernacle" type represented by the maces of St. Andrews and Glasgow.

The earlier, that of King's College, is of silver with a wooden core, and has its date fixed by the inscription *Walterus Melvil fecit 1650*.

[Melvil was a goldsmith of note in Aberdeen : Deacon of the Hammermen in 1662.] It measures 3 feet 1½ inches in length, and weighs 55 ounces. The head is bowl-shaped, with embossed coats of arms of Bishop Elphinstone and Old Aberdeen. The bowl is closed above with a plate bearing the Royal Arms as used prior to 1688 ; and is surmounted by an imperial crown closed by four arches (as in the Crown of King's College) bearing at their junction the orb and cross.

There had, however, been two earlier maces at King's College—mentioned in the *Registrum omnium vasorum argenteorum*, etc., of 1542, and both probably of the "tabernacle" type. One of these appears to have been the gift of Bishop Elphinstone, the other the gift of Alexander Galloway, Prebendary of Kynkell, four times Rector of the University, 1516–49. Of their disappearance there is no record.

The later mace, that of Marischal College, is of silver gilt with a wooden core, and measures 3 feet in length, with a weight of 70 ounces. The head is bowl-shaped and bears engraved arms of the Earl Marischal and of James Leslie, Principal 1661 to 1679. The top is closed by a domed plate with the Royal Arms, and the head is surmounted by an open-arched crown. The workmanship is unusually good. The mace bears no maker's name, but from the receipt for the payment of its price (£31. 14s. sterling), which has fortunately been preserved, it appears to have been obtained in London in 1671, through the agency of William Clerk, Doctor of Physic.

On ceremonial occasions the two old maces are carried by the University Sacrists, whose headquarters are at King's and Marischal College respectively.

A third mace was presented to the University in 1907. This was provided for the Students' Representative Council through a bequest of £100 made by the late David Macritchie (M.B. 1889), and it is believed that in Aberdeen alone is the Student body in possession of such a symbol of authority. This mace is the work of Mr. Henry Wilson, Borough Green, and is a very fine example of the art of the sculptor and enameller. The mace consists of an ivory haft shod with a bottom-knob of silver from which depends a ball of topaz. Its upper end carries a pinnacled tabernacle of silver, pillared with rock crystal and spired with a rock crystal shaft, all richly decorated with jewels and enamel. The tabernacle enshrines four silver statuettes representing King James IV and King Edward VII, Bishop Elphinstone and the Earl Marischal.

In the summer of 1914 the Macritchie Mace was sent to an Exhibition of Arts and Crafts in Paris, and there unfortunately it still [1917] remains, awaiting the declaration of Peace.

P.J.A.

## Note 52.

*P.* 153. *Ossian Macpherson.*

"The Italian translation of Cæsarotti initiated a new poetic school in Italy. In Germany, then going through its romantic stage, it was hailed with rapture; Goethe tried his skill in translating it. French parents found baptismal names for their children in its pages, and either to please his master or his own taste, Bernadotte took a name from Ossian for his son, who became Oscar I of Sweden, and transmitted his name to successors."

H. G. Graham, *Scottish Men of Letters in the XVIIIth Century*, p. 242.

"Make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious, in the book as large as you please, there will still be left a residue with the very soul of the Celtic genius in its windy Morven and echoing Sora, and Selma with its silent halls ! We owe to them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us."

Matthew Arnold.

"Luath ca'd him
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang."

BURNS.

"The poems of Ossian were then new to Europe, and generally received as authentic remains of another age and style of heroism. The dark and lofty genius which they display, their indistinct but solemn pictures of heroic passions, love, battle, victory, and death, were appropriate food for Napoleon's young imagination, and Ossian continued to be through life his favourite poet."

LOCKHART, *Life of Napoleon*, ch. 1.

## Note 53.

*P.* 187. *Oldest Class Record.*

This Record of the Marischal College 1787–91 Class, with its dinners from 1803 to 1837, is the oldest, not only in our own annals, but in all University history. "The first Record of Yale deals with the Class of 1797, and this is apparently the earliest Record of the kind in the United States. The first Harvard one is for the Class of 1800." See the articles in *Aberdeen University Library Bulletin*, No. 15, Oct. 1916: "Concerning Class Records in Aberdeen and in America" (J. M. Bulloch), and "Bibliography of Aberdeen Class Records" (P. J. Anderson).

## Note 54.

*P.* 189. *Dr. John Milne.*

See Rodger's *Aberdeen Doctors*, ch. xii.

## Note 55.

*P.* 192. *Toasts.*

On the whole question of Toasts and Sentiments see Lord Cockburn's *Memorials*, quoted by Dean Ramsay, pp. 57-8 (21st ed.). For the toast in question, see Burns to Richard Brown, Ellisland, 4th Nov., 1789: "You and I must have one bumper to my favourite toast, 'May the companions of our youth be the friends of our old age.'"

## Note 56.

*P.* 194. *Dickson's Translation of Bion and Moschus.*

A copy has been obtained for the University Library: "The Idyllia and other Poems of Bion and Moschus, translated from the Greek into English Verse, to which are added a few other Translations, with Notes critical and explanatory. London: Printed for Longmans, 1825." (12mo, pp. xxiv+168.) The Preface, which is not signed, states that "The following Translations were commenced some years ago in a colony abroad, and continued at intervals of leisure, more as an object of recreation than study, and without any intentions of their ever being made public."

P.J.A.

## Note 57.

*P.* 197. *Benjamin Franklin Rush Kidd.*

"By this time Kidd had made friends in America. I think he knew Jefferson; at all events, he knew Dr. Benjamin Rush, a celebrated physician and politician. . . . He recrossed the Atlantic, carrying with him letters from Dr. Rush to some of the Edinburgh notables."

MASSON, *Memories*, p. 208.

Benjamin Rush (1745–1813) in 1776 was member of Congress for Pennsylvania. He was Professor of Medicine in Philadelphia Medical College, and wrote a classic history of the 1793 epidemic of yellow fever.

## Note 58.

*P.* 237. *Fyfe—Kant.*

The connexion was traced through Kant's grandfather, a saddler in Memel. A second marriage seems to have been the missing clue to the complete proof. "Centuries ago Glen Dye was the home and property of the family of Cant, from whom Andrew Cant, the noted Covenanting preacher, was descended, and with whom the more widely celebrated Immanuel Kant, chief factor in the philosophical thought of modern Europe, claimed connexion. Strachan is thus associated in imagination with two of the most illustrious thinkers of the eighteenth century. They are united by their common antagonism to David Hume, who also through them is associated with the moorland valley of the Feugh. In Scotland David Hume and Thomas Reid are the two greatest names of their century in philosophy."

Prof. A. Campbell Fraser, *Thomas Reid*, pp. 10-11.

## Note 59.

*P.* 238. *Guy Fawkes.*

"This day 8 dayes being the 5 of Nov. the Minister desyred the people to attend the publick worship frequentlie and exhorted them to come with hearts full of love and thankfullnes to Almightie God for the great deliverance of our late King James the 6th of blessed memorie and his estates of parliament from the Gunpowder plott."

Munro, *Records*, ii. 78—Extract from Session Records, 29th Oct., 1682.

## Note 60.

*P.* 241. *Celibacy.*

Alexander Middleton, admitted Principal of King's College, 9th December, 1662, married, 17th Jan., 1643, Margaret Gordon, daughter of Thomas Gordon of Kethock's Mills, contrary to the foundation of the College, "he being the first regent that entered in a marriage condition in this College." Munro, *Records*, ii. 208.

## Note 61.

*P.* 262. *Bret Harte.*

"Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate.

. . . . . .

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two Continents!

. . . . . .

Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee, beside the Western Gate."

*San Francisco, from the Sea.*

"Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With colour of romance:

. . . . . .

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!"

*The Angelus, Heard at the Mission Dolores, 1868.*

## Note 62.

*P.* 269. *Miss Braddon.*

Mary Elizabeth Braddon, b. 1837, author of *Lady Audley's Secret* (1862), *Aurora Floyd, Henry Dunbar, Only a Clod,* etc.

## Note 63.

*P.* 269. *Wavy Hair.*

The success of the book, *Lady Audley's Secret,* was so great that in three months it ran through eight three-volume editions, establishing the type of the mid-Victorian heroine, petite with golden hair.

## Note 64.

*P.* 271. *Althea.*

". . . my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye," etc.

LOVELACE.

## Note 65.

*P.* 285. *The first mention in print of the Downie story.*

This was in Robert Mudie's *Things in General,* published in London in 1824. See a full discussion of the legend in the Quatercentenary Edition of MacLean's *Life at a Northern University,* p. 368.

## Note 66.

*P.* 286. *At nine.*

"The bell called Great Tom of Christ Church, Oxford, first rang out 29th May, 1684; from which time to this, a servant tolls it every night *at 9,* as a signal to all scholars to repair to their respective colleges and halls." ANTHONY À WOOD, *Athenæ Oxonienses.*

"Hark, the bonny Christ Church bells—1-2-3-4-5-6—
Tinkle, tinkle, ting, goes the small bell *at nine,*
To call the bearers home:
But devil a man
Will leave his can
Till he hears the mighty Tom."

DEAN ALDRICH.

"The Magistrates and Councill considering that the Students attending the King's College have rooms and apartments alloted them in the said College, and that by appointment of the principall and masters they are ordered to be in their respective rooms *by nine* a clock each night, Therefor and for promoting such a laudable regulation the Magistrates and Councill prohibite and discharge all *vintners and innkeepers* or other places of publick entertainment from entertaining after nine a clock at night in their houses any of the students who lodge within the College at night under such penalty as the Magistrates shall think proper to inflict, and ordain this act to be intimate by the Town sergeant to those concerned."

Council Minutes of Old Aberdeen, 4th Jan., 1755.

To endow the Chair of Mathematics in King's College, a tax of two pennies Scots was imposed, 25th March, 1707, by the Scots Parliament on every pint of ale brewed and sold in Old Aberdeen.

## Note 67.

*P.* 291. *Dr. Robert James.*

"At this man's table (Gilbert Walmsley) I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often found—with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life; with Dr. James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered; and with David Garrick," etc.

DR. JOHNSON.

## Note 68.

*P.* 294. *William Guthrie.*

See *Fasti Acad. Mar.* for 1717–21, p. 297. He died 9th March, 1770, aged 62. "What I knew of ancient story was gathered from Salmon's and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars."

BURNS to Dr. John Moore.

## Note 69.

*P.* 295. *St. Kilda.*

For the whole literature and scientific explanation of the St. Kilda infectious catarrh, see Darwin's *Voyage of H. M. S.* "*Beagle*," ch. xix.

## Note 70.

*P.* 300. *Joseph Robertson.*

"For any great effort completely to interpret the past of Scotland to the world, I became accustomed to look to the old companion of many archæological rambles and investigations, Dr. Joseph Robertson. He was more ardent in the pursuit, and had a far more precise and scientific command over all its parts than I could claim. The more he acquired, however, the less he seemed inclined to make a general survey of his knowledge, and arrange its several parts into a systematic whole."

J. H. BURTON, Preface to *History* (1873), p. vii.

## Note 71.

*P.* 306. *Aberdeen.*

"Divŏna or Dibŏna was the name of the town of Cahors, and in the 4th century Ausonius celebrated the fountain of Bordeaux, named Dīvŏnă: it was 'urbis genius,' and its name meant 'Celtarum lingua fons addite divis.' Macbain connects the Don with the Divona, and the stem *dēiv–, ona* being a common termination of the names of goddesses in Gaul."—Nicholson's *Keltic Researches* (1904), pp. 30, 132, 137, 153. It is Ptolemy's Δηουάνα, ("brilliant"); not, as erroneously pronounced, Devāna. For meaning of Aberdeen, "at mouth of Don" and not Dee, see correspondence in *Aberdeen Free Press*, April 17 to May 4, 1911, and F. C. Diack's articles, June 17, 18, 1913.

## Note 72.

*P.* 314. *Dr. Kidd.*

The fame of Kidd, who should be cherished in their heart of hearts by all true Aberdonians, is shewn by the great number of his portraits in the lodgings in our time, outclassing those of Dr. Guild, found in houses with an Incorporated Trades connexion. Kidd's face, like his life, is beautiful.

DR. KIDD.

(*My Nannie's Awa'.*)

There's a door in the Aulton I never go past
But the memories come thronging so thick and so fast
Of days that are done, though they never can part
From me, but are treasured deep down in my heart.

Not much in the way of high art to admire—
There was Kidd in his gown that hung over the fire :
I don't mean the bold buccaneer of that name,
But Kidd "on the points," Kidd of Gilcomston fame.

It may have been Broadwood, or Collard—I fear
The leaf gave no sign of the maker or year
That first saw its birth, but the player could guess
The sun long had set on its *première jeunesse.*

It may be but fancy—a mere idle whim—
But the chords that are fresh yet in memory dim
No Halle, no Heller, no Liszt with their hand
Ever woke from a Steinway or Chickering Grand.

The man in the song* said he never could feel
That his woes were at rest with the sound of the wheel ;
For me some ten years—aye and more, I declare—
Seem rolled off my head as I think on that stair.

W.K.L., *Alma Mater*, viii. 48.

## Note 73.

*P.* 321. *Archibald Forbes.*

Julia Ward Howe's *Battle Hymn of the Republic* first appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1862. It is sung to the old negro air "John Brown's Body," now hopelessly degraded by parodies.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword :
His truth is marching on.

*I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps :*
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps :
His day is marching on."

"The old air has a wonderful influence over me. I heard it in Western Camp meetings and negro cabins when I was a boy. I saw the 22nd Massachusetts march down Broadway singing the same air during a rush to the front during the early days of the war ; I have heard

* *The Millwheel* :—

"But while I hear that millwheel,
My grief will never cease :
I wish the grave would hide me,
For there alone is peace."

it sung by warrior tongues in nearly every Southern State; my old brigade sang it softly, but with a terrible swing just before going into action; I have heard it played over the grave of many a dear comrade. It was the tune that burst forth spontaneously in the barracks when we learned that the war was over."

JOHN HABBERTON.

## Note 74.

*P.* 324. *The Window.*

The plate which faces this page shows the house in which George MacDonald lodged when a student at King's College in 1841–45—now No. 37 Spital. [See *Alma Mater*, 18 Oct., 1905, p. 2]. In *Robert Falconer*, the hero, while attending the Old Aberdeen Grammar School and King's College, has a room in this "small house of two floors and a garret. . . . It was from a garret window still, but a storm window now, that Robert looked eastward across fields and sand hills to the blue expanse of waters—not blue like southern seas, but steely blue like the eyes of northmen." He is described as rushing down the path "through the garden, across two fields and a wide road [King Street Road] across the links and so to the moaning lip of the sea." The west end of this path, locally known as The Ditchens (from the two ditches that bounded it) still survives, but the rest was "improved" away in 1884, and is now replaced by the prosaic street named Merkland Road.

P. J. A.

## Note 75.

*P.* 325. *Clerical editor—Fuller legend.*

Given to me by my oldest living friend, Col. the Rev. James Smith, B.D., M.A. 1874. If I remember, the cook's charms were not great. But the Aberdeen legend of the "proof" taken at the University Press has found extraordinary and quite unsuspected "proof" from India! "A volume could be written," says Shewan in his *Meminisse Juvat*, p. 59, "on the misdeeds of Indian examinees. Only last year (1904), I saw a notification rusticating 143 candidates for malpractices at the Matriculation Examination at Madras. Some years ago the most extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent the contents of the papers from leaking out, as they had done for successive years. All in vain. On investigation, the only native who had been present when the question paper was in process of being lithographed confessed that he had sat down on the stone, and taken an impression from it on the 'snaw-white seventeen-hunder linnen' with which his person was swathed *a posteriori!*"

"Is *our* civilization a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?"

BRET HARTE, Nye's Ford, Stanislaus, 1870.

# APPENDIX

## LIST OF ACADEMIC PAPERS

BY

W. KEITH LEASK,* 1877–1917.

---

In *The Academic.*

i, 102-103 (1877). The nineteenth century mamma. [*verse.*]

i, 139 (1877). My father's gown and mine. [*verse.*]

In *Alma Mater.*

i, 254-256 (1883). Desiderata.

i, 262 (1883). Jesus, Lover of my soul. [*Latin verse.*]

iii, 15 (1885). Lead, kindly light. [*Latin verse.*]

iii, 135-136 (1886). Ko-ko's song, (Mikado). [*Latin verse.*]

iv, 97-98 (1887). Is Homer pre-Dorian?

iv, 113 (1887). Sweet Belle Mahone. [*Latin verse.*]

iv, 160 (1887). Sam Weller's song. [*Latin verse.*]

v, 73-74 (1888). Latin and the North.

v, 143-144 (1888). The Homeric Phaeacians.

vi, 3 (1888). Ubi sistere datur? [*verse.*]

* Using sometimes the pseudonyms "L," "Oxon.," "S.P.Q.R.," "Virtute L. Cresco," "Paul Meldrum," "Marischal Keith," "Publius Valerius Maximus," "Oom Paul," "Eulalie," "J. Ossian Macpherson," "L—yds," "X.Y.Z.," "Philo-Joannes," "Zeta," "Eusebius," "Q."

vi, 15-17 (1888). The Aulton market. [*reprinted*, pp. 22-26.]
vi, 53-55 (1888). Musical memories. [*reprinted*, pp. 28-32.]
vi, 75-77 (1888). Our New Year dinner. [*reprinted*, pp. 36-40.]
vi, 134, 137-138 (1889). Romeo and Juliet.
vi, 169 (1889). Alma Mater. [*verse.*]
vii, 17-18 (1889). The first class supper. [*reprinted*, pp. 44-47.]
vii, 43-44 (1889). A city of the dead.
vii, 52-53 (1889). F. A. Paley, LL.D. Aberd.
vii, 102-103 (1889). By the door. [*reprinted*, pp. 17-21.]
vii, 155-156 (1890). Professor Black.
vii, 192-193, 206 (1890). Bursary night.
viii, 7 (1890). Aulton bells. [*verse.*]
viii, 12-14 (1890). Ane cronykil of the Chanonry.
viii, 38-39 (1890). What graduates read—then and now. [*reprinted*, pp. 258-261.]
viii, 48-49 (1890). Nox ambrosiana: rectorial reminiscences.
viii, 52-54 (1890). What boys read.
viii, 54 (1890). The tower. [*verse.*]
viii, 124-125 (1891). Bret Harte.
viii, 142-144 (1891). On education: a protest.
[viii, 152 (1891). Mr. Keith Leask. With portrait.]
viii, 162-164 (1891). Orpheus in the streets.
xi, 78 (1893). The road to Tillydrone. [*verse: reprinted*, pp. 33-35.]
xi, 94 (1893). Aberdeen Doctors. [*verse.*]
xi, 119 (1894). The old bridge. [*verse: reprinted*, pp. 15-16.]
xi, 129 (1894). The ballade of Bret Harte. [*verse: reprinted*, pp. 262-264.]
xi, 138 (1894). Ennius tricordatus: Longfellow, Poe, Lowell. [*verse.*]

xi, 149 (1894). Dream faces. [*verse.*]
xi, 192 (1894). Professor H. A. T. Munro. [*verse.*]
xi, 193 (1894). The Book of Bon-Accord. [*verse.*]
xi, 209 (1894). The ballade of the pea-hen. [*verse.*]
xi, 216-217 (1894). James Melvin, LL.D.
xii, 24 (1894). In other days.
xii, 35 (1894). The academic woman. [*verse.*]
xii, 42 (1894). Lord William. [*verse.*]
xii, 54 (1894). The passing of Sir Walter Scott. [*verse.*]
xii, 72-74 (1894). A pioneer editor : Adam Mackay.
xii, 147 (1895). John Fyfe (with portrait). [*verse : reprinted*, pp. 109-110.]
xii, 159 (1895). A ma mère. [*verse.*]
xii, 166 (1895). Adeste fideles. [*verse.*]
xii, 186-189 (1895). Professor Bain.
xii, 215-216 (1895). In days of old.
xiii, 164-167 (1896). W. C. M'Donald. [*reprinted*, pp. 79-88.]
xiii, 174 (1896). R. M. Ballantyne. [*verse : reprinted*, pp. 256-257.]
xiii, 185 (1896). Quorsum ? [*verse.*]
xiv, 64-65 (1896). A letter from M.A. Aberdeen to M.D. Zanzibar. [*verse.*]
xiv, 101-103 (1896). In days of old.
xiv, 126 (1897). The needle's e'e. [*verse : reprinted*, pp. 41-43.]
xiv, 157-159 (1897). Davie Rennet.
xiv, 167-168 (1897). The old Powis Road, 1860. [*verse : reprinted*, pp. 319-320.]
xv, 8 (1897). Epistolæ ad familiares. I. The window. [*verse : partly reprinted*, p. 324.]
xv, 24-25 (1897). do. II. The Class group. [*verse.*]
xv, 44 (1897). do. III. Students' night. [*verse : reprinted*, pp. 48-50.]
xv, 74-75 (1897). do. IV. The gown. [*verse : reprinted*, pp. 58-60.]

xv, 98 (1897). "Johnny." [*verse: reprinted*, pp. 115-116.]
xv, 168 (1898). Adieu for evermore. [*verse.*]
xv, 178 (1898). He's o'er the hills. [*verse.*]
xvi, 5 (1898). Thomas Reid.
xvi, 7 (1898). October. [*verse: reprinted*, pp. 71-73.]
xvi, 7 (1898). Castleton House.
xvi, 22-23 (1898). The oldest graduate. [*verse: reprinted*, pp. 97-98.]
xvi, 33-34 (1898). Byron and Humanity. [*verse.*]
xvi, 54 (1898). "Aurora Borealis Academica." [*verse.*]
xvi, 92 (1899). The song of "Alma Mater." [*verse: reprinted*, pp. 89-90.]
xvi, 101-103 (1899). Academica quaedam.
xvi, 157-159 (1899). In Dixie's land.
xvii, 92-94 (1899). The old brigade.
xvii, 146-149 (1900). Sir William Geddes. [*reprinted*, pp. 99-108.]
xviii, 72 (1900). The Flosculi of "Alma Mater." [*verse.*]
xviii, 94-98 (1901). King's College in the pre-Fusion days.
xviii, 136-137 (1901). Chaplain Robertson.
xviii, 148-149, 177, 187 (1901). A famous quotation: "From the lone shieling . . ."
xviii, 167 (1901). Famous quotations.
xviii, 172 (1901). The coral island.
xviii, 188, 210 (1901). Miss Braddon and the students. [*partly verse: reprinted*, pp. 269-272.]
xviii, 203-204 (1901). The academic Gregories.
xix, 6-7 (1901). Professor Fyfe's grave (with portrait). [*reprinted*, pp. 111-114.]
xix, 32-33 (1901). Thomas Davidson.
xix, 34-35 (1901). Dr. Beveridge's book.
xix, 36 (1901). Chaplain Robertson. [*verse.*]
xix, 48-49 (1901). Wi' a' the honours three.
xix, 55 (1901). The fat woman. [*verse: reprinted*, p. 27.]

xix, 64-65, 141, 151 ; xx, 13-14 (1901-02). Alexander Macintyre. [*reprinted*, pp. 180-186.]

xix, 72 (1901). The bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

xix, 146-148 (1902). A university editor : Adam Mackay (with portrait). [*reprinted*, pp. 91-96.]

xx, 22-24 (1902). Rectorial addresses, 1835–1900. [*reprinted*, pp. 74-78.]

xx, 42 (1902). Bertie divus. [*verse.*]

xx, 52-53 (1902). Broad Street in poetry. [*reprinted*, pp. 296-299.]

xx, 71 (1902). Suspiria. [*verse.*]

xx, 136-137 (1903). James Macpherson. [*reprinted*, pp. 153-157.]

xx, 138 (1903). Dugald Dalgetty to the Editor of "Alma Mater."

xx, 146-148 (1903). Analecta.

xx, 186-188 (1903). The bursary competition.

xxi, 8-10 (1903). Professor Bain.

xxi, 109-114 (1904). Twenty years after.

xxi, 140-141 (1904). Ubi sistere datur ?

xxi, 142 (1904). Note on "Gammer Gurton."

xxii, 84-85 (1904). With the darkies. [*reprinted*, pp. 321-323.]

xxii, 115 (1905). The Crown. [*verse : reprinted*, p. 284.]

xxii, 116-117 (1905). Advertising for a wife. [*reprinted*, pp. 325-330.]

xxii, 153-155 (1905). On manners.

xxii, 162-164 (1905). King's College in 1829–1836.

xxiii, 3-6 (1905). "Meminisse juvat." [*reprinted*, pp. 202-210.]

xxiii, 132-134 (1906). The Aberdeen circle of Dr. Johnson. [*reprinted*, pp. 290-295.]

xxiii, 179-181 (1906). Records of the Arts Class 1884–88. [*reprinted*, pp. 211-219.]

xxiii, 233-234 (1906). Andrew Carnegie chair of Modern Literature : Examination paper.

xxiv, 73-74 (1906). Bishop Elphinstone's tomb. [*reprinted*, pp. 281-283.]
xxv, 14-16 (1907). The Quatercentenary Record. [*reprinted*, pp. 229-235.]
xxv, 99-100 (1907). The proposed Celtic chair.
xxvi, 61-62 (1908). The Downie slauchter. [*reprinted*, pp. 285-289.]
xxvi, 241-242 (1909). The class record.
xxvii, 34-35 (1909). Frederick Fuller (with portrait). [*reprinted*, pp. 117-121.]
xxvii, 107-108 (1910). The class group.
xxvii, 169-170 (1910). The Bayard of India.
xxvii, 200-201 (1910). Mark Twain. [*reprinted*, pp. 265-268.]
[xxvii, 212-214. Mr. Leask's new book: Musa Latina Aberdonensis, vol. III, Poetae Minores. Review by K. J.]
xxviii, 55 (1910). The class reunion. [*verse.*]
xxviii, 184-186 (1911). The chimes at midnight.
xxviii, 201-203 (1911). The oldest Class Record. [*reprinted*, pp. 187-194.]
xxviii, 252-255 (1911). The Grammar School 1807 Class Record. [*reprinted*, pp. 195-201.]
xxix, 18-20 (1911). John Macarthur.
xxix, 71 (1911). John Ruskin.
xxix, 211-214 (1912). An academic durbar. [*reprinted*, pp. 220-228.]
xxix, 246-247 (1912). Age of entry.
xxix, 292-294 (1912). Masson's "Memories of two cities." [*reprinted*, pp. 311-318.]
xxxi, 242-243 (1914). Lord Strathcona.
xxxi, 282-284 (1914). A lost world.
xxxi, 296-298 (1914). The education degree.
xxxii, 6-7 (1914). National anthems.
xxxii, 77, 93-94 (1914). Grant Duff's Diary.
xxxii, 124-125 (1915). Rabbi Duncan. [*reprinted*, pp. 158-163.]

xxxii, 224-226 (1915). John Barbour. [*reprinted*, pp. 147-152.]
xxxiii, 38-40 (1915). George Buchanan.
xxxiii, 88-90 (1916). The Class Roll. [*reprinted*, pp. 51-57.]

In *Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine.*

iii, 72-76 (1899). Reading and readers in 1868. [*reprinted*, pp. 250-255.]
v, 53-60 (1902). Remember the days of old.
ix, 20-27 (1905). On reading.
x, 93-100 (1907). Longfellow.
xi, 18-23 (1907). David Masson (portrait). [*reprinted*, pp. 164-170.]
xi, 79-81 (1908). Arcades ambo: Marischal Keith (portrait) and Concordance Cruden.
xiii, 72-78 (1910). The school in 1868–73.
xiv, 156-165 (1911). Books that have influenced the school.
xv, 144-146 (1912). A Scott original.
xvi, 26-30 (1912). After 45 years: Samuel Pope (portrait)
xvi, 150-165 (1913). Fifty years after.
xvii, 35-39 (1913). Our oldest school book.
xvii, 91-92 (1914). Culbleen. [*verse.*]
xvii, 177-183 (1914). Old school books.
xviii, 165-170 (1915). Sir James Donaldson (portrait). [*reprinted*, pp. 171-179.]
xviii, 184-191 (1915). "The Book of Bon-Accord." [*reprinted*, pp. 300-310.]
xix, 108-116 (1916). Three school clubs.
xix, 126 (1916). Suum cuique. [*verse: reprinted*, p. 331.]
xix, 164-171 (1916). The old ally.
xxi, 42-50 (1917). Doctor John Brown.

In *Aurora Borealis Academica*, 1899.

57-70. The Professor of Logic, 1880–1893: William Minto (portrait). [*reprinted*, pp. 134-143.]

120-131. The Professor of Humanity, 1868–1881 : John Black (portrait).
368-380. Men and manners, 1860–1889.

In *Deva Dona*, 1902.

35-52. In the night. [*reprinted*, pp. 61-70.]

In Maclean's *Life at a Northern University* : Quatercentenary edition, 1906.

vi, Old Aberdeen. [*verse.*]
vii-xli, Editor's Introduction.

In *Record of the Quatercentenary*, 1907.

154-160. The reception in the Library, King's College. [*reprinted*, pp. 273-280.]

In *Records of the Arts Class 1831–85*, 1908.

115-120. After twenty-seven years.

In *Musa Latina Aberdonensis*, vol. III, 1910.

xiii-xxxii. Bibliographical Introduction.

In *The Thistle.*

ii, 163-168 (1910). The historians of Scotland : III. John Barbour.
iii, 23-29 (1911). The historians of Scotland : a Note on Macpherson and Beattie.
iv, 44-48 (1912). Masson's " Memories of two cities."
iv, 158-162 (1912). The Barbour memorial.
v, 26-29 (1913). James Beattie.
v, 49-54 (1913). William Thom.
v, 152-156 (1913). The Carnegie Trust.
vi, 5-8 (1914). The Scots in Russia.
vi, 115-120 (1914). Barbour's Bruce.

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i, 373-385 (1912). Arcades ambo : J. F. ; R. W. (with two portraits). [*reprinted*, pp. 236-249.]

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ii, 1-20 (1914). The story of the University Magazine : 1836–1914.
iii, 2-12 (1915). In memoriam : Alexander Mackie (portrait).

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i, 2-5 (1913). Aberdeen booksellers of bygone days : I. George Middleton.

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